

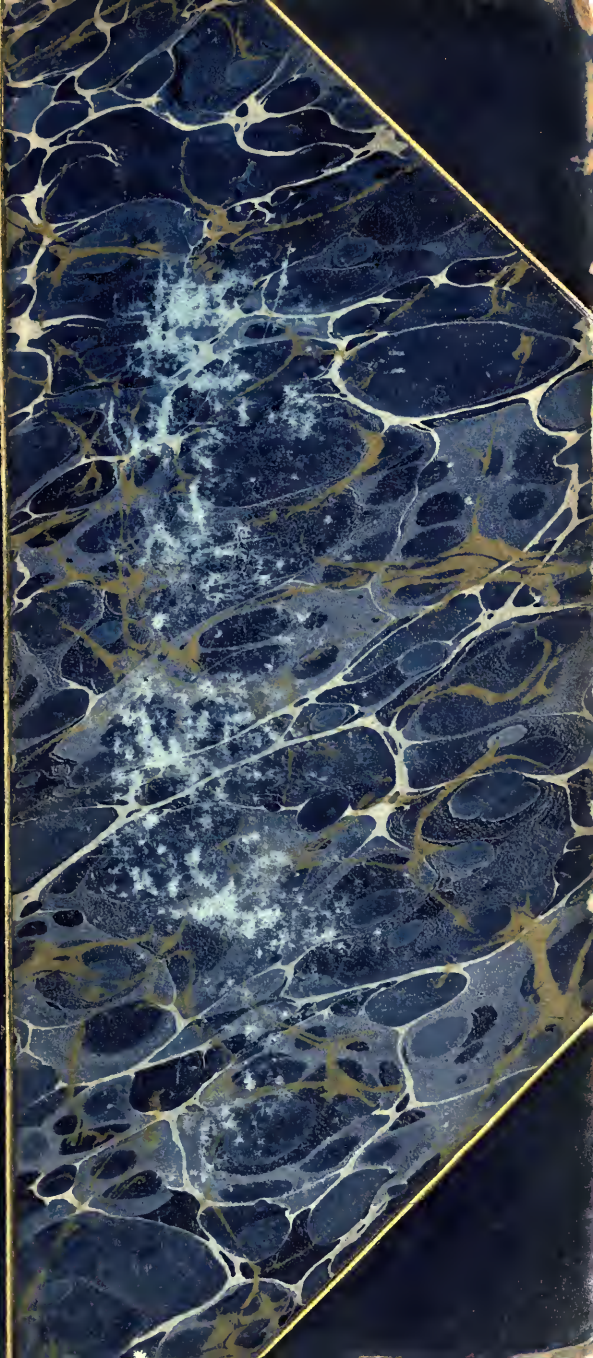
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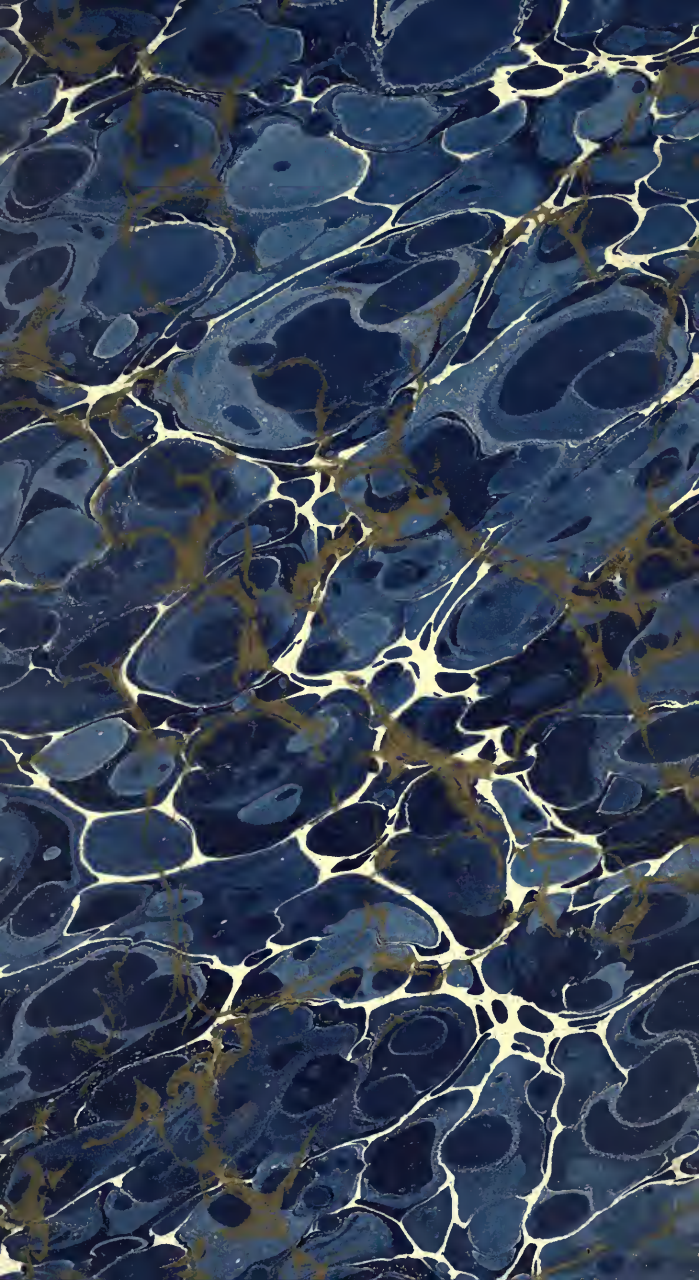
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THE  
**ITINERANT;**  
OR,  
*MEMOIRS OF AN ACTOR.*

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Second Edition.  
IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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BY S. W. RYLEY.

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“ The world's a stage,  
“ And all the men and women merely players:  
“ They have their exits and their entrances;  
“ And one man, in his time, plays many parts.”

SHAKESPEARE.

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THE  
ITINERANT.

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CHAP. XXV.

“EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT.”

“INCHBALD.”

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“After your death, you were better to have a bad epitaph,  
Than their ill report while you live.”

“SHAKESPEAR.”

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THE next day brought Riggs and his company; when we advertised “Romeo and Juliet,” with “The Lying Valet.” In the evening, Mrs. R——, Tony, and Manager Davis, arrived in a chaise—the rest following the day after. When Davis cast his eyes on the play-bill, he said, “My dear fellow, you should have got a *bespeak*, to open with—it sets the wheel a-going, as it should do.”

The pleasure of finding my wife in health and spirits—the society of my old companions, and the anticipation of a profitable season, amply compensated for the anxiety of mind I had suffered at the other lodging; and as the company in general were really respectable, both in point of ability and appearance, we were look'd upon with a degree of respect, not always the case in small towns. Neither Riggs nor Davis travell'd with a musician, and the place could only produce two blind fiddlers, who set harmony at defiance—able to perform only in one key, and not consulting each other at the onset, for, being *ricals*, each had his own consequence to support, so, in fact, though they attempted the same tune, one would be rasping away in C, whilst the other was scraping in two sharps: With this discordant couple we were obliged to be content the first night; the solemn dirge was sung without an accompaniment, an iron pot, suspended by the feet, was an excellent apology for a bell, and sent forth very funeral tones, whenever the rolling-pin came in contact with it.

Thus prepared, the people flock'd in crowds to see our tragedy, and applauded,

indiscriminately, both what they did, and what they did not understand. They listen'd, they gazed with astonishment, and went home in rapture. "The Busy Body" was proposed for the second play; but, in casting it, Riggs cried out, with much sagacity, "Aye, but where's your *Lord Townley*, my boys?"

"*Od rabbit it*, manager!" said Tony, "you are always confounding characters—we don't want a '*Provok'd Husband*' in '*The Busy Body*.'"

"The School for Scandal" closed the week, when Riggs observed, "*Sir Oliver Surface* was always his *stock-part*." Not understanding his claim as an actor, being in every respect so totally unfit for the undertaking, I looked at him with astonishment—"Why, what do you *glim* at, my master, hey?—Did you never see my *Old Nol*? Then you have a pleasure to come, ask our Jack—that's all!" I shall never forget his first *exit*. He should have said, "Do not be too hard upon your old friend's son; I do not like to see prudence cling round the green saplings of youth; 'tis like ivy round

the oak, and spoils the growth of the tree." But Riggs chose to introduce a new reading; he pull'd *Sir Peter* by the coat, as they were going off, and said, " Don't be so *down* upon your old friend's son ; I don't like to see these here things ; it clings round the saplings of green *ivory* in youth, but it spoils the tree."

Tom Blanchard, whom I have before noticed, came to play a few nights, and, with him, Jefferson of Exeter. During their stay, we received an invitation to perform " *The School for Scandal*," and " *Agreeable Surprise*," at Torr Abbey, on some grand public occasion, which now slips my memory. Three chaises convey'd the major part of the company ; Jefferson rode his own horse, and I walk'd, with my dogs and gun. During the journey, we thought of nothing but British hospitality and good cheer. Rich wines and fat venison were descanted upon with epicurean volubility—when, behold, we were shewn into a cold, comfortless servants' hall, with a stone floor ! Jefferson, who was a martyr to the gout, look'd around him with disgust, and when the servant unfeelingly inquired, whether we *chose* any *dinner*, he replied, " Tell your master, friend, *after his*



death, he had better have a bad epitaph, than the players' ill report while he lives." So saying, he re-mounted his horse, and left us to do the play, as well as we could, without him.

His departure, however, had a visibly good effect. After the dinner, which was very indifferent, the butler made his appearance, with an apology, and we had tea and coffee, in a very good stile, in a handsome apartment. The *wings* and *scene* were composed of Indian screens, and we went thro' the whole performance, smooth and perfect, but without the slightest token of approbation. The audience might consist of about a hundred well-dress'd people, who were attentively silent; and, after paying the chaise-hire, the services of at least sixteen people were remunerated by the amazing sum of *Five Guineas!* "'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

The last night of Jefferson's engagement, he play'd "*Hamlet*," for his own benefit; and Tom Blanchard, ever accommodating, agreed to *DOUBLE Guildenstern* with the *Grave-digger*. When *Hamlet* call'd for the

Recorders, Blanchard, who delighted in a frolic, instead of the flute, brought on a bassoon, used in the orchestra. Jefferson, after composing his countenance, which the sight of this instrument had considerably discomposed, went on with the scene.

“Will you play upon this pipe?”

“My Lord, I cannot.”

“I pray you.”

“Believe me, I cannot.”

“I do beseech you.”

“Well, my Lord, since you are so very pressing, I’ll do my best.” Tom, who was a good musician, immediately struck up ‘*Lady Coventry’s Minuet*,’ and went through the whole strain, which finished the scene, for *Hamlet* had not another word to say for himself.

When Jefferson left us, I accompanied him. Our consumption of candles and oil was considerable, and Exeter, a much better

market for either, than where we were at present. Jefferson, with that hospitality which generally characterises his fraternity, detain'd me a week, and introduced me to parties the most convivial, free, and pleasant, that could be imagined.

One day, as I sauntered through the cathedral church-yard, contemplating epitaphs of the dead, and monuments of living pride; a clergyman passed, who seemed to eye me with uncommon attention; at length approaching, with much politeness he enquired if my name was not Romney? I replied in the affirmative, and with pleasure recognized R——— M———, an old school fellow at Chester.

With great cordiality and apparent friendship, he insisted on my company to his house, where we might talk over the exploits of our youth, a subject that affords a pleasing retrospect to almost every mind. His family, which consisted of a wife and two daughters, were waiting tea, and over this social beverage, we recapitulated our juvenile adventures, much to the satisfaction of each other, though uninteresting to the females, whom

I soon discovered to be inflated with a pride and self-consequence that rendered them callous to the natural feeling of the heart, and little interested in any thing that did not particularly appertain to persons of rank. After consenting to repeat my visit next day at the hour of dinner, I took my leave, pleased with the attention of my old schoolfellow, who thus kindly noticed me, under the frowns of fortune. 'Tis true, I had not yet informed him how I was situated, the formality and distance of the females threw a restraint on my natural candour and ingenuousness; I fancied I should lessen my consequence by a disclosure which would place me in a rank beneath what they at present supposed me to occupy. I was received the second day with much politeness, and hospitably entertained; a glass of good wine (the companion and solace of clerical fatigues) gave a zest to conversation, and I ventured a humorous attack on the frigid features of the females, by a few anecdotes, which seldom fail'd to produce risibility; their effect answered my wish, and a couple of hours passed in the utmost cheerfulness and good humour.

The cathedral bell tolled for prayers, to which I begg'd leave to accompany them; on our return, the offer of my arm was accepted by Mrs. M——, and crossing the principal street, we observed a cart followed by a concourse of people, advancing towards us. To avoid the encounter, our party stood upon some high steps, from whence we could see nearly twenty persons, male and female, strongly ironed, and surrounded by a party of soldiers, who were guarding them to Plymouth, previous to their transportation. I could not avoid expressing pity for their unfortunate situation; but Mrs. M—— shrugged up her shoulders, and exclaimed, “filthy wretches! I dare say they have not half their deserts!”

“Divine vengeance has overtaken them at last,” replied my friend the parson, turning away in disgust. My feelings were so opposite to those sentiments, that I felt relieved when Mr. M—— made a motion to move. At that moment, my ill stars so ordered it, that our attention, and that of the whole street, was attracted by several voices from the cart, vociferously calling out, “Mr. Romney! Mr. Romney! good bye, we are going,

wont you shake hands with your old friends?" and who should these friends be, but the Yorkshireman and his infernal crew.

Had I been guilty of all the crimes in the calendar, I could not have felt more confusion; my heart beat, my knees trembled, the lady withdrew her arm, the parson pull'd his cock'd hat over his face, and in a moment I was left to the ill-natured sneers and surmises of the surrounding mob. A tavern happened fortunately to be at hand, into which I precipitately retired, and over a solitary pint of wine, reflected on the precariousness of human enjoyments! Not more than an hour since, seated at the plentiful table of my reverend friend and schoolfellow, apparently respected both by him and his family, I found myself happy, and looked forward to a connection that probably would prove both advantageous and lasting; when, in a moment the least expected, the connection was broken, my respectability turn'd into contempt, and the character of an honest man, in the twinkling of an eye, changed into an associate with condemn'd felons!

From this train of thinking I was roused to a consideration of the course it would be most befitting my character to pursue. Should I follow my scornful friends, and relate the fact? that would lead to a knowledge of my profession, and subject me to the haughty contempt of the females, and the high church dignity of my old associate; who, though his heart was open to the calls of juvenile friendship, bore about him much of the pompous demeanor of stall'd theology. Besides, I considered that though my present way of life might have been overlooked before this humiliating, and every way unfortunate discovery; now, when prejudicé was so strong against me, it would only be adding another blow to the unfortunate impression already gone forth. My ruminations ended in a determination to quit Exeter immediately, previously taking leave of my good friend Jeff, whom, I am sorry to say, I never saw afterwards; his death, with much regret, I lately heard of, and trust he is enjoying that felicity in another world, which his open, generous heart was ever ready to bestow in this: though depressed in fortune, what he could, he did, and would have done more, "but that his hand lack'd

means." I did not become acquainted with him till late in life, when the gout had made great inroads on his constitution ; but he was a sterling good actor of the old school, and a contemporary of Garrick's, with whose name his is found coupled in many plays of that day. He has a son, a great favorite, I am told, in some of the American theatres.

On my return, I found the theatrical concern moderately successful, and my re-appearance welcomed with a full house. Mrs. R.— had likewise made some progress in the public opinion, and the prospect of a good benefit gave the spur to our exertions : nor were we disappointed. This spirited little town paid a just tribute to the respectability and good conduct of the performers, and universal satisfaction prevailed. Previous to this, a fresh speculation had been entered upon ; for as my connection with Mr. Riggs ended here, it was necessary to provide a town, able to stand the siege of our reduced forces. Accordingly, Davis had scour'd the country, and fixed our standard at Newton Bushel, a small but populous town in the neighbourhood. When every thing was ready for our reception, and some additional



performers engaged, a supper was given by the managers, on the division of our company, and the sorrows of parting drowned in the cheerful glass, the joke, and the song. A contest between Tony and Riggs, concluded the evening whimsically enough. It must be premised, that the latter never carried a pocket handkerchief, nor used a pair of snuffers; whenever he stood in need of these necessary articles of cleanliness, his fingers very adroitly supplied their place. We had already trespassed on the morning, the room was warm, and the stimulus of hot punch and tobacco smoke had such an effect on the corpulent body of Riggs, naturally given to the "melting mood," that he was literally, in his own words, "all of a muck."

Often had he snuffed the candle, and as often applied his finger and thumb to his leather small clothes, by way of towel; at length some difference of opinion arose betwixt him and Tony, on the merits of his son's acting. "Don't *bother* me," said Riggs, "about your Edwins and your Mundens, my Jack's a better actor than any of 'em; did you ever see his *Lingo* in the *Poor Soldier*? that's all; why he has a wig as big as a washing tub! I'll

bet you a quid there's not an actor in the *kindom* with as large a *library* of wigs as my son; and I say done first." Then snuffing the candle, and his nose at the same moment requiring the application of his fingers, without the precaution of using the leathern towel, he performed the necessary operation, which left the nasal organ completely begrimed; his naturally *quizzical* appearance, aided by candle wick and perspiration, rendered him a figure irresistibly laughable. Quick as electric fluid the joke flew round; Riggs, unconscious of his situation, caught the infection, and join'd the mirthful roar; this increased the noisy confusion, till, finding every body's attention fixed on himself, he dash'd away his pipe, and bawl'd out, "Silence! silence I say, you noisy sons of *Molpomety*! a'nt I your manager? is there any one of you can say *black's the white of my eye*?" "No," replied Tony, "but we can say, *black's the white of your nose*." A looking glass was procured, and we separated in mutual good humour.

Although, as I said before, we had been tolerably successful, yet, after transporting the company to Newton, and fitting up the the-

atre, I found my purse considerably diminished; and though fortune had hitherto smiled upon our exertions, in this little town she left us under the care of her eldest daughter. Night after night we performed to empty benches, the salaries must be paid, to accomplish which, my purse fell a weekly sacrifice. Some spirited gentlemen, beholding our fruitless struggles, proposed to perform Archer, Aimwell, and Boniface, in the Beaux Stratagem; this of course brought a good house; but my chief reason for noticing it is, to shew the effect *stage fear* has upon the human frame. The young man who was to make his *debut* in Archer, was a person of superior education and abilities, and in the habit of public speaking; in short, he was chief orator at all the popular meetings in town, and on such occasions was perfectly unembarrass'd; but, the moment he faced the audience in Archer, he fainted away, and the fright held such firm possession of his mind, that it was near a fortnight ere he perfectly recovered. To silence the laugh raised at his expence, the same gentleman afterwards took a trifling part in King Henry IV. all the principal characters supported by amateurs, and went through it very well.

But though this recruited our sinking funds, I found myself minus above 50*l.* and sincerely regretted my rash undertaking. One night, a gentleman who travelled for a London house of considerable consequence, requested my company at his inn after the play; though always of an abstemious habit, the conversation of men of talent and respectability was a desireable circumstance, and I accepted his invitation. I soon found he had a general knowledge of the world, particularly that part of it attached to theatres, on which he criticized with candour and judgment; at least my self love taught me to think so, for he complimented me upon my acting, and strongly recommended a trial in London. With all my partiality for self, this idea had never entered my imagination, but his advice was the means of turning the tide of my affairs, whether for better or worse the sequel will shew. I have already observed, that my finances were on the decline, and there appeared little prospect of improvement from my present plan; this I gave the gentleman to understand, and he animadverted so ably on the folly of wasting time and money in a fruitless attempt to retrieve my loss, thereby probably involving myself deeper,

that I resolved to relinquish management as soon as possible. "London," he observed, "is the only place to encourage talent, and I sincerely advise you to make an attempt; having no acquaintance with the managers of either house, I can be of no service to you in that respect, but should I happen to be in town, I will bring a large party to support your first appearance."

Mrs. R———— highly approved this scheme; "let us leave," said she, "this despicable, this degrading sphere of action, and if unsuccessful in London, endeavour to obtain a respectable situation in the country, where your education, conduct and ability, will meet with encouragement, and place you on a level with beings much superior in the estimation of the world, to those who have lately been our associates." Tho' my resolution was irrevocably fix'd, there were many difficulties to surmount, ere it was practicable; there was nobody at hand to purchase my property, and could I surmount that difficulty, would it be wise or safe to appear in London? The papers would give immediate intelligence to my creditors at Worcester, and all my air built castles be changed to a pri-

son. That very day, the latter difficulty was obviated by a letter from my brother in law, containing the pleasing intelligence, that he had settled my affairs at Worcester, to the satisfaction of all parties. The greater embarrassment surmounted, the trifling one, which respected my little property of clothes and scenery, was no impediment; I concluded to leave them in the care of manager Davis, and take a last leave of management, as soon as the benefits were concluded. Jonathan Davis, though he still continued a member of the company, was become an useless one; his health was in a visible state of decay, and before I left the town, we buried him. Poor Jonathan! he was a well behaved, honest, and respectable member of society; that firmness of mind, which accompanied him through life, left him not in death.

The man he lodged with, was a bigotted Independant, and they seldom met without warm altercation; on the day of his death, this zealous believer enter'd his apartment arm'd with every necessary combustible to irritate the mind of the dying man, when Jonathan, in a feeble voice, enquired what he wanted?

“ To awaken thee to a sense of thy lost state, how long wilt thou resist the truth ? ”

Poor Jonathan, with a mixture of pity and contempt in his look, replied, “ thou say'st I am lost, of what use then is this visit ? If I am pre-ordain'd to destruction, can thy intercession change the fix'd purposes of the Deity ? Leave me, leave me ; then clasping his hands, with a degree of devout energy, that communicated itself to all around, he with difficulty said, “ Oh great and glorious first Cause, Creator of worlds innumerable, revolving through the immensity of space, how mighty are thy works ! my mind expands at the sublime idea ! and when I reflect on the greatness of thy power, and the insignificance of human pride, which would contract thy omniscience, painting thee, Essence of goodness and mercy, as a being full of wrath, revenge, and every paltry human passion, I look with pity on their wretched state, and trust their ignorance will be their only punishment.” The same day, he breathed his last, and thus we lost an honest man, and a good actor.

Having wound up the concern, at a loss of about 70/. I agreed to leave my property for the use of manager Davis, for which I was to receive 20/. per annum; and who extricated from all his embarrassments, recommenced his theatrical career, free from pecuniary involvements, and with the most sanguine hopes of success, from his well known celebrity in *taking torens*, and *getting bespeaks*. From the time we parted in Devonshire, I have never, by any accident, been fortunate enough to encounter him; the meeting would on my part have been attended with pleasureable sensations, from the respect I bear his honest simplicity of character, and a retrospective view of scènes long past, but which the mind feels a gratification in tracing.

Every thing was prepared for our departure, even the places taken, before I recollected, that unknown, without name, recommendation, or knowledge of the managers, my application might be slighted, or at least these impediments would be a material bar to my success. “*Od rabbit it!*” said Tony, “take me with you, I am acquainted with them all, from Tom King, down to the stage keeper.”



To say the truth, Tony had become necessary to me. His eccentricity, sincerity and goodness of heart, had so won upon us, that he was in a manner domesticated in the family; and I am convinced Mrs. R—— and myself, would rather have parted with the half of our little all, than been deprived of the cheerful and useful society of poor Tony.

Oh! had but a little leaven of worldly prudence been intermingled in my composition, what misery might have been avoided! who but a lunatic, would have attempted a quixotic expedition like this! launching into a world of expence, without any certain object in view! but as I have observed elsewhere, a careless inattention to pecuniary matters, has always been a leading feature in my character, which poverty has not in the slightest degree lessen'd; — a few months prosperity had always power to obliterate the experience purchased by years of adversity.

## CHAP. XXVI.

## "THE JOURNEY TO LONDON."

"GARRICK AND COLMAN."

---

"Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak is nothing to a man."

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

---

"A good old man sir, he will be talking, but i' faith, as honest as the skin between his brows."

IBID.

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To render the expence as light as possible, Tony proposed to take an outside place, and in this order, we set off for the metropolis. Nothing of moment occur'd, till we arrived at Maidenhead, where an hour was allow'd for dinner. At this necessary meal, Tony was wanting; the waiter gave notice that every thing was ready, but still Tony came not. With much anxiety, I made enquiry for the lost sheep, but in vain, no one had

seen him enter the house; at length, I address'd myself to the coachman, "What sir," said he, "is *Cock and Pinch* missing?" "*Cock and Pinch!* what do you mean?" shewing me the way bill, I found Tony had been book'd under that title, arising, I suppose from the shape and size of his hat. Fearful my old friend had met with some alarming accident, I suffered the coach to proceed without us; this I did the more readily, because being near the end of our journey, the additional expence would be trifling. Hostler, boots, and waiter, were sent in different directions, but no intelligence could I get of poor Tony. On the approach of evening, I procured my wife a newspaper, and sallied forth myself; resolved to pass no public house without enquiry. As I was leaving the inn, one of my messengers call'd out, "well sir, I've found *Cock and Pinch*, he's at the Cat and Bagpipes, disputing with our exciseman about religion."

Enquiring my way, I set out for the Cat and Bagpipes, determined, if possible, to remain an unnoticed spectator of this strange mortal's proceedings. I found him seated by several decent looking men, apparently in all

his glory, his nose resembling, as Shakespeare says, “an *ignis fatuus*, or wild fire.” I entered unobserved, and calling for a glass of negus, seated myself behind the screen, glad of an opportunity of hearing their debate, without joining in it. They were vociferously engaged on some apparently interesting topic, but what I could not define, for they all spoke at once, the tongues of Babel could not have caused greater confusion. I was much surprised to see, seated on one side of Tony, his old acquaintance *manager Horton*; on the other hand, was a person with an ink-horn at his button hole, to whom Tony seem’d particularly to address his discourse. Moving my chair exactly behind where they sat, I heard the latter say,

“You must know, I am going to London with Mr. Romney, he is a pupil of mine, that is, I teach him to act; we are upon a wild goose chase to be sure, but that you know, is no business of mine.” “Give me leave Mister-a—” said the exciseman, “you say you’re an actor, and so and so; and sometimes, I take it, you *dip* into the ghost line; don’t you think that’s going a little beyond your *gauge*? it’s too serious a—a—you know,

we read of the witch of Endor, and so and so ; well for my part now, Mr.—what's your name, I think there is something so and so, to be seen ; I, myself, was in the brewery behind the great vat, taking so and so ; when I heard a voice whisper in my ear, a—a—so and so ; things that—you see Master—a—a—that is—a—do you believe in ghosts ?”

At the end of this speech, Tony burst into a loud laugh, and said “ gentlemen, Mr.—a—a—so and so, this worthy officer of excise, wants to know if I believe in ghosts ? now, I'll tell you a story, that will give you some idea of what ghosts generally prove to be.

“ The cathedral church of the city of Gloucester, is surrounded by respectable dwellings, the inhabitants of which pass the evening of each day in a social interchange of hospitable civilities, enlivened by tea, scandal, and quadrille. One evening, a London newspaper was produced, which contained an account “ of two centinels in St. James's Park, being frightened into fits, by the appearance of a ghost.” This brought on a variety of equally *true* stories, one, had frequently seen “ a

figure in white, which she could not make out;" another "had often heard uncommon noises in that very church yard;" a third "had a servant, who formerly lived with a lady, whose great grandmother always saw strange appearances, previous to a death in the family." In short, they work'd up their imaginations to such a pitch of terror, that every, the slightest noise, caused alarm. At length the cathedral told eleven, the usual hour of departure, and unfortunately, the road for two of the ladies lay directly through the middle of the church yard. The night was dark, the wind whistled amongst the tombs, the lightning flash'd along the path, and the thunder roll'd at awful distance. In a word it was a night calculated to increase the alarm their late conversation had inspired. They had proceeded about half way, when a voice, seemingly from the bowels of the earth, in a hollow tone, said, "L-o-w"—alarmed to agitation, the females stood motionless, almost petrified with fear, when another voice in the same direction, but louder, cried "H-i-g-h:" without waiting for a third salutation, they darted along the path; rat, tat, tat, went the knocker, open flew the door, and with the assistance of

salts, and aromatic vinegar, the two Miss Pograms were able to explain, what had so evidently disturbed them; the eldest concluding her narration by a firm belief, "that some poor creature had been buried alive, and was calling for assistance." This the other would not allow, because there were two voices, one said "low," and the other "high." The coachman, who had been listening, *pot valiant* with a bottle of *Madeira*, stolen from the butler's pantry, offer'd his services to detect the cheat, for a cheat he was sure it was, "because *as why*, he had *never seed nothing* worse than *his self*." His offer was accepted, and muffled in his box-coat, away he march'd across the churchyard; but ere he got half way, stopp'd to reflect on his undertaking; "suppose," thought he, "there should be robbers, they may waylay, and murder me; or suppose there *should* be something to be seen; or suppose ——" in short he supposed so much, that his courage, as Acres says, "began to ooze out of the palms of his hands." and not daring to proceed, he seated himself on a tomb stone. At that moment, a voice in his vicinity cried out "High," another replied "Low," when turning his head, he saw a light issuing as it

were, from a grave. Unable to withstand this double phenomenon, he fell prostrate, but finding no return of the noise, ventured to lift up his head, and crept slowly towards the place, from whence the light still issued. He soon found himself on the verge of a newly made grave, and peeping over the side, saw—oh horror! what do you think gentlemen he saw? two fellows playing at cards by the light of a lanthorn! They proved to be two *resurrection men*, or body stealers, who, previous to carrying off the corpse, chose to amuse themselves with a game at “all fours” on the coffin lid. The coachman’s fear at an end, he determined to take them into custody, when one of them cried “*high*,”—“*low*,” said the other, “*Jack*,” replied the first; “*game*,” said the coachman, jumping into the grave; out went the light, away ran the body stealers, and thus ended this terrible ghost story, with *high, low, Jack*, and the *game*.”

The story prov’d highly successful, Tony joined in the laugh, and rising from his seat, espied me. “*Od rabbit it! Mr. Romney*, we shall be too late for the coach!” bustling about for his cane and gloves. *Manager Horton*, recollecting me, rose, and very cor-



dially enquired after Mrs. R——, and the fat lap dog; whilst Tony, in a voice of command, call'd for the bill, and threw down a 5*l.* bank note; receiving his change, we left the house; with his small clothes in one hand, and flourishing his cane with the other, he exclaim'd, “ *Od rabbit it!* Tony Lebrun’s a man again! yesterday, I could have said, “ He that steals *my* purse steals trash,” but to-day, doctor Horton put 5*l.* into my hand, saying “ take this *here*, and get thee into flesh:” so I pocketed the affront, and am now worth four pounds, fifteen shillings of lawful money of Great Britain. But come along my boy, the coach is waiting;” then taking two or three long strides, he stopp’d short, and seizing me by the button, as if on the point of disclosing some great secret: “ Horton’s a man not to be *sneezed* at I promise you; there’s life in a muscle—honour in a mountebank, and conscience in a quack doctor. Why sir, he has paid me for the pigs, said they were mine, and only did it to try me. But come along, we shall be too late.”

Poor fellow ! he was so elated with money and punch, that he scarcely knew whether it was morning, noon, or night. \*

Within the gateway of our inn, a countryman was bargaining with a French pedlar, for a tobacco box, and, just as we pass'd, he demanded four *sous* as the purchase money. "How much?" cried Tony, addressing the clown; "I don't know master, what he means, but he says, he will have four *sows* for it." "Four *sows*!" replied Tony, I have just received 5*l.* for one sow, and six little pigs, and has Monsieur the conscience to ask four for a tobacco box?" Pleased at his own pun, he look'd at me, as much as to say, "why don't you laugh?" I confess I did, for though his stories were not always good, they seldom fail'd in effect. After supper, I enquired what motive could induce him to give us so much anxiety, retard our journey, and add to our expence? "and give me leave to add, I do not exactly comprehend, what you meant by the *wild goose chase* you are going upon, as my *tutor*."

“Softly, softly, my master—gently over the marshy ground—too many questions at once—give me time, and I’ll answer all—Rome was not built in a day. First, then, when I quitted the coach box, who should be standing at the inn-door, but Dr. Horton! Seizing me by the button—‘Come along, my boy,’ said he, ‘there’s money bid for you.’ So, sir, he took poor I prisoner, *vi et armis*, and lodged me safe at the Cat and Bagpipes—paid me for my pigs—laugh’d at my jokes, and drank your health in a bumper. Secondly, as you say, in *Lord Ogleby*, ‘when my desires are kindled, I am above considering consequences.’ The *drops* had warm’d my heart—the five-pound note astonish’d my optics; the brain is contiguous—at best, you know, not very steady; what, under these circumstances, could be expected? I *sprosed* a little, to be sure, about the tutor; but the ‘wild goose chase’ is a true bill.”

“A true bill! what do you mean?”

“Why, at the onset of this business, you never consulted me, you know, a London rider was your oracle, who knows as much

about theatrical concerns, as I do of the counting house. He flatter'd your pride, by persuading you to attempt the London boards, without introduction, without being known to the managers, or heard of by the performers. Not that you lack ability, but having no name in the theatrical world, I must say your expedition is a wild goose chase."

His observations carried conviction, and I wonder'd they had not occur'd to myself. I was simple enough to imagine, that a situation in London was easily to be obtained, provided the candidate possessed merit enough to sustain a first appearance; however though I was convinced of my error, it was too late to retract, and I blamed Tony for not giving me this salutary advice sooner.

The next morning, at six o'clock, we set off for the metropolis; Tony taking an inside place, said, "the coachman and I have dissolved partnership, I'll *mount scoundrel* no more, must keep up appearances, going into town, for they all know me."

I got a comfortable lodging in Bow Street; Tony, as usual, took up his residence

at a public house, and now came on the grand consultation, respecting the business that brought me to town. Whether to do it in person, or by letter, I was undetermined; Tony advised the former; the proverb says, "if you would succeed, *go*, if not, *send*." He offered, as a preliminary step, to introduce me to his friend James Wild, prompter of Covent Garden Theatre; but preparatory to this, he attended the rehearsal, and had an interview with Wild, who appointed to meet me at four o'clock, at Spencer's Tavern. "If you secure him, the business is half done."

At the appointed hour, we attended, and were informed this all-powerful prompter would see us as soon as he had finish'd his hit at Backgammon. This message by no means pleased me, I had no idea of kicking my heels in an anti-room, till it should suit the pleasure of a prompter to grant an audience.

"*Od rabbit it!* keep up your spirits," said Tony, "Jem's a good fellow, but like all the satellites of great folks, he likes a little adulation." This speech did not convey the comfort Tony seem'd to intend, on the contrary, it added to my mortification.

“ Servility and adulation I hold in the most sovereign contempt, and should detest myself, were I mean enough to practise either, even to principals themselves. How is it likely then I shall conduct myself to this servant of servants ?”

“ *Od rabbit it* man ! you’ll never do for a place at court or even in a theatre, which is an epitome of the world. But hark ! I hear the creaking of his shoe.” In fact he was coming as quick as his lameness would permit, and though not at all prepossessed in favor of this servility-loving prompter, I determined to bridle my disposition as well as I could. But judge of my astonishment, when passing the door where we sat, he bawl’d out by way of apology, “ I’ll be with you the moment I have swallow’d my dinner.” This ill bred and unceremonious address, gave a finishing stroke to the picture I had drawn of James Wild, and whilst viewing it with a feeling of contempt, I silently put on my hat, and walk’d down stairs.

Tony following, exclaimed, “ *Od rabbit it !* are you mad ? when seated over his pint of wine is the very moment to attack him.”

“What!” replied I, “do you take me for a poor poet who lacks a dinner, or a mercenary member of parliament, who will bow and cringe to every fool in office, and stand with his soul in his hand, ready to sell it and his constituents to the best bidder?”

By this time I had reached my lodgings, and I sat down completely mortified with the cavalier behaviour of the prompter of Covent Garden Theatre, and fully determined to make no further application on those premises. My wife blamed my precipitancy, Tony laughed at (what he termed) my folly; but in vain, neither reproof nor ridicule had power to alter my resolve.

It was not originally my intention to make application at Drury Lane, that inimitable actor, Thomas King, prevented the smallest hope of success in that quarter; but now this was my only resource, and whilst pondering on the most likely means to give it effect, it struck me that perhaps Tony's introduction was not the most eligible in the world: nay, when I reflected on the prompter's rude, unfeeling conduct, I imputed it, in a great measure, to the insignificance of my *gentleman*

*usher*. In consequence of this reasoning, I determined to wait upon Mr. King, the acting manager, *alone*, and trust to my own powers of address for introduction.

Oh! that my feeble pen were capable of doing justice to the character of this amiable, much regretted man! the finished gentleman, disinterested friend, and the man of talent, were united in Thomas King! Suavity of manners; politeness, without ceremony; freedom, without familiarity; sincerity, without rudeness; were the distinguishing traits that marked his general conduct. What different beings I have known amongst *managers* and *acting managers*! To such animals, vain of fancied superiority, I would say, throw aside your contemptible foppery; study sincerity; discard your brutality, and become men! upright, liberal, inartificial characters! then, and not till then, will you become respectable, and admired by the very people who now caricature and laugh at you!

In the morning I called at Mr. King's house, but was informed five o'clock would be the most likely time to meet with him at home; at that hour I knocked at his door,



was admitted, and received with highly flattering attention. He was seated with his amiable wife *tête-à-tête*, and requested me to take a glass of wine, previous to the introduction of business, over which he amused me with a variety of pleasant anecdotes, well told, and full of point.

When the wine was finished, "Now sir," said he, taking out his watch, "I have just half an hour for business, before my presence will be necessary at the theatre." I then made known my wish, to which he replied, "You astonish me! are you a comedian? There is so much gravity in your deportment, that I concluded you were a sprig of divinity, possessed of more genius and industry than generally fall to the lot of such theological branches, the effervescence of which had probably produced a play; and when you took out your handkerchief, I expected to have been presented with the manuscript. But as you have explained yourself with candour and modesty, I will be plain, and give you my unbiassed opinion. Though you have been on the stage some years, you seem ignorant of the theatrical world. Talent alone is insufficient to make a progress in the

London theatres ; that talent must be known and talked of, to render you an object worthy the attention of managers. As a substitute for this, patronage is necessary ; I have known a person much beneath mediocrity, when introduced by nobility, draw a crowded house, and obtain a situation that could not have been procured by any other means ; whilst superior abilities have returned to their former itinerancy, for want of titled support."

" In mitigation of the manager's conduct, I must add, that scarcely a week elapses without an application similar to yours ; the frequency of which renders them peevish, and apt to turn a deaf ear to modest merit. Having premised thus much, I will do what I can to serve you, which I confess I find myself inclined to, from a prepossession in your favour ; from whence naturally arises a wish to see you in a situation more lucrative and respectable than country engagements generally prove."

All this was spoken with such an air of freedom and sincerity, that though it might be flattery, it was highly gratifying.

After requesting to see me again in a few days, I took my leave, oppressed with gratitude and admiration; my head erect, my step elastic, and my heart buoyant with hope.

Mrs. R—— was in raptures with my reception, and congratulated me on my discernment, in trusting to my own address in preference to Tony's introduction. During the lapse of several days I saw many plays, much good acting, and some that I thought might be mended. At the general rendezvous I was introduced to Parsons, Suett, Edwin, and others; amongst this set, I found Tony was, as he said, well known; his jokes were generally approved and laughed at, and in return he was the universal *but*. One afternoon I was rather surprised to find him without his hat, a circumstance that never occurred except there were ladies present. Upon enquiry, I understood this emblem of the old school had been identified by one of the company, as the property of Dibble Davies. Tony, to convince them of his right in this three square covering, shewed his name written on the lining; this was all they wanted, it was handed from one to another, till poor faithful *cock* and *pinch* found its way into

the centre of a large fire, and was consumed before its master was suffered to approach. At this moment I entered, and found Tony in the midst of his distresses, "like Patience on a monument, smiling at Grief."

"What a pity," said one, "to destroy that elegant appendage of courtly costume." "Such a traveller too," said another, "it bears evident marks of having been in *Greece*." "How it *cracks*," cried a third, "no wonder the gentleman's afflicted, when he sees so large a part of his *family* cast into the flames."

Tony knew his men, and join'd the general laugh; presently a person entered with a large box, and enquired "which was the gentleman who wanted a cock'd hat?"—"I'm your man! *Od rabbit it!* you are come just in the *nick*; upon my word, a very good assortment, only not quite so much in the *short cake* line as my last; but never mind, fashion's every thing."

By this time he had fitted himself with a very handsome hat, which he had long wanted, and the man retired. This, I afterwards understood, was a preconcerted and delicate

mode of making Tony a present, without injuring his feelings. When more than a week had elapsed, I waited again on Mr. King. "My good friend," said he, "I have had your cause much at heart, and have struggled hard to get you a footing in the theatre; but I am sorry to say, all I find the proprietors willing to do, is to allow you a small salary as a *double* for Mr. Suett, whose health often renders a substitute necessary, and to whose person you bear a great resemblance. Now mind, I do not advise you to accept or reject this; but one thing I recommend, do not conclude rashly; take a few days to consider, and let me know the result."

On my way home, I pronounced the word *double* several times with great energy, produced by mortified pride, at so degrading an offer. After playing all the *first* business, was I reduced to take up with the leavings of Suett? A *double*! no, I'll either act a single part or none. As I finished my *soliloquy*, I applied my hand with such force to the knocker, that the whole house were alarmed. "What, in the name of all that's noisy, is the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. R——, "your knock is generally confined to a

*double.*" "The d——I *double* 'em," I replied, "and me too, if ever I accept their offer; if you love me, never repeat the word *double* again, as long as you live; it is more discordant to my ear than the braying of an ass, the croaking of ravens, or the squeaking of pigs. Prepare your packages, we must try a more genial atmosphere."

After relating the above interview, I was astonished to hear my wife less indignant at the proposal that I had been; on the contrary, she spoke in favour of it; her pride received no wound at the idea of her husband being engaged for a *double*, observing, "that by sometimes appearing in a favorable character, my talents would be noticed, and in time justly appreciated." Had I taken her advice, I might in all probability now sustain a respectable situation in Drury Lane theatre; but my unlucky star was ascendant, and in an evil hour I wrote the following note to Mr. King:

SIR,

I can never enough acknowledge the kindness of your conduct. Happy, most happy should I be under your command, but not in the way proposed. The exertions you have made in my behalf,

prove your feeling as a man equal to your merit as an actor. Accept my grateful thanks, and sincere wishes for your health and happiness. I have the honor to be

SIR,

Your faithful and obedient servant,

S. W. R.

After a variety of consultations, whereby it was discovered that London living made great inroads on my purse, we took places for the north, intending to visit our friends in Yorkshire, which probably might lead to an engagement in that quarter.

I found myself awkwardly situated with regard to my old friend Tony; but this difficulty he quickly obviated. Dibble Davies had made him an offer of a situation in his private theatre, as prompter.—“A guinea a week,” said Tony, “is no bad thing; tobacco is cheap, and the porter good; so I can take my drops with the Thespians, and puff away care as usual.” To avoid the pain of saying farewell, and all its attendant disagreeables, I left a note for Tony, with an inclosure, and on the third day we arrived at the Spread Eagle in Manchester, after an absence of six years.

## CHAP. XXVII.

“THE WORLD AS IT GOES.”

“COWLEY.”

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“His reasons are as two grains of wheat, hid in two bushels of chaff. You shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search.”

“MERCHANT OF VENICE.”

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THE theatre was open, under the management of Messrs. Connor and Sidney; this I thought a happy omen, for if planted in our native soil, we *must* grow and flourish. To facilitate an event so desirable, I waited on Mr. Connor, of whom I had some slight knowledge, and though our services were not wanted, and the season more than half over, with a liberality of spirit I shall always remember, he gave us an engagement to commence the following week. This interval we passed happily at Saddleworth; the fatted calf was killed to welcome the prodigal's return; old neighbours and friends flock'd round us from



every quarter; and I shall never forget my sensations, when the clerk on the following Sunday led out a psalm from the version of Sternhold and Hopkins, appropriate to the family meeting. This said clerk, was one of the greatest self-taught geniuses I ever met with. Without the smallest help or assistance, James Neild arrived to a proficiency in many of the arts and sciences, which few people attain, even with the advantage of a liberal education. His name is remembered with pleasure, by all who knew him, and his memory, (particularly in the musical world), contemplated with wonder and delight. Forgive, reader, this tribute to the memory of a man unknown, even unheard of, beyond his own county; he was, in truth, “a flower born to blush unseen, and shed its sweetness in obscurity.” The younger branches of my wife’s family were happily married, and comfortably settled; her two brothers remained in the neighbourhood, her sister was united to a Mr. B——, of Huddersfield, in Yorkshire. My father too, was under the respectable protection of his niece, who married Mr. T. T. and were the couple who attended us on our Scottish matrimonial expedition, in 1776.

We made our *debut* at Manchester in the parts of Lord Ogleby and Fanny, Solomon and Lubin, in 1787, and were received with every mark of favor. The company consisted of Messrs. Brown, (commonly called count) Charlton, Banks, Wordsworth, Hamerton, Hurst, Bates, T. Banks, Maddocks, Hollingsworth, Emery, Beynon, and Connor, (Sidney was not on the stage) Mesdames, Corneley's, Beynon, Sidney, Emery, Johnson, Charlton, Miss Evans and Miss Wewitzer.

Thus happily situated in one of the most respectable theatres out of London, and in the vicinity of our relatives and friends; I look'd upon my past sufferings with a smile; nay, rejoiced in having obtained a knowledge of the world, though at so great an expence. But as bitters are necessary towards the enjoyment of sweets, I found them prepared in a quarter I by no means expected.

Whilst I lived in the neighbourhood, with independence and hospitality, my Manchester friends were never so happy as when partaking of it. All my *boasted knowledge of the world*, had left me ignorant, that my society was less estimable, less in

request than formerly. But this stinging truth was soon palpable; with a few exceptions, I found a distant bow of recognition, and that forced by my own previous notice, was all that remain'd of professions reiterated and simply believed. Six years had made a wonderful change too, in the circumstances of those with whom I formerly had dealings. The revolutions of trade had exalted men of humble callings, and many respectable characters were reduced to indigence. Ingenuity and industry enjoy'd their well deserved earnings, and I had the pleasure to see one, who formerly served at my table, now take a box at my benefit. The hair-dresser who used to decorate Mrs. R——, for the concert or assembly, had become a partner in one of the first mercantile houses, and condescended to favour me with a nod. Another of the same fraternity, who oft had tied my hair, now tied up large money bags, bought and sold, and talk'd of bricklayers and buildings, with as much eloquence as he used to descant formerly on the properties of powder and pomatum. Whilst the eccentric Phil. Worrall, too generous ever to be rich, friz'd away as usual, singing queer songs to the tune of "Martha shave me."

I am particularly happy however in stating, that neglect was not the *general* order of the day; many highly respectable families received us with kindness and consideration; and I am indebted to them for favors and attentions of the most substantial kind. Of these, a gentleman, of the family of P——ps, stands foremost; J——L——P——, Esq. to the worth of a friend, added the kindness of a patron; may his intellectual and domestic comforts long continue to be a happiness to himself, and an enjoyment to his friends.

I have dwelt longer upon this theme, than will be agreeable to the generality of my readers, but perhaps they have ere this remark'd, that when mounted on a favorite hobby, I know not where to stop.

Passion week we spent at Saddleworth. Some days previous, Mr. Conner had requested me to write a song for his benefit on the *cries* of *Manchester*; this I readily promised, but never gave it a second thought, till I read in the Tuesday's paper, "a new song written, and to be sung by Mr. Romney, called "the Manchester cries." With out having thought upon the subject, or being on the spot to re-

fresh my memory, I wrote the song, and sung it on Easter Monday, with universal approbation, and I believe every succeeding night during the season. Our benefits were productive, and the theatre closed after the races, with a long summer vacation; the which Mrs. R—— went to pass with her sister at Huddersfield, and I, to an engagement at Buxton. I possess no memorandum that can at all assist my memory in saying, who composed the company at Buxton this season, but I recollect, it was both indifferent and scanty; so much so, that on the secession of one female, I was obliged to send an express for my wife, before another play could be performed. This was a desirable circumstance to me, I found myself lost, without her cheerful company, and though several pleasurable excursions were plan'd for her amusement, she left them without regret, and enter'd upon her business with alacrity.

The summer pass'd with more pleasure than profit: I resumed my shooting excursions with added vigour, and laid in a stock of health, from air, exercise, and bathing, that no other place is so well calculated to

produce. When rambling over the mountains in search of grouse, I have frequently dropp'd the tear of friendship to the recollection of Camelford, whom the stupendously grand scenery forcibly brought to my mind. The hills, the dales, the rocks, the caverns about Buxton, bore a strong resemblance to the haunts of the Gipseys of the North, and filled my heart with many a bitter pang at the separation.

A short time before the season closed, a gentleman requested to see me at the Cheshire Cheese; I lost not a moment to obey the summons, and was entering the room, when the landlady told me, he was at that moment engaged with his washer-woman; and the door being a-jar, I found they were literally disputing about the merits of washing a shirt. "I can't wash it, sir," said the woman, "'twill fall to pieces." "*Od rabbit it!*" replied the other, "then hang it against the wall, and throw a bucket of water at it; but don't abuse it, for it is an only child, and dry it as fast as you can, that I may get into better habits. It's an hour's good exercise every morning to find my way into it; I must have a chart drawn, that I may

know how to steer; for when I think I am sailing through the *neck*, I find myself floundering in the *arm-pits*, or ramming my head into *elbow-lane*." At the conclusion of this speech, I rush'd into the room, took the poor fellow in my arms, threw the shirt in the fire, and turned the washer-woman out of doors.

Feeling choked his utterance—" *Od rabbit it!*" was all he could articulate. I stood gazing with astonishment and pity; clothed in the same habit he wore nine months ago, but grown ragged and shabby by constant use; his once fat and rosy gills, now bore the semblance of penury; even his laughter-loving eye had lost its lustre, it was sunk and hollow; yet still his heart was whole, and still he laughed at sorrow. After mentally making these observations, "Tony," exclaimed I, "is that you?"

"A piece of me; I'm in famous trim for the starved apothecary, "for all the world, like a fork'd raddish," "misery brings a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows," but more of this, anon."

“ My good friend, what has brought you here? I am heartily glad to see you, but ’tis with sorrow I observe you hang out signals of distress.”

“ And you, Mr. Romney, like a brave English sailor, heave to—take me on board and place me on the doctor’s list—being weak from hard work, and short commons, he orders the grog to be *thrown in* immediately—so *Od rabbit it!* ring the bell, and I’ll tell you all, how, and about it.” After some refreshment, his eyes recovered their lustre, his pipe was filled, and between each puff, he spoke as follows. “ ’Tis about nine months since you left me in London, and——well remembered, thank you for the note you sent me; the 5*l.* stood me in good stead, God bless you for it. Well, I was comfortable enough, all things considered, and held the book, whilst ’prentice boys made fools of themselves at Dibble Davies’s slaughter house; till the cash came in so slowly, that Dibble *hopp’d the twig*, and left me to shift as well as I could. Now, your note stood my friend; for three weeks I took my drops, and smoked a social pipe at Spencer’s, caring as usual, little about the



morrow. One evening, when I had been very successful in some of my best stories, a little gentleman who sat in the corner, and had laughed till his sides ached, insisted upon treating me with a bottle of wine, which, rather than give offence, I suffered him to do. After a glass or two, I found he was manager of a small company at Barnet, and though he had never heard of my fame as an actor, which is rather odd, he took it into his head, that I must be a very excellent comedian, from my conversation and appearance, and offered me an engagement. I snapp'd immediately, struck the nail on the head, whilst it was hot, and agreed to play at Barnet six nights on *profits*—*Od rabbit it!* how I hate the word; if you'll believe me, the profits were all losses; and after exerting my talents before a set of stupid dolts, who did not know good acting when they saw it, I found myself reduced to half a crown; so that rather than go back to town, and *stand the roast* at Spencer's, I engaged to give them another lift at the next town, in hopes of better luck. But here, the manager (who ought to have known better, from the sample he had had, of my acting) gave me inferior parts;

instead of Richard, I saw my name down for the Lord Mayor. Thus neglected, I thought it best to decamp; but not before I had given them the *bag in stile*, and serve 'em right too, for they often gave me the *goose*. Another unfortunate son of Thespis, who like myself, meant to leave a bad business, without knowing where to get a better, hit upon the following scheme. We had a set of hand-bills printed, informing "the nobility, gentry, and public at large, that *Signior Grimalkini* was just arrived with a most astonishing *cat*, the wonder of the world; that this amazing animal was capable of articulating several words, in many languages, and could absolutely hold a conversation in English. Likewise the Signior's own imitations, which would embrace many well known characters of the present day, and finally, that he would take himself off, to the great surprise of all present." *Od rabbit it!* Mr. Romney, *John Bull* is always to be *had*; I intend to revive the *bottle conjuror* next time I am put to my *shifts*. We took a large room, which was presently filled, I received the money, whilst the Signior prepared the cat and himself for their public *entré*. At length, he

went forward with his green bag, which being opened, the cat naturally enough ran away, which the Signior as naturally accounted for, by attributing it to fright. However to give the quadruped time to recover herself, he would begin with his imitations, and first, he would have the honour of taking himself off. ‘Ladies and gentlemen,’ said he, ‘by the compression of the larinx’—here he was conveniently seized with a fit of coughing, and requesting their patience, whilst he retired for a glass of water, joined me, and making the best of our way out of town, we left the audience to amuse one another, and the reflecting part of the inhabitants to laugh at their credulity.”

“Why, Tony, that was letting the cat out of the bag to some purpose, but what said your conscience? had you no qualms?”

“I can’t say I felt quite comfortable, but ‘since the world will, why let it be deceived.’ The greatest geniuses in the profession have before now been put to their shifts; I remember when John K—— was at Tewksbury, his landlady was very importunate for

several weeks lodging in arrear; vain was her application, John had no money, and was at his wits end. At length he hit upon a grand *manœuvre*. In the apartment beneath, for John was in the attic, a gentleman lodged, whose state of health was so precarious, that the greatest care, attention, and quiet were necessary. John knowing this, purchased two tops, and with much expertness whipped them about the room, as if his very existence depended upon their constant motion. The landlady in vain represented the state of her sick lodger; John “had a complaint in his chest, and his physician prescribed that mode of exercise, as the only cure.” And so it proved, for the woman forgave the arrears, provided he would leave her house, and thus John *whipp’d himself out of his lodging.*”

Tony, in his eagerness for story telling, forgot his situation, and the misery he had experienced, but as he imitated the whipping of the top, I perceived his bare elbow through his coat—“Why, bless me, Tony, are you without a shirt?”

“ To be sure, did not you burn it?”

I instantly wrote for a couple, and insisted on his putting one on. “ What! before I have finish’d my story? no! not for a laundry full of shirts. Where did I leave off? oh! at J. K. whipping himself out of his lodging. Well, by giving them the *bag*, we put a few pounds in our pockets, and set off full speed to a town about twenty miles distant, where a small company occupied a barn under the management of a Mrs. A———, a lady, whose infirm state of health rendered a course of *cordial medicine* necessary, and she found great relief from the *drops*. Here we took up our rest in a public house, and having confided our wardrobe, contained in two handkerchiefs, to the landlady’s care, retired to the chimney corner to enjoy the comforts of a pipe. Though the room was nearly full, being strangers, they gave place to us, and I was witness to one of the most instructive conversations that the united genius of men ever formed. Politics were the subject, and the mayor of the body corporate principal spokesman. With all that attention and awe which power begets on weak minds, his open mouthed hearers swallowed

his worship's nonsense with the greatest avidity, although his harangue was often interrupted with, "Mr. Mayor, your good health." "Thank you, Mr. Recorder." "Mr. Sheriff, my service to you." "Thank you, Mr. Alderman." So that I found we were in the very bosom of the body corporate; and these simpletons were so elated with the pride of office, and so puff'd up with their silly titles, that it was thought an insult to greet them by their patrimonial appellation. Nay, this absurdity was carried so far, that the whip beggar and street cleaner dignified each other with the title of "Mr. Beadle and Mr. Scavenger."

As we join'd them, the mayor was on the point of reading some glorious news from the seat of war; on the strength of which they were charged brim full of liquor and loyalty. After abusing the Americans, by the name of *Yanky Doodles*, for daring to rebel against her *mother's* country, he gave a loud hem! and began—"We hear from America, that his Majesty's forces have obtained a complete victory by a *coup de main*, and this news will be authenticated by the general in *propria persona*, who, it is said, is leaving the army,

supposed to have taken umbrage." At the end of this sentence, he dash'd his pipe upon the ground, took off his hat, and, as if all the blood in his body had taken possession of his face, roar'd out, "Shout, gentlemen, shout—three times three—we have taken *Humbridge*." As soon as this ceremony was over, they sat down and drank, "Success to our arms, and confusion to the *Yankies*." For a short time, a pompous, solemn silence ensued, at length one of this erudite body, taking his pipe from beneath his rubicund nose, said, "Humbridge! um—I have seen it in the map of America, but I don't exactly recollect in what part." "Why, a" replied the mayor, "you see a—there are a vast many bridges in America, but if my memory does not fail me, this crosses the Delaware, just below Bunker's Hill." "Pray, Mr. Mayor," said Mr. Alderman, "what is that *coup de main* and *propria persona*, you so often read about?"

"What! Mr. Alderman, don't you know who *Coup de main* is? why then, I'll tell you, *Coup de main* is a *Hessian general*, and *Propria persona*, is his *aid de camp*." And thus they settled the matter. "Aye aye," continued the mayor, "they can't hold out long,

but I'm very sorry Mr. Sheriff to find, some of our own countrymen hold with them through thick and thin ; the laws are too lenient in this respect, they ought to be punish'd; for the man that won't stand up for his country, is no true Briton." You know, Mr. Romney, I am not much given to taciturnity, but the profound wisdom of these politicians, had in a manner overwhelmed my faculties ; they now however gave me an opportunity I could not resist. " Give me leave, Mr. Mayor," said I, " to ask your advice?" His worship nodded approbation. " My father, sir, was an Englishman, my mother an American, whom he married at Philadelphia. In crossing the seas I was born about the midway between the two countries ; now, sir, as I evidently belong to neither, which, in the present contest, should I stand up for?" " Why, sir," replied the mayor, not a little puzzled, " you see—a—water is no country—and—a—that is—d——n me, sir, you are a rebel, and ought to be sent out of the country." With all their affected gravity, it was as much as the major part of them could do to avoid laughing ; but as the mayor was of-



fended, they stifled this propensity, called for their reckoning, and in solemn silence left the house."

" I give you credit for your invention, Tony, but you are too severe upon the body corporate."

" Invention! I swear it is all true! I can tell you what the word alderman is derived from; it arose simply from the circumstance of two boys, sons of a carpenter, who, during their leisure hours, chizzled out of an useless lump of wood, a curious man, which, when finished, was found to be made of wood called *alder*, hence we have the word *alderman*, and hence we may naturally account for the more than ordinary thickness of the heads of these gentlemen.

" We took up our lodging at the public house, and as it was a *sharing* company, I thought it better to board, that I might be sure of some share of eatables, if there should be none of money. Well, sir, I play'd in Mrs. A——'s company for four months, and might perhaps, upon the average, share ten shillings

per week ; this, with a few pounds at my *ben*, did moderately, that is, I existed. I don't know how it was, but I soon became thin, and nervous as a tea-drinker ; in fine order for fiddling, I could shake with every finger ; and as to my nose, I am quite ashamed of it ; formerly it hung out a sign of sumptuous fare and good living, but now it shakes, like the pale wattles of a turkey cock in good humour. However, to cut my story short, I found, if I did not move " whilst I had strength to run, and something to cover me," I might soon be, " not where I should eat, but where I should be eaten." So, leaving the remainder of my wardrobe in my landlady's care for *safety*, with my cane in my hand, and half a crown in my pocket, I have *padding* the *hoof*, 150 miles without *drops*, and frequently without a bed ; but seeing your name in a Manchester play bill, I knew you would make interest to get your old friend a situation, rather than see him reduced to the " lathy consistence of Joe Snip the tailor." Buxton lay in my route, and by the greatest good fortune in the world, I find you here. And how is the dear woman ? and my friend Fanny ?

“ The former is well, and will rejoice to see you ; the latter, our faithful travelling companion, we buried about a week ago.”

“ So poor Fanny is *put to bed* with a *shovel* ! Well ! it’s what we must all come to ! she lived a virtuous and a happy life, and died full of years !” Tony was filling his third pipe, and the linen lay unnoticed on the table ; “ my good fellow,” said I, “ you forget the shirt.”

“ *Od rabbit it !* I can make a *shift* without till morning.”

As I knew there was no moving him that night, I ordered supper and a comfortable bed. As we were eating some fine Derbyshire trout, a luxury Tony had not lately indulged in, I rallied him on the advantages derived from fasting, and appeal’d to his own experience, which gave a *gout* to this meal, it would otherwise have wanted.

“ *Od rabbit it !* Mr. Romney, I see no advantage in fasting, except to get one’s self a better appetite for the next meal. Besides, one may carry a joke too far ; fasting yester-

day, for instance, caused a quarrel between two old friends, Mr. Tony Lebrun and his small guts—small indeed! for I could have crept ‘into an alderman’s thumb-ring.’—Coming up a hill, about nine miles off, my fast unbroken, I heard a rumbling, something like stage-thunder. Stopping to listen, what should it be, but my old friends, growling and grumbling, and breeding *intestine* discord! ‘What the devil are you at,’ said I, ‘you ungrateful scoundrels? Have I not, for these forty years, maintained you at an immense expense? Have you not been my peculiar care, even to the neglect of more noble friends? and now, when a little fasting is necessary, for the good of the constitution, like seditious subjects, you grumble at my government.’ Admonition was useless—they grumbled on; so I thought it best to say no more, for they are a set of never-to-be-satisfied, weak, windy, griping citizens, and the more you indulge them, the more they want.”

As it was near the close of the Buxton season, I found it impossible to get Tony a situation; however, I wrote to Manager Connor, who put him on the list, at a guinea per

week, and in a fortnight we arrived in Manchester. The company, this year, consisted of Messrs. C——, Westcott, Banks, Tyrrel, Hurst, Hollingsworth, Maddocks, T. Banks, George King, Tony Lebrun, self, and Connor; Mesdames Taylor, Simpson, Sidney, Piele, Jackson, Maddocks, and Romney.

George C—— is so well known as an actor, that my opinion can neither add to, nor diminish, his fame; were either in my power, panegyric would run through a dozen pages, and yet fall short of his merits. In some characters he is as much superior to any actor of the present day, as Garrick was to those of his time; but they are limited to such parts as suit his figure, which wants grace and proportion; where these can be dispensed with, he has no competitor. As a man in private life, he is the gentleman, the scholar, the friend, the life of every party, an enemy to scandal and detraction, and benevolent, even to imprudence.

Such is George C—— in his sober hours; but, when stimulated by the juice of the grape, he acts in diametrical opposition to all this. No two men, however different they

may be, can be more at variance than George C——, sober, and George C——, in a state of ebriety. At these times, his interesting suavity of manners changes to brutal invective; the feelings of his nearest and dearest friends are sacrificed; his best benefactor wounded, either in his own person, or in that of his tenderest connexions, and the ears of delicacy assaulted by abuse of the grossest nature. Such are the unfortunate propensities of this singular man—unfortunate, I say, because he seems incapable of avoiding them, although they have a tendency to ruin his health, injure his property, and destroy his social connexions. No one can more regret these failings than he does, in his hours of sanity, or make more handsome apologies; and if at night he creates enemies, his conciliatory manners in the morning are sure to raise double the number of friends.

Of this great actor, many ludicrous anecdotes are related; I shall point out a few, which came under my own observation.

One evening, in Manchester, we were in a public bar, amongst a promiscuous company, where C—— was, as usual, the life of

the party. Mirth and good humour prevail'd till about ten o'clock, when I perceived a something lurking in his eye, which foretold a storm. Anxious to get him home before it burst forth, I press'd our departure, under the plea of another engagement: but, instead of having the desired effect, it precipitated what I had foreseen. With a haughty, supercilious look, he said,—

“I see what you are about, you hypocritical scoundrel! You canting, methodistical thief! am I, George C——, to be controll'd by such a would-be puritan as you? I'll teach you to dictate to a tragedian.” Then pulling off his coat, and holding his fist in a menacing attitude—“Come out,” continued he, “thou prince of deceivers, though thou hast faith to remove mountains, thou shalt not remove me—Come out, I say.” With much difficulty he was pacified, and resumed his coat. There was a large fire in the bar, before which stood, with his coat skirts under each arm, a pitiful imitation of *buckism*, very deficient in cleanliness and costume. His face was grimy, and his neckcloth of the same tint, which, nevertheless, was roll'd in various folds about his throat; his hair was

matted, and turn'd up, under a round, greasy hat, with narrow brims, conceitedly placed on one side the head, which noddled under it, like a shaking mandarin. Thus equipp'd, the filthy fop straddled before the fire, which he completely monopolized. At length he caught the eye of our tragedian, who, in silent amazement for the space of half a minute, examined him from top to toe; then turning to me, he burst into a horse laugh, and rear'd out, "*Beau nasty*, by ——." Perhaps intimidated by C——'s former bluster, this insensible puppy took little notice; but I knew George would not stop here, and indeed I thought the stranger fair game. C—— now rose from his seat, and taking up the skirts of his coat, in imitation of the other, turn'd his back to the fire, "warm work in the *back settlements*, sir, said he;" then approaching still nearer, as if he had some secret to communicate, whisper'd, though loud enough for every one to hear,

"Pray sir, how is soap?"

"Soap?"



“ Yes sir, soap ; I understand it is coming down.”

“ I am glad of it sir.”

“ Indeed sir, you have cause, if one may judge from your appearance.”

“ Here was a general laugh, which the stranger seem'd not to regard, but noddling his head, and hitting his boots with a little rattan, rang the bell with an air of importance, and enquired “ if he could have a *weal kitlet*, or a *matton chip* ?”

“ What do you think,” said C——, “ of a *roasted puppy* ? because,” taking up the poker, “ I'll spit you, and roast you in a minute.”

This had a visible effect on the dirty beau he retreated towards the door, C—— following ; “ avaunt and quit my sight, thy face is dirty, and thy hands unwash'd ; avaunt ! avaunt I say !” then replacing the poker, and returning to his seat, he continued, “ being gone, I am a man again !”

It happen'd, that Perrins, the noted Pugilist, made one of the company this evening; he was a remarkably strong man, and possessed of great modesty and good nature; the last scene took such effect on his imagination, that he laugh'd immoderately. C——'s attention was attracted, and turning towards him with *his* most bitter look, "What do you laugh at Mr. Swabson! hey? why, you great lubber headed thief, Johnson would have beat two of you! laugh at me! at George C——! come out you scoundrel!"

The coat was again pull'd off, and putting himself in an attitude, "this is the arm that shall sacrifice you." Perrins was of a mild disposition, and knowing C——'s character; made every allowance, and answered him only by a smile, till aggravated by language and action the most gross, he very calmly took him in his arms, as though he had been a child, set him down in the street, and bolted the door. The evening was wet, and our hero, without coat or hat, unprepared to cope with it, but entreaty for admission was vain, and his application at the window unattended to. At length grown desperate, he broke

several panes, and inserting his head through the fracture, bore down all opposition by the following witticism. “ Gentlemen I have taken some *pains* to gain admission, pray let me in, for *I see through my error.*” The door was open’d, dry clothes procured and about one o’clock in the morning we sent him home in a coach.

Tony was in general request, consequently so dissipated, that I saw little of him out of the theatre; but within its walls you could scarcely turn without beholding him, either in person or caricature. T. Banks was very happy in this talent, and exhibited Tony in every possible point of view.

This winter I produced several popular ballads, particularly an additional song for Darby, in the Poor Soldier, and the Drilled Recruit; and for my benefit performed “*The Miser.*” A relation in the country, reading the play bill, smartly observed, “ Sam never play’d this part before.” At Manager Connor’s benefit, we performed the first act of the Pilgrim twice over, in consequence of an overflowing house, the noise and confusion were so great, that the performance passed oft unheed-

ed, and when the scene dropp'd, the audience insisted upon a repetition.

At the close of the season, the company, as usual, dispersed; Tony went to an engagement in the south, and we have never since met. He died a victim to good fellowship and an amiable pliability of disposition, that led him to excesses, from which a little prudence would have preserved him; but alas! prudence and Tony were always at variance; with an heart warmly susceptible of the social affections; a head clear and discriminating; and a constitution originally strong; he fell (very little past the prime of life) a victim to story telling, a long pipe, and his drops. He was a rich subject, and I fear my readers will miss his society through the remainder of these sheets.

In the summer, my partiality for Baxton gave that a decided preference to other situations more lucrative; the prejudice of early life; in favor of field sports, attached me to this romantic spot. The river Wye's serpentine meanderings afford delightful fly-fishing, and as that was an amusement in which Mrs. R—— could with ease partake, we frequently

passed a day amidst its rocky intricacies ; and dinner spread upon the green turf was far more delicious than the highest luxuries of the dining room.

The russet, heath-covered hills, though not abounding, were moderately stocked with grouse ; and a few coveys of partridges were to be found within a moderate walk. Thus business, amusement, and exercise, were commingled, and seemed to diversify the scene, which a monotonous residence of eight months, in a large populous town, could not fail of rendering desirable.

On leaving Buxton, a circumstance happened, which caused me both anxiety and expence. A Mr. S——, attorney, of Wolverhampton, who drew up the writings, when I purchased Pero's share of the theatres, sent a power to the sheriff's officer to arrest me for the amount. Mrs. R—— had taken the third of a chaise, and I was preparing to follow in the coach, when a note was brought me, couched in the following terms : " Mr. Dimond, of the Bath theatre, on his way through Buxton, would wish a few minutes' conversation with Mr. Romney, at the Black Horse." The Black

Horse was a small public house kept by the officer, and had I reflected a moment on the improbability of Mr. Dimond being at such a place, the scheme would have proved abortive; but, without loss of time, I obeyed the summons; and enquiring for the Bath manager, was shewn into a room by the man's wife, who told me, it was not Mr. Dimond, but her husband, the sheriff's bailiff, who wanted me. Without a moment's hesitation, I took the woman by the arm, gave her a swing to the other end of the room, and turning the key, darted out of the house with all the speed a naturally good pair of heels would allow. The Manchester coach stood at the White Hart, this I thought a likely hiding place, and shutting myself in, lay concealed. The hue and cry was soon after me, for I heard two men in loud consultation, close by where I lay. "Confound his long legs," said one, "he's fairly given us the slip." "Aye, he ran like a devil," said the other; "do you take your stand between here and the Eagle, and I'll go towards the Grove; my gentleman can't be far off, for I understand he has taken a place in this very coach to-day for Manchester." They then parted, I suppose, for their different destinations, and after lying

*perdue* for about ten minutes, I raised my head to the window, but was instantly discovered by the understrapper, who made directly for the coach; opening the opposite door, I ran into the first room I saw, and bolted myself in. It happened to be a front apartment, he attempted both the windows, but fortunately they were fastened.

We then held a parley, much to my mortification; for the man's bawling through the window collected a number of visitors to the spot. "You had better give yourself up, or pay the debt, for you can't escape."

"I cannot pay the debt, I have no bail to give, and I will not be arrested if I can avoid it." By this time Mrs. Wieldon, the mistress of the house, came to my assistance; she fastened all the outer doors, and invited me up stairs, where I should be less exposed.

Grateful for her attention, I accepted the offer, and was scarcely seated, ere a gentleman sent his compliments, with an offer of his horse, to carry me out of the county, to Whaley Bridge, about six miles off, and he would take my place in the coach.

This I thankfully accepted; the horse was brought out, and, protected by the surrounding company, I sprang upon his back, and set off at full speed, accompanied by the warm wishes of the spectators, and the execrations of the bailiff's follower, who witness'd the whole transaction. I had not presence of mind to provide myself with either whip or spur, and soon found the horse would require a stimulus of that kind; the hills were steep and long, and up them I made way but slowly. Four miles out of the six, however, were pass'd without any visible pursuit, and I indulged my feelings by sparing the generous animal, to whom I was so much indebted. Jogging slowly along, I was thanking God for my escape, when, looking back where the road was perceptible nearly a mile, on the brow of the hill, I saw a horseman at full speed, and apparently much better mounted than I was, for he approach'd at a pace my beast could not equal, even at the onset. No doubt remain'd of his being my pursuer, and I endeavor'd to inspire the horse with my fears, but could not raise more than a moderate canter, and the other gain'd ground apace. Tired with useless efforts, I pulled a branch from a solitary tree,



that grew by the road side, and, sparing neither the horse nor my own arm, produced the desired effect, and gave hopes of reaching the division of the counties uncaptured, when a large broad-wheel'd waggon, with eight horses, coming slowly up the hill, occupied the whole road. Thus situated, I gave up myself as lost, if I broke gallop, or stopp'd a moment. Made desperate by danger, I continued my speed, scarcely occupying a space broad enough for the horse's feet, brush'd past the wheels, drove the astonished waggoner into a deep ditch, and cleared this apparently insurmountable impediment. But this waggon, whose slow approach I fancied would be my destruction, proved in the end my only means of safety. From the rough treatment the waggoner had received at my hands, he was prepared to repel my follower, thinking he was of my party, and kept him in parley with his tongue, and at bay with his whip, for at least two minutes, which opportunity I made the most of, and gained an advantage he never recovered. With eagerness, I frequently enquired, "Am I in Cheshire?" "No." On again, whip and heel I went, and as I passed the turnpike gate, which was fortu-

nately open, and divide the counties, the bailiff, not twenty yards behind, called out, "Mr. Romney, you have fairly beaten me, for which you may thank you sturdy waggoner." He then came up, we adjourned to the sign of the Cock, and elated with my victory, I ordered a bowl of punch to treat my vanquished foe. In a short time the coach arrived, the passengers were quite riotous in their congratulations, and when I joined them, gave me three cheers. Thus ended a few hours of as great misery, and agitation of mind, as I ever experienced. But the business did not end here; some time afterwards, having occasion for the writings of an estate which Mr. S—— had in his possession, he refused to deliver them, till I paid not only £10 I owed him, but £10 more for the costs of that writ, which I did, though the demand was both unjust and unlawful.

During the vacation, a change had taken place in the ministry, Sidney was out of place, and Banks had got in, so the firm was now "Connor and Banks," or as some people facetiously called them, *Size Acc.* Sidney thought himself ill used in the business, but as I forget the merits of the case,

I shall be silent on the subject. He had been an officer in the army, and was liberal and much of a gentleman; he has been dead some years, but his character yet bears a respectable place in my memory.

Connor formerly bore the character of a good low comedian, but as he had long ceased performing except at his benefit, I cannot give an opinion; he took no active part in the management of the theatre, was generally approved by the actors, and respected by his friends. The company this year consisted of Messrs. Brown, Seymour, Williams, Banks, Richards, Tyrrel, Congdon, Cresswell, Kipling, Romney, Platt, Maddocks, Hurst, T. Banks, Spragg, Henry King, Mesdames Taylor, Smith, Sidney, Piele, Banks, Romney, Maddocks, Jackson, Miss Richards, Miss Edmead, and Miss Egerton.

Under the new management, the theatre was conducted in a much better stile than formerly, the utmost attention and regularity prevailed, Banks was a complete man of business, and suffered nothing to interfere with this duty.

During the winter, we had weekly parties at each other's houses, which were productive of much innocent amusement and mirth; the society consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Banks, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. Seymour, and ourselves; but like many other pleasures, it introduced an expence, that in the end augmented to a serious evil. Suppers of cold beef and roasted potatoes, by degrees changed to a hot regale, and from that to a profusion, that a week's salary could scarcely supply; there was no retreating, the expence must either be supported or totally given up; the latter was of necessity the consequence, and thus prematurely ended our pleasant little parties. Banks could at pleasure be a most facetious companion, and said the queerest things in a stile of humour that set gravity at defiance. Mrs. Taylor, (now Mrs. Wrench) was a sensible, clever woman, and at that time of day esteemed a good actress. Mr. Seymour is the gentleman who has lately published some strictures on the plays of Shakspear. When his benefit was announced, he was extremely offended that his landlady should expose his tickets in her window; the woman, who had done this merely to serve him, enquiring his reason, he replied, "for fear the

people should think I want to sell them." An unaccountable reason, certainly, for a man to give at his benefit.

The season was uncommonly successful, owing, in a great measure, to the attraction of "Inkle and Yarico," and "the Mid-night Hour;" they were always given out together, and never failed filling the house for I think twelve or thirteen nights.

My leisure hours were devoted to my pen, and produced a farce called "The Civilian," which was partially received, and performed several nights. On the first representation we had a violent tumult behind the scenes, owing to the rude, ungentlemanly conduct of some officers; but they received their deserts, for, in defiance of drawn swords, they were tumbled head foremost down stairs, with the loss of hats and shoes.

At the close of this season, having only a short vacation, the managers made me an offer of a small wardrobe, provided I would keep a few of the company together, and try my fortune in some of the adjacent towns; this I

complied with, and after an unsuccessful attempt at Stockport, we proceeded to Bolton.

Before I became acquainted with the inhabitants of this populous town, I was led to expect a rough reception, that mischief and tricks were the darling study of the inhabitants, and that strangers never failed to meet with insult, from what they facetiously term *trotting*. But I declare I never was in a town, where hospitality and good humour were more conspicuous than in Bolton; it is true, they are dear lovers of *fun*, but I never was the subject of a *trot* during many years acquaintance, though I believe the circumstance is rather peculiar, as some of our party were *trotted* beyond their patience. The first night we opened the theatre, a facetious attorney, just returned from hunting, amused himself and his friends, by horse whipping the fiddlers, for not playing Chevy Chase in jig time. At another time, a man not more than three feet high, by name Major, who had long been an appendage to the theatre, as he was delivering the bills, was thrown into the basket of the Manchester coach, as it passed full speed; and thus I lost my man, (till the return of the carriage next

day) and six hundred bills. I must confess that, were it not for the injury sometimes sustained by individuals, through this propensity, laughing would be irresistible; the steadiness of feature with which they carried on their deceptions, their extemporaneous dialogues, and witty sallies, would have done credit to a better cause.

The Swan Bar being the general rendezvous, not an evening passed without some attempt to raise a laugh, without some trotting expedition. A facetious attorney, who wore a cork leg, made in admirable imitation of the real one, and was esteemed an excellent *trotter*, having a dispute with a stranger about courage, and the different effects pain produced upon individuals, proposed to elucidate this, by trying, against his antagonist, which could bear to hold his leg longest in hot water, he who gave in first, to pay glasses round to the company. The stranger, pot-valiant, accepted the challenge; pails were brought in smoking hot, the lawyer immersed his leg with much seeming pain; the other did the same, and with many awkward gestures, boldly persevered for about half a minute, keeping his eye fix'd upon his opponent.

who grinned and distorted his features, as if really agonized. At length, unable to bear longer torture, the stranger drew out his par-boiled limb, and declared himself vanquished, at the same time exclaiming, "that man must be the devil incarnate, or he never could bear it;" and seeing the lawyer in no haste to leave his situation, said, with much feeling, "for heaven's sake! sir, desist, you'll certainly lose your leg." "And if I do," replied the other, taking it deliberately out of the water, "I can buy another, they are only three guineas a piece." The stranger, finding he had been vainly contending with a cork leg, was highly exasperated at the deception, and swore "he would commence an action for assault and battery." "You had better call it *scalding* and *burning*," replied the other, "it's a new case, and will afford the counsel some fun."

One night a rider applied to a member of this jovial party, who was a druggist, for an order, describing the excellence of his articles; it happened that a fanatical preacher had the day before taken up the attention of the populace, in painting the abode of Lucifer and the infernal regions; to this man they



immediately recommended the rider, as a person who dealt largely in sulphur and brimstone. A lady of some consequence had, by accident, lost her pocket, for which a reward was offered; the Boltoners, as usual, made many satirical remarks on the subject, describing the supposed contents, with all the warmth their glowing imaginations are capable of. The lady, naturally of an irritable habit, was so exasperated at these freedoms, that the word *pocket* was carefully avoided by all who wished to steer clear of offence. A rider from Worcester in the hop line, at this period made his annual journey, and solicited these sons of Momus to let him send them a pocket or two, as suited their convenience. “*A pocket*,” said one of them, winking his eye at the rest, “I don’t want any myself, but Mrs. ——— is going to brew her own ale, and I dare say she will take a pocket; you had better call upon her.” Away went the credulous hop merchant, and knocking at the door, the lady opened it herself—“Madam, I understand you are in want of a pocket—” The fatal word was no sooner uttered, than he received the contents of a bason she happened to have in her hand, and the door was shut in his face. Half drowned,

he returned to the Swan Bar, and demanded satisfaction; but a hearty laugh, and ‘success to the hop business,’ was all the redress he got.

*Trotting* is a Lancashire, or rather a Bolton word, for *quizzing*, and signifies the art of being what you are not, or of giving fiction the face of truth; for instance, if a stranger is present, on a fine hot day in the midst of summer, one of them comes in shivering with cold, and pretends he is wet to the skin; the stranger ridicules the idea, the other lays glasses round, and leaves it to the decision of the company, who of course give it in favour of the *trotter*. So many stories are related on this subject, that it would be wasting time and paper to repeat them; I shall therefore only mention one more, which came under my own observation. It is natural to suppose, if a number of thieves were transported to a desert island, finding no one else to rob, they would rob one another; so it is in Bolton; if at a loss for a fresh subject, they *trot* their own party.

One evening the Bar was nearly full, but no subject could be started with effect, till

a gentleman observed, " he did not think any person present could remain silent for half an hour." One of the oldest *trotters*, who had often made the room resound with laughter, at the expence of others, fell into the snare himself, and as he sat in the corner smoking his pipe, deliberately laid it down, and replied, " I'll lay you glasses round I do not speak for half an hour, provided I am not personally insulted in any way." The wager being settled, one of the company was appointed to hold the watch, and the silent man looked upon himself as certain of his wager. It appeared, that some years previous, he had been attacked with a slight paralytic affection, that for a short time deprived him of speech; on this the other built for the success of his plan. Pretending to go out for a few minutes, he made the best of his way to the silent man's house, and thus addressed his wife; " Mrs. —, I am really afraid to alarm you, but your presence is absolutely necessary at the Swan Bar; your husband, we fear, has an attack of his old complaint, for he has been speechless these ten minutes." The poor woman, alarmed beyond measure, ran to the inn, took her husband in her arms, and in an agony of grief exclaimed, " Oh

John, John, what will become of me?" She screamed with such violence, that her husband, fearful of the consequences, jumped up, roaring out, " Why, thou fool, they are only trotting!" and thus he lost his wager.

It is true, this was trifling with the feelings to an unpardonable degree; but give and take was the order on these occasions, so it passed off as a good joke! an excellent *trotting* match! I am glad to say, this practice has been some years on the decline, and is now, in a great measure, obsolete.

As my receipts in this expedition did not equal my disbursements, I made shift to expend nearly the whole of my winter's savings, in paying the salaries, &c. and returned to Manchester, heartily sick of my third managerial attempt.

## CHAP. XXVIII.

“ A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.”

“ MASSINGER.”

“ What should such fellows as I do, crawling between  
earth and heaven ?”

“ HAMLET.”

DURING my absence, a strange revolution had happened in the theatrical world; the old theatre was burnt down, and a new one more than half completed. Connor had sold out, and Ward, brother in law to Banks, had bought in. The new house was finished with all possible dispatch, and opened with great *éclat*. I wrote a song for the occasion, which was well received, called, “ New Brooms sweep clean.” The company now consisted of Messrs. Cooke, Banks, Ward, Williams, Tyrrel, Congdon, Romney, Barret, Davies, Merchant, Freeman, G. King, and Francis; Mesdames Taylor, Banks, Francis, Freeman,

Maddocks; Misses Daniels, Cornellys, and Valois. Previous to opening the theatre, I had taken a small house in Oldham Street, with an intent to commence tradesman, in the spirit line; for this purpose, I borrowed 400*l.* on an estate I held in right of my wife, and gave the necessary orders.

The theatre, under Banks and Ward, flourished, and was conducted with regularity and propriety. At my benefit, I produced a comic opera, called “ Roderick Random,” taken from Smollet’s novel. As my farce had procured me some credit, the public attention was turned towards this piece, and every box taken; but unfortunately the Lord Chamberlain’s licence did not arrive in time, and the managers, with a delicacy always *obvious*, when their *own interest* is not concerned, prevented the performance, and my friends were kind enough to accept the tragedy of King Lear, without a single box given up.

At the close of the theatre, I gave in my resignation, and entered upon my new calling with activity and spirit. The life of an itinerant had long been my aversion. The little

prospect there appeared of accumulating, of making the smallest provision for the winter of old age, drew from me reflections of the most bitter kind, and tended to awaken a spirit of trade I thought myself unequal to. The business was profitable, and not unpleasant. I had many *professing* friends who promised me support, and, naturally of a sanguine imagination, I thought myself fixed for life, and in a fair way of acquiring that independence always desirable, but peculiarly so at an advanced period of life.

But, alas ! my imaginary safe harbour proved a rough sea, whereon I was doomed to be tempest toss'd. My little capital was soon exhausted in furnishing the house, and laying in a small stock of necessary articles ; and before the conclusion of the first year, I found it more easy to raise the *spirits* of a *British audience*, from my small stock of comic talent, than to raise *foreign spirits* from my small capital of money. My first purchase there was no difficulty in distributing amongst my customers in town and country ; but I soon found that selling an article, and being paid for it, were two distinct things.

However, my wants were supplied on credit, and I fondly built on making good my payments long before the usual time ; in this I found myself woefully deceived ; my rum and brandy were scattered about the country in small casks, not one in ten of which were ever returned ; and if I got paid for the spirits, there was not unfrequently a large abatement, accompanied with a history of the fraudulent carrier, who, tapping the cask, had either delivered it half empty, or made up the deficiency with water. .

But whilst labouring to elucidate my temporal concerns, let me not forget my spiritual ones. Prejudiced, from my earliest infancy, in favor of high church principles, I looked with reverential awe on the established forms of worship, and had no conception that the service could be properly performed, without the aid of a surplice or black gown ; a dissenting meeting, I had been taught to look upon as the schismatic slaughter-house of Satan.

In the street where I resided there was a Methodist Chapel ; curiosity led me to hear a charity sermon, and I was astonished at the



eloquence of the preacher ; I went again, and the effect of his sermon upon a numerous auditory, still more attracted my attention ; I caught the contagion, wept for my sins, pray'd for forgiveness, felt strong repentance, and promised reformation. It will naturally be asked, why this effect had not been produced before from the many excellent sermons I must have heard, delivered by the ministers of the establishment ? The only reason I can give is, that an extemporaneous discourse, though perhaps but of moderate merit, will invariably have a greater effect upon the hearers, than the finest composition read from a book. In the next place, the Methodist preacher appears to be in earnest, his feelings flow with his words, and more forcibly awaken the passions, than the most classical discourse, drawled out in a monotonous cathedral tone, could possibly produce.

A clergyman once asked Mr. Garrick, " Why a church congregation were seldom brought to tears, when the same people, placed in a theatre, would be worked up to grief by fictitious distress ? " " The truth," replied Garrick, " is obvious, we repeat a *fiction* as though it were a *truth*, you repeat

a *truth* as though it were a *fiction*." From this time I constantly attended the chapel, at least once a week, and became acquainted with many of the preachers, but never entertained an idea of becoming a member of the society. The gentleman whose eloquence first attracted my notice, was a native of Chester, a man of talent, and possessed the power of affecting the passions, more than any pulpit orator I ever heard. His mode of preaching was calculated to please the ears, and delight the understanding, of a refined and rational audience; he was no enthusiast, and never demeaned himself by adopting that *hypocritical cant*, on which some of his contemporaries depend for success, and work upon weak minds to a degree that borders upon insanity. I not only became acquainted with the preachers, but with hearers, and found both the former and the latter, in general, a virtuous, good people; and I do not hesitate in saying, that they have done more towards reforming the lower orders of society, than any other sect or party whatever, nay, if I said *all the others put together*, I think I should say no more than the truth. And even now, "having examined all things," and changed opinions as often as Proteus did his

shapes, I envy their moral practice, although I cannot subscribe to their opinions.

When we reflect on the thousands of depraved mortals, who, till reformed by methodism, were a disgrace to humanity ; when the laws of nature are lost upon the wretch, who spends his days in a public house, blaspheming his Maker, whilst his miserable wife, and starving little ones, in vain implore his return ; when conjugal and parental affection, aided by the civil power, have no effect ; what must we think of methodism, which *can* produce all this, and *has* produced it in a thousand instances ?

This form of religion has the blessed effect of producing good fruit, and when we find its professors virtuous, and their principles tending to render them better neighbours, masters, servants, and citizens, he must be an enemy to good principle, and a friend to bad practice, who would throw a stumbling block in their way ! so truly of this opinion was a worthy friend of mine, who lived and died a *Deist*, of course could not be sway'd by prejudice, that he always gave Methodists the preference in his manufactory, and has often

told me he found them more attentive, sober and honest, than any other class of people. I have been rather diffuse on this subject, because those who know me, will expect my opinion of a religious sect, with the members of which, I was on the most social terms for three years, though never one of the society. During this time, I was never within the walls of the theatre, where the report of my being a Methodist preacher, I believe, originated; nay the actors could even repeat the text, and the substance of my first sermon; had there been any truth in the report, I should not feel the smallest repugnance in owning it. I have been as explicit, as appears to be necessary, and shall close the account of Methodism with an anecdote, which shews the dreadful state of ignorance, in which some of our countrymen were, not many years ago, immersed.

Kingswood colliery, near Bristol, is well known to employ many hundreds of our fellow creatures, who, like moles, spend a large portion of their lives under ground; there was no church nor seminary of instruction near the place, and the people were in a state of savage barbarity, little removed from the brute creation. They neither associated with rational

beings, nor knew any thing beyond the gratification of their animal wants. Small huts were erected near the pits, and no stranger could pass without insult. Whilst plunged in this state of darkness, John Wesley paid them a visit, and addressing a middle aged man, who was drawing *hods* of coal from one situation to another, “ Pray, friend, do you know any thing of Jesus Christ?”

“ Of who?” said the boor, scratching his head.

“ I say friend, do you know any thing of Jesus Christ?”

Instead of giving a direct answer, he called out to another man, “ John do’st thee *know* any thing of one Jesus *Chroist*?”

“ Jesus *Chroist*!” replied the other, “ is he a *pit mun*, or a *hod mun*?”

From a state of the most consummate ignorance and brutality these people are now become mild, tractable, moral, and devout; there is a chapel built on the spot, their families are clean and comfortable, and their spare

hours, that used to be passed in drunkenness and debauchery, are now employed in their duty to God and their neighbour; and this has been produced by Methodism!!

Doubtless, every sect or denomination of Christians, however strange their mode of worship, possess well-meaning members, whose sole intention is to do right, according to their judgment; but, whilst I respect their sincerity and applaud their motives, I cannot help indulging a smile at their absurdities.

The Methodist begins his prayer with “Thou knowest what is best for me,” and then takes up half-an-hour in dictatorial supplication; talks one moment of “a still, small voice,” and then roars out psalmody as if the Deity were deaf.

The Quaker hangs out a *sign* of religion, and evinces a greater *pride* in his *singularity of dress*, than that which he condemns in his more gaudy neighbour.

The Calvinist tells you, “the Deity is the essence of mercy and goodness,” and, at the same time, believes he has pre-ordained

three parts of his creatures to everlasting misery.

The Swedenborgian, puzzled in mazes of inexplicable matter, denies the resurrection of the body, acknowledges that the soul is an immaterial spirit, and then informs you that there are shops in heaven, to supply *food* and *raiment*.

The High Churchman believes that Jesus was humble, lowly, and poor; that his apostles were the same, and, as an emblem, brings forward a bishop, *taking up his cross, in a coach and six!!*

No one can respect the good of all parties more than I do; but, from long experience, and from a dread of the spirit of persecution, which too often lurks under the mask of Devotion, I confess, I should dread to see power in other hands, than where it is.

“ For modes of faith let zealous bigots fight ;

“ He can't be wrong, whose life is in the right.”

The latter end of the second year, a young gentleman of respectability entered

into partnership with me, and, with the assistance of his money, I hoped the concern would be a prosperous one; but a few months convinced me to the contrary. I had launched out to an extent my capital would not bear; extended my business beyond the limits of prudence, and the failure of several, to whom I had given large credit, completed my downfall. My partner, a man much better calculated for the mysteries of trade than I was, soon perceived the connexion was not likely to prove a profitable one, made a proposal to withdraw, which I acceded to, and I once more became sole proprietor of a sinking concern.

About this time the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg were put into my hands; I read with avidity, and approved as far as I could understand. The explanation of the scriptures appeared much more liberal, and, indeed, rational, than the construction put upon them by the Methodists, who generally gave Swedenborg the appellation of "A religious madman." I think, however, "there is much method in his madness, and I doubt whether the title is not quite as applicable to his accusers. One religious sect makes a point



of crying down the other; nay, I once heard a Methodist preacher observe, “ that the *less* they disagree in sentiment, if they *differ at all*, the more bitter and violent is their animosity.” They put me in mind of several auctions in the same street: at one, the decoy calls out, “ *Walk into the auction;*” another bawls out, “ *Mine is the right auction;*” and a third, “ *This is the original auction:*”—so that we are confounded amidst such contradictory assertions, and do not know which to believe.

I had a neighbour, whom I have already mentioned, as professing deistical principles, whose head and heart I held in the highest veneration, having known him from a child, and whose charity, benevolence and general moral conduct, would have put many professing Christians to the blush; and though I looked upon him as lost in the next world, I knew not a more virtuous character in this; often have I attempted to convince him of his errors, but in vain; he lived admired and respected, and died universally regretted; his amiable widow is still living in Manchester, and has brought up five beautiful and accomplished children, who are

living monuments of hereditary goodness and virtue. From this eulogium to the memory of a deceased friend, I hope my readers will not think I mean to chaunt forth the beauties of Deism ; by no means, I speak of sects, and parties, as I found them, and if I have been warm, 'tis but a just tribute to a man greatly above the common stamp of human beings.

Swedenborg having in some measure unshackled my mind from the melancholy modifications of Methodism, I became an attendant at the New Jerusalem Chapel, and so remained, till my unfortunate fate threw me again on the world, to experience greater hardships and misfortunes, than any which had preceded them. After giving up every thing I possessed (except our cloaths) to my creditors, I took a lodging with a few shilling in my pocket, which constituted all my worldly wealth. In this situation, rather than return to the theatre, I shut myself up, and wrote an entertainment, or lecture called "*New Brooms*," which I exhibited several nights in the theatre, with no less applause than profit.

Always sanguine, when the least dawn of hope presented itself, I determined to set off once more on an itinerant excursion, not doubting at least to procure a livelihood.

Oh! had I power to paint my feelings! could I describe the many sleepless nights, and hours of heart-rending affliction, that tore my bosom, when in silence I brooded over my sorrows, beheld myself again launched into a sea of trouble, all future hope of settled comfort for ever fled, they would appear rather as the reflections of a maniac, than the resignation of a Christian.

Some individuals, who found my fire-side particularly sociable and convenient, like rats, forsook the falling house; one in particular, a *ci-devant* Thespian, whose vocal talents and mental requisites render'd his company highly desirable, often found my hospitable roof congenial to his feelings; but now, having nothing more to give, on some trivial pretence, cut the connection, as he term'd it, for ever!

In this weighty calamity, as in all others, the cheerful disposition of Mrs. R—— encouraged me to persevere; to her lively

good humour, I am indebted for hours of comfort, nay I think for life itself; for so naturally gloomy at times was my disposition, that God only knows where the effect would have ended. But let not my repinings lead me to forget the kind hand of providence, that (however imprudence or incapacity to deal with the world involved me continually in distress) left me not destitute, but enriched me with an active mind, fraught with resources, that always afforded the means of existence.

My four nights at Manchester, after clearing every pecuniary obligation, left me a surplus of twenty pounds; thanks to the liberality of that spirited town, and in particular to the friendship of my quondam partner, and the worthy friend whose loss I have been lamenting; but above all, the kindness, countenance and support of J. L. P. Esq. whose generous heart, and philanthropic disposition, continued him alike my friend, and benefactor in every change of fortune: may a renovation of health long continue him a patron to the unfortunate, and a comfort to his charming wife and family.

Besides 20*l*. I had a stock in trade, consisting of about forty pasteboard figures, emblematic of the characters introduced in the lecture. Before I quitted Lancashire, I conceived it would be no bad speculation to try my fortune, at the small towns of Ashton under Line, and Oldham, to the principal inhabitants of which I was personally known; accordingly I fitted up a large room at Ashton, but there was no musician in town except one and he was blind; however, he learnt the airs with wonderful facility, in a rehearsal or two, but could not remember the *cues* or catch-word when to strike up; to obviate this, I tied a string to his foot, which pass'd behind the scenes, and this Mrs. R—— applied to, whenever the *cue* was given. This scheme answer'd famously, except in one instance; a dog, belonging to some of the company, got entangled in the string, which blind George mistaking for his *cue*, struck up “Over the water to Charley,” in the midst of my most pathetic narrative. Soon after this laughable mistake, another still more mortifying occur'd. The person who acted as door keeper, was an honest, simple fellow, likewise named George, attach'd to my interest, from being formerly my groom, when fortune wore a more favorable

aspect; unacquainted with the etiquette of such entertainments, and scrupulously nice respecting the silver, just as I was expatiating on the horrors of a miserly disposition, he left the door, pass'd the audience, stepp'd on the stage, and enquired, "Pray, sir, is this a good shilling?" The interruption, though highly entertaining to the company, was wormwood to my feelings; nevertheless I was obliged to persevere, and concluded without any other interruption, save one on the part of the fiddler, who, from knowing me a number of years, very considerably, as he thought, drank my "very good health and success." This evening netted four pounds. Oldham, six miles off, was our next town; but a difficulty arose respecting the conveyance of my apparatus; no mode occurred but one—George, my quondam servant, had an ass and a pack saddle, which he undertook to pilot himself, Mrs. R—— and I following on foot.

Oh! what a falling off was here! within three miles of the house, where six years of my life had been passed in imprudent affluence! nay, we were now perambulating the very country, where formerly, in scarlet uni-

form, I daily join'd the cry of huntsmen and of hounds, followed in livery by the very man, who now, in rags, drove on his willing ass, conveying his master's *all* to Oldham! Whilst passing a well known thicket, poor George would stop, and applying his right hand to his left elbow, exclaim, "*Maister*, I shall *neer* forget when Squire Astley turned out the bag-fox! he took into that little wood; I *rid* Toby that day, and you *rid* ——" "It matters not, George, what I then rode, I now walk on foot; let us if possible forget what we *were*, 'twill render what we *are* more bearable." Still the poor fellow, as we walked along, would remind me, of "such a day—such a place—such a horse, and such a leap," till we arrived at Wood End, the pleasant, hospitable residence of D———T———, formerly my fellow apprentice, who, during an acquaintance of about thirty years, has never changed complexions, never exhibited an old friend with a new face, but been uniformly kind, friendly, and hospitable. Alteration of circumstances makes no change in his esteem; his house, his hand, his heart, are always open to the warm impulse of friendship. The domestic comforts at Wood End, so neatly arranged; the chearful glass, so ex-

cellent in its kind; but above all, the hearty welcome of the host and hostess, made the two days we passed here inconceivably delightful; on the third we were accompanied by our worthy friend to Oldham, where "*The Brooms*" were to be performed that evening; but notwithstanding I had many respectable connections in the place, my receipts were only five pounds; however, I was no loser, and prepared to depart for Rochdale.

Old George seemed so much attached to my interest, and I found a confidential person so necessary at the receipt of custom, that I felt a great inclination for his continuance; he received the proposal with pleasure, and I agreed to allow him fifteen shillings per week, and a cast off suit of clothes. Thus equipp'd, the poor fellow look'd revived, and younger in appearance by many years. "But what *mun* I do *wi' th' ass maister?* *mun* I send him *whom*, or *winnot* he *sarve* to carry these *papper gimcracks* on with?"

"True, George," I replied, "it will save carriage; let him be well fed and taken care of."



It being the spring of the year, the weather remarkably fine, and my wife an excellent pedestrian, we agreed to walk to Rochdale, George following with poor Neddy and his *papper gimcracks*. At Rochdale likewise I had a circle of respectable acquaintance, and had every reason to expect a crowded room, when a circumstance happened, which disconcerted the whole business, and obliged me to postpone the performance. At this time politics ran very high; amongst the ignorant, every thing that soared beyond the limits of their understanding, was suspicious, and they were ready to secure, as enemies to the government, every one who spoke, or even looked, different to what they had been used to hear and see. To such an extreme was this carried, that a magistrate in a certain provincial town in Lancashire, upon a man being brought before him, suspected of Jacobinism, committed him to prison, because he had only *one eye*, and wore *leather breeches*.

Poor old George being in no hurry, and meeting with an excellent tap of ale at *Roy-ton*, chose to regale himself rather beyond what prudence dictated. The company as-

sembled at the public house were, according to the order of the day, on the usual subject, politics; when George was imprudent enough to assert, that “there were a king, and a prime minister at the door, mounted on an ass.” The old man was immediately stiled a Jacobin, though he meddled no more with politics than the beast he drove, and the company insisted on searching his panniers; this was so sooner proposed than executed, and all my grand pasteboard figures brought into the kitchen for public inspection. What was at first only conjecture, was now proved beyond all doubt; Louis the sixteenth, and General Dumourier, being written under two of the portraits, stamped them all at once for members of the French Convention; they ingeniously discovered that the owner of them must be an enemy to his king and country, and spite of all George’s rhetoric, they burnt most of them, joining hands, and singing “God save the King;” but as a constable had been sent for, some were reserved for his inspection; who, when he arrived, and beheld these treasonable emblems, charged George in the king’s name, and confined him for the night; the ass was looked upon as a loyal subject, and permitted to graze in the lanes.

I dispatched a man next morning in search of George, who brought the melancholy intelligence of my loss, and the incarceration of my honest servant. In this dilemma I knew not what course to pursue; but a worthy attorney soon eased my mind, by desiring me to make out a bill to the full value of my loss, and he had no doubt of procuring redress. This I furnished him with as follows:

To maiming, burning, and otherwise ill treating,	a king,	4 tailors,	2 generals,	1 prime minister,	an old maid,	5 psalm singers,	and	
a parish clerk,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	£ 10 10 0

My friend the lawyer kept his word, and the offending party were glad to come off so cheap; George was liberated, my bill paid, and with the assistance of Mr. Collier, son to the celebrated *Tim Bobbin*, the figures were replaced, and much better painted. My two nights at Rochdale were productive, thanks to the countenance of my old friends, who, besides patronizing the performance, treated us with hospitality and politeness. On the

morning of my last exhibition, as I stood at the theatre door, an old woman stopp'd to read the bill, and seeing "*New Brooms*," in large characters, said, "What *dun* you sell 'em a piece?" Perceiving the mistake, I informed her "it was an exhibition." "Oh," replied she, in the true Lancashire dialect, "what it's a *shew*, is it! Iv'e oft seen a flower *shew*, but never *hard o' beesom shews* before."

I fix'd on the city of York for my next attempt, and wrote to Mr. Wilkinson, offering to perform three nights, sharing the house after the expences. In about six days, a letter arrived, signed *Tate Wilkinson*, but to my astonishment the contents ran thus :

*Bradford, Sunday.*

" My Dear,

I shall be at home on Tuesday to a 4 o'clock dinner, which I request may be properly ferv'd, as I purpose bringing a party of friends with me. Mr. and Mrs. ——— beg to be particularly mentioned.

TATE WILKINSON.

Having heard much of this eccentric man's oddities, that it was not unfrequently his custom to direct a letter intended for a low comedian, to a lady in the high walk of

tragedy, and *vice versa*, I easily conceived, that the answer intended for me had been sent to Mrs. Wilkinson, in lieu of the one I received. This necessarily produced another letter.

*Rochdale, Monday.*

SIR,

Yours of the 15th, ordering dinner for a party of friends at York, was put into my hands this morning at Rochdale, and very naturally produced amazement! only, I can suppose, equalled by Mrs. Wilkinson's, when she reads of dividing the house with "New Brooms, and pasteboard figures!" I request an answer to my former proposal, as soon as possible, and remain with much respect,

SIR,

Your very faithful and obedient servant,

S. W. ROMNEY.

A letter from York acceding to my terms, put us on the alert; George's ass was too sluggish for so long a journey, and to me, it was a matter of serious import how to dispose of him; the cruel treatment these unfortunate animals seem born to suffer, gave me an unpleasant sensation, whenever George (with tears in his eyes) talk'd of selling him, for time had rivetted an attachment, which originated in the tenderness of the poor fellow's disposition.

To settle at once this account with our feelings I gave George a guinea for his ass—loaded my gun—and shot him through the head! “thus cruel, only to be kind.”

We arrived at York the next day, and I was surprised to find Mr. Lee Lewis advertised for Sir Peter Teazle and his *Lecture on Heads*. Somewhat damp’d in my expectation by this unexpected circumstance, I had my doubts, whether it would be advisable to attempt my performance, after so celebrated a man. With a view to consult Mr. Wilkinson, I waited upon him next morning at the theatre; this was our first meeting, and the singularity of his appearance corresponded with the eccentricity of his character. The cape of his coat was turn’d back, so as to expose the neck and shoulders, his little brown wig cock’d up behind in a most laughable manner, and his hat wrong side before: thus equipp’d, he shuffled about the stage, making observations on the performance of the preceding evening, in so ludicrous a manner, that though many laugh’d, to some, I could plainly perceive, it was wormwood. At length, finding him

disengaged, I made myself known, when with the most friendly cordiality, he shook me by the hand; "Mr. Romney," said he, "you are right welcome to Denmark;" I am just dropping a hint or two, by way of advice to these gentlemen, for which they ought to be obliged, the world is become so hypocritical, that a man seldom finds the truth, till he runs his nose against it. I remember Foote and I were one day waiting till Garrick had finish'd his rehearsal of *Richard*, for he had invited Sam and your humble servant to dinner; so when he had done————I tell you what Mr. C——," (leaving me, and hastening amongst the group, who were forming a circle to conclude the play); "I tell you what, I don't like your method of *tagging*; when the line is form'd, when all is said that can be said, and the audience are in hopes of being soon out of their misery; you pompously step forward with your poetry—or—a—be what it will, to *tag* the piece, turning your back upon the rest of the performers, as much as to say, "Ladies and Gentlemen, these people behind me are but a kind of kiss-my-bottom company, I am the only object, titum, titum, titum, ti. Pshaw sir! keep in the circle—I

was in the gallery last night, and saw you come forward with “Even Scandal dies if you approve.” I don’t know whether *they* approved or not, but I’ll be d——d if *I* did :” then bustling up to me, “so Mr. Romney, as I was saying, Mrs. Woffington was superior in that line of acting, to any one then on the stage ; and—a—you’ll want a carpenter to fix up your apparatus—perhaps you had better rehearse your songs this morning—Mr. Hitchcock ! is French here ?—If these fiddlers, Mr. Romney, once get away, there is no catching them again, they slip through your fingers like an eel—remember you dine with me to day—” and away he hobbled, leaving me in much amazement ; the wonderful spirit and vivacity with which he pursued his unconnected discourse, fill’d me with regret that I had not become acquainted with this extraordinary character prior to his unfortunate failure of memory.

After partaking of a sociable family dinner, he open’d his budget of anecdote, but never got to the end of one story, without forgetting his subject, and piecing it out with another. His delight was to animadvert on the old actors, whose merit, in his opinion,



was never equall'd. Garrick, Barry, Mossop, Woffington, and Cibber, were his idols, and stories of them, interlarded with the efficacy of quack medicines, and his own peregrinations through the county of York, aided by pertinent observations from Mrs. Wilkinson, gave a rapidity to the flight of time, I was by no means aware of, till the *minster* told the hour of nine: it then first occur'd, that Mrs. R—— was alone in a strange place, and I took my leave of the Yorkshire *Aristophanes*, strongly impressed with the amiability of his character; I cannot omit recording, as proof of this, the following anecdote.

A young man, who had been some time in his company, upon the small salary of sixteen shillings per week, contrived to live, and keep himself out of debt, upon eleven shillings; the other five, to his immortal honor, were appropriated to the maintenance of an aged parent. Mr. Wilkinson, by some accident, becoming acquainted with this circumstance, sent for the young man, and addressed him as follows.

“Your salary, Mr. ——, I believe is sixteen shillings.”

“ Yes sir.”

“ Have not you a——confound that cat——get out you b——h——she broke my physic bottle yesterday—the best antispasmodic in the world—for though the pills have no immediate diuretic effect, yet—but I beg your pardon—what part do you wish to play?”

“ Sir, I attend your commands.”

“ Oh—aye—true—I forgot—have not you a parent living !”

“ Yes sir.”

“ And how is he maintain’d ?”

“ I spare him what I can sir, he has no other support.”

“ But he *shall* have; don’t reply a word to what I am going to say, if you do, I’ll forfeit you a week’s salary. Two month’s ago, your sixteen shillings were raised to twenty-five; go to the treasurer and receive

the arrears." The young man, overcome with gratitude, was about to speak, but honest Tate pushed him out of the room, crying, "away—I say away."

On the night of my performance, which served instead of a farce, I stood talking with him behind the curtain, as the people came into the house; and whilst he entertained me with anecdotes, he stood in a convenient situation for counting them. As near as I can recollect, one of his stories ran thus.

"When I was giving "tea a-la-mode," in the city of Chester, Dutton, who performed *Lindamira*, (*two in the boxes*,) I say Dutton, who performed *Lindamira*, not being particular in fastening his petticoat, (*eight in the pit*) as we embraced, it dropped about his heels, and discovered a pair of doe skin breeches, that resembled in color the human skin so much—(*gallery pretty fair*) that the audience took all for granted—it's time to ring in the first music—here—Hitchcock!" and away he went, leaving as usual, the story half told.

The houses were invariably bad, not one of my nights produced the expences; of course there was nothing to share.

Having prepared for my departure, I called to pay my parting respects to Mr. Wilkinson.

“ A bad business this, Mr. Romney,” said he, “ but it is no fault of yours; you work’d hard enough, and had you come at a better time, I dare say it would have been mutually beneficial. I like your pasteboard comedians—produce good comic effect—some wooden ones in my company—but rather more expensive than yours.

“ I remember when Alic Stevens first conceived the idea of his Lecture on Heads, he asked me what I thought of it? Now you know, if a man is to reap any advantage from a medicine, he must strictly abide by the prescription, and though I have told Mrs. Wilkinson, always to shake the bottle, before she pours it out, yet sometimes she forgets; not but Stevens knew better than I could tell him, what effect the lecture would have, and though Sam Foote discouraged him, and

said, it would not do, I knew better, for the lad had good imitative talents, much improved by a few lessons from your humble servant." Then taking out his pocket-book, and putting a five pound note into my hand, he wish'd me more success in my next attempt, and shuffled away, to prevent a reply.

Thus began and ended my acquaintance with Tate Wilkinson, whose eccentricity, honesty, integrity, and generosity, are not surpassed by any of the managerial tribe of the present day. From York, I returned into Lancashire, and tried several towns with various success, upon the whole, scarcely profiting more than defray'd our travelling expences. One night after a bad house, George observed in his broad dialect, "*Mester, tese new beesoms dunna sweep vary clean!*"

At Preston my success was very flattering, both in pocket, and reputation; 'twas within four miles of the place whence my paternal ancestors derived their origin, and on that account I obtained both recognition and respect; I had likewise a near relation settled in the town, who, with an amiable wife, treated

us with attention and hospitality, both then, and at every subsequent period. Words are but wind, yet it is the only way a poor man has of shewing his gratitude.

The reader will easily conceive, that though this exhibition amongst my friends and relatives was profitable, it was by no means pleasant; the once “gay Lothario,” who formerly drove “like Jehu the son of Nimshi,” his fiery steeds, through the streets of Preston, was now, the humble lecturer on passions, politics, and pasteboard figures, labouring like a blacksmith at his anvil, to gain applausè from the pit, whispering assent from the boxes, or a roar of laughter from the gods, at a shilling a-piece; but however unpleasant at times my feelings were, the kindness I experienced in this sociable town, made ample amends, with one exception; a clergyman with whom I had been formerly acquainted, was become *superannuated*, constantly dreaming of *popish plots*, and conspiracies; he had received an augmentation of livings, as a reward for the numerous unintelligible sermons he had for years been in the habit of delivering, with a *masterly expedition*

that set the understanding at defiance; and *high priest like*, “look’d down on little folks below.”

From Preston, I meditated an attack on a neighbouring town, towards which we bent our course, with, as usual, sanguine expectation.

## CHAP. XXIX.

“THE WAY OF THE WORLD.”

“CONGREVE.”

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“Oh! what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!”

“SHAKESPEARE.”

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As it is the duty of a faithful historian, to relate not only the truth, but the whole truth, I shall here expose a weakness that on retrospection, I confess, does not redound much to the credit of my intellectual faculties. I had an opinion then, that eccentricity of appearance is in general conceived to be a mark of genius; and that a public lecturer would render his performance more attractive, and his person more respected, by assuming a singularity of dress. Impress'd with this strange idea, my head was shaved (perhaps the reader will think there was urgent occa-



sion for it) and a wig of quizzical cut supplied the place of my shorn honors; a hat loop'd up at each side, with a suit of sables, gave the whole a singular kind of clerical appearance, something between the serious and 'comic, that might create interest, and awaken curiosity; added to this, a pair of green spectacles gave a philosophical finish to the whole. Thus equipp'd, I sallied forth, and did not escape observation; various conjectures were formed, and having raised public curiosity, I waited upon the mayor, for permission to open my campaign.

My personal knowledge of the body corporate had hitherto been very limited; I had form'd an opinion, that suavity of manners, and classical knowledge, were the certain consequences of a liberal education; but, alas! experience tumbled down the ideal fabric, and left nothing but rubbish to fill up the void. When I made my appearance before the chief magistrate, the wig, the hat, the spectacles, and the sombre suit, attracted some attention; but when the cause of my visit was announced, the pride of office became manifest; his worship rose with *true corpora-*

tion dignity, and with a flow of eloquence peculiar to that *erudite body*, replied,

“ I can’t—can’t indeed—the poor must not have their pockets pick’d.”

Fired with indignation, at so gross a charge, I replied, “ you surely dont mean to insinuate, that I am a pick-pocket.”

“ No, no, I did not particularly mean *you*, but we have had so many of these shews—there’s that lazy lubber Pidecock has taken near forty pounds a-day, by shewing his wild beasts, (and this I call picking people’s pockets,) but I slipp’d his cable, and sent him adrift.”

“ Surely, sir, you do not place me on a level with ——.”

“ I tell you what sir, I am in a hurry, business of great consequence calls me away, I don’t know what your show consists of, but you seem a decentish looking person, and so, for a fortnight I have no objection.” Thus answered, I took my “ slow leave,” scarcely decided whether to accept this ungracious permission or reject the business altogether,

but the population of the town weighed on the side of interest, and pride kick'd the beam.

I was giving instructions to the carpenter, about raising a stage and fixing the benches, when a little boy ran into the room, to inform me, "that my man, as he was delivering the bills, had been taken up, and carried before the mayor." This I did not believe, I had his worship's permission, and there could be no danger on that account. The only probable cause for such an outrage was, that George had, many years before, lost an *eye*, and he wore a pair of *leather breeches*; circumstances of so *suspicious* a nature might attract the *Argus* eye of justice, especially as I understood a poor dissenting preacher, some days previous, had been committed for having a pamphlet in his possession, entitled the *Prince of Peace*. And though this *seditions* publication proved to be a treatise on the life of Jesus Christ, yet his liberty was only effected through the mediation of friends. Since then the times were so tickle, I lost not a moment in enquiring after my servant, and soon learnt the truth; poor George had unfortunately

fallen in with the press-gang, and was without ceremony convey'd to the *rendezvous*. Thither I follow'd, but unacquainted with the mode of addressing these *guardians* of our *rights*, these *protectors* of our *liberty*, I was perhaps rather too urgent in my enquiries, which produced a reception not quite congenial to feelings naturally irritable, from a set of beings scarcely deserving the name of human! about a dozen of them were seated round a small table, drinking gin and squirting tobacco spittle in every direction. To describe their appearance would suit the pencil of Hogarth, but no words can do them justice. Select from Lavater, faces portraying every evil passion, every diabolical tendency, that it is possible for human nature in its most depraved state to be cursed with, and you have a faint portrait of this infernal crew. My eagerness to serve George brought me rather abruptly into the room, and the gang instantly surrounding me, I gaz'd upon them with feelings of horror, fear, contempt, and pity for my fellow-creatures. Unable to utter a word, they all, as if impell'd by the same feeling, burst into a loud roar of laughter.

“ B——t my eyes ! what queer looking son of a b——h is this ?”

Having recovered my speech, I enquired “ by what authority my servant had been impress’d, and where they had convey’d him ?” To which I received for answer, “ Ax my pocket.” Another with folded arms, and winking his eye, said,

“ *Twig his reverence ! smoke his wig !* we’ve got the *clerk*, suppose we take the *parson* too,, it’s a pity to part ’em—what say you old *Loblolly* ? will you be chaplain to the press-gang ?”

Finding my present application would be fruitless, and not thinking it altogether prudent to remain longer amongst them, I moved towards the door, when the landlord enter’d with some liquor ; seeing me, he easily guess’d my errand, and with a significant look, beckon’d me to follow him, which I did amidst the hisses and groans of these infernals, one of whom roar’d out, with a voice like thunder, “ why, landlord ! you lubberly swab ! what right have you to tow off the chaplain ?”

Seated in another room, my companion addressed me, winking his eye at intervals, and speaking in a low voice, to give the matter an air of importance and secrecy.

“ Sir, I want to *digest summut* to you, that may lead to some *inflammation* about your clerk; them there *sharks* care no more for *gemmen* of your *cloth*, than I do for a glass of gin; but my father was a parson, so I *knows* what behaviour is. I’ll tell you how to go about it—but what does your reverence choose to drink?”

“ A glass of brandy and water.”

“ Aye, aye ! right parson’s liquor: my father liked it better than his mother’s milk. Here, Bet, bring two glasses of brandy and water.”

“ So, as I was a saying—Come, parson, here’s *to’art* you, why, you must be mad, to come after the *gang* in this here way; there’s nothing to be got out of such chaps—you might preach till doomsday, before you would *distort* a confession from any one of

'em. As to your clerk, he's safe enough above stairs."

" Pray shew me to him."

" Avast, avast, my master—not for an hundred guineas—you don't know these fellows—it would be as much as my life's worth—no, no—go you to the lieutenant in the morning, he'll be found about ten o'clock, and they won't take the press'd men aboard till noon. Besides I know, (winking his eye and whispering) they'll not detain any one belonging to the *church*—shall I replenish the glasses?"

Having had quite enough of this facetious man's conservation, I declined drinking any more, and finding my only hope lay with the lieutenant, procured his address, paid for the liquor, and departed.

I found my wife in tears for the fate of poor George; he was a faithful fellow, simple, honest, and affectionate; and had no other mode of obtaining his liberty offered, I

would have continued the deception, and proclaimed myself *a son of the church*, rather than he should have been sacrificed to a way of life his age and infirmities rendered him totally unfit for.

At night as I sat moralizing on the scenes which had composed my short, but eventful life, a gentle tap at the room door, with, "*Mun I come in mester?*" awakened both joy and surprise. George entered in high spirits, at having outwitted the press-gang, and with great glee, recounted his adventure. Perhaps it may not be amiss to premise, that George was slightly tinctured with Methodism and superstition.

"As sure as there's a providence above, *mester*, I *thout* *summut* would happen, for i'th *rawm* where I *lee*, one o' *theme* tick-tacks *wur* at it, *awth neet* o'er, and when I *geet* up *tis mornin*, *summut* had turned th' *lant mug*, *bo-thum upert*. *Way*, *mistress*, *yo may laigh*, but though I *hanna* faith to move mountains, may be I've enough to move a *moudewart* hillock, and that's better *nor none*. But now I'll tell you *about tis gang*.



As I wur giving out *yore pappers*, one on 'em comes up, and gets me by th' *hond*; I, thinking it wur *sumbody fro tort* our country, for he looked plaguey like 'an *Oudham ruff yead*, gav him a hearty *shak*, and said, "how *arta* lad?"—"Thou *mun go wi' me*," said he, "ney, ney," said I, "thou *mun excuse me tis toim*, when I *livert* my *pappers*, oist go wi' thee for an odd *point*." By this, eight or ten moor, with *oichun* a *beesom stele* in his *hond*, comes *raxnd*, and taking me by th' arm, hurried me off, I did *na* know where, and ith the scuffle, th' *pappers wur aw* trodden to bits, I toud 'em *yoden flite* if I did *na goa whom*, but, like unmannerly hounds as they are, they *sedden* "yo mit kiss their ——;" and becose I did *na goa fast enuff* for 'em, they *probb'd* my hinder end wi' their sticks. At last, they put me up in a *durty rawm*, with another poor *felley*, who looked as dismal as if he wur *goo-ink* to th' gallows. I *conna* think, *mester*, how these inps of the divil can sleep i' their beds, for would yo think it, that poor *cratur* wur bo just *rived* fro a two years voyage, his *wcif* an six *childer* wur looking aut for him, when they *seeu'd* him, ith very seet of his *famully*, an aw their cries and wailings would do *nout*. The warmest spot

ith infernal pit will be too *cowd* for these *varment*. But *about mysel*, I *conno* help saying, I wished I *wur* o' *Grinacres* moor, or at *Botham* o' one o' *mester Leesus* coal pits, or *ony* where *about whom*; *becose yo seen*, I *cud* a *croppen* out o' there, but here I *wur* as fast as a thief in a mill. So I turned toth poor *seylor*, who *wur wor* off nor I, *becose I'd nother woif* nor *childer*; an I said, "honest *mon* lets *mak* prayer! God is *marciful*, and thy case is a hard *on*." "Why," said he, "I *dunnot understond mich* *about* it, but if *yone* beth' parson, I'll beth' clerk. So we down, an at it—an it pleased th' Lord to *mak* me an *instriment* in his *honds*, to bring this poor *felley* to a sense of his miserable state, an by th' blessing o' God, he *fund hissell* quite resigned *loike* to his fate. I had just led out a verse, lung metre, page 64, i' *Mester Wesley's* collection, when th' *dur oppen'd*, and two ill-lookin *haunds hau-cuffd* th' poor *seylor*, and *browt* a doctor to *zamin loike* whether I *wur sawnd*, wind, limb, and *ceseet*. Ith last, yo known mester, I *wur wantin*, an thanks to an *owed* trick, I soon *comptish'd* the rest. I've oft *gloppent awr Ashon* doctor, by throwing my wrist *aut* oth' joint, so I *thout* I'd try it *upo tis felley*; an as I live, th' *foo wur* ta'en in,

an said I *wur* na fit for *sarvis loike*, so I *wur* turned *aut*, and here I am, thank God, *sawnd*, wind, limb, *an* one *ee*."

My six nights in this town were respectably attended, but owing to the lavish expence, there were no profits; from thence we crossed the water to Chester, the happy scene of my juvenile transactions; with some emotion, I beheld the high tower of the old cathedral, that massy venerable pile, which covered the remains of my unfortunate parent! my reflections were of a painful kind, for it is difficult to give a name to that mode of thinking, that species of feeling, that leads you to court remembrance, although the melancholy visitor comes clothed in sighs and tears! The papers had announced my appearance, and from my former sojourn in this venerable city, I was led to hope my efforts might prove successful. Vain expectation! It happened to be the assize week, this was thought a fortunate circumstance, but it proved the contrary; and had I not in the high sheriff that year luckily recognised an old school-fellow, who did me the honor to patronize the last performance, the loss would have been considerable. My nightly expences

were nearly eight pounds, and that was more than the casual receipts would bear.

During the week, I passed a pleasant day with my old friend, T. Dibdin, now the principal dramatist in Covent Garden theatre, who related the following circumstance, as a matter that took place a few weeks previous, and in which he was a principal actor.

One day, as he and a friend were perambulating the Rows, they observed an unfortunate man in the stocks; the wind and rain beat upon his nearly bald pate, the few straggling locks he had were grey, and increased the sympathy his appearance in this degrading situation naturally excited. Impelled by that feeling which distinguishes man from every other animal, they inquired for what heinous offence he was thus punished? and learnt that he was found guilty of *being poor*, and his enormous crime the act of *begging*! After bestowing each a trifle, they left him, sincerely wishing his persecutors in the same situation. But the business did not end here; the dignity of office had received a wound, which could only be healed by the submission of the offenders. Accordingly Dibdin and

his friend were summoned to the *Penthouse*, and severely reprimanded, “ for bestowing succour on a *criminal* suffering under a *just sentence*.” Dibdin produced a poem on the occasion, replete with wit and just satire. Had I been in possession of it, it should have been introduced in this place, instead of which I shall substitute a quotation from our divine bard:—

“ Man! proud man!  
“ Dress’d in a little brief authority,  
“ Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,  
“ As make the angels weep.”

It had, for years, been my wish to visit Chester, that I might indulge in the sad luxury of shedding the silent tear over a parent’s grave, whose fond indulgence and extravagant affection were still remembered with enthusiasm. For this purpose I procured the keys of the Cathedral, and to increase the solemnity of the scene, I chose the hour of twilight, when all was hushed in awful silence. Closing the door, to prevent interruption, I proceeded, with slow steps, towards that quarter of the edifice where mouldered the remains of a being, who, when alive, was the object of my fondest af-

fection, and over whose grave I had for years anticipated a melancholy treat. But, alas ! how little are our feelings under command ! These refined ideas, these heavenly sensations, that exalt the mind from the creature to the *Creator*, would not obey my will ! In vain I opened the antiquated oak door of the pew, in which, with my disconsolate father, I sat listening to the sublime service for the dead, whilst, from the sexton's spade the pitiless earth rattled on the insensible wood ! In vain I exclaimed, " Oh, parent, once so dear ! where are those fond affections that filled my mind, when distant from thy tomb ? " Useless invocation ! my heart was hardened to every heavenly sensation, and I left the venerable pile, with as little feeling as would have been excited at any other place, under the same circumstances. The walls, the rows, even my old school, failed to produce those energies of respect and veneration I was led, at a distance, to expect ; in all our pursuits, anticipation exceeds fruition.

At this period, the inhabitants of the city of Chester evinced a degree of loyalty highly

honorable to their feelings; but as the best intentions are subject to imposition, so the ridiculous excess to which this was carried, defeated its own end, and became rather an object of laughter than imitation. Constitutional bakers, tailors, barbers, and blacksmiths, went round to the different public houses, in search of Jacobins; every person who advanced an idea beyond the reach of their shallow understandings, though of no political tendency whatever, were, by these political inquisitors, call'd *Jacks*, and subject to the greatest abuse that ignorance and impudence could bestow. The grand standard, by which they sounded the principles of a stranger, was, to strike up "God save the King," on his entrance; and if he omitted joining the chorus, it was esteem'd a certain sign of disaffection, and the consequences were generally fatal to sociability and good fellowship.

From certain looks, and hearing the word '*Jack*' frequently repeated, I soon found I was an object of suspicion to these zealous defenders of the state, though from what cause I was ignorant; for I could not only

join chorus, but was perfect in the whole song, including the additional verses. The cause was, however, soon explain'd, and arose from the following ridiculous circumstance:—My performance concluded with the exhibition of five tailors, seated on the shop-board, whose hands and arms were work'd by wires to a comic tune, and had a very laughable effect; they were call'd "The Loyal Tailors," and the story, which prefaced the song, ran thus:—

An eminent master tailor in London, employed a number of workmen, and one evening treated them all to the theatre; "God save the king" being play'd, with the full force of an excellent band, made such an impression on these sons of the thimble, that at six o'clock next morning, they were all at it, and their arms naturally keeping slow time with the tune, it was supposed on a moderate computation, that their master lost that year no less than two hundred pounds by the loyal song of "God save the King." The next year, they went to the theatre again, when "Nancy Dawson," being the favorite, they were struck with the same sensibility as before, and the



following morning began this lively tune together, so that their master that year recovered more than his former loss, by “Nancy Dawson” finishing a coat, waistcoat, and pair of breeches in half the time the other could.

This story stamp’d me a Jacobin, and I suffer’d many gross insults in consequence; though I had exhibited the tailors in many towns, where the loyalty of the inhabitants was unquestioned, yet, for fear of meeting with people in other places equally destitute of common sense, I changed the title to the “*merry tailors.*” A member of this loyal inquisition one night attended a puppet shew, to assist in shouting at the execution of Thomas Paine, who during the performance was to be hanged; after the ceremony, the devil came to carry him off, but was prevented by these worthy patriots, who insisted upon God save the King being sung immediately, upon which, the devil, to shew his loyalty, placed his foot on the neck of Thomas Paine, and join’d the enthusiastic chorus.

A friend of mine, who knew too well the value of our excellent constitution, to

hear it continually burlesqued, by these bedlamites, ask'd one of them, who had been talking much on the subject; "what was meant by the word constitution?" when he received the following classical definition, "is that *yore yead*, or a salt box?"

As Mrs. R—— had long express'd a wish to visit Wales, and thought herself equal to a pedestrian tour, confined to short stages, this appeared a good opportunity; and as a great deal depends on first impressions, I put George into a neat fustian suit, with a band round his hat and a knapsack at his back, to carry a change of linen; our heavy baggage was dispatched by the carrier to Holywell, intending to try one evening's performance at that place.

Before we left Chester, I call'd upon my respectable friend and *ci-devant* tutor, the reverend Mr. C——, who anxious for my welfare, and grieved at the change in my circumstances, advised an application to my maternal relations; but so many years had elapsed without intercourse, and as I could not found any possible claim to their as-

sistance, I declined it. The worthy man however address'd two letters (to the Earl of M——d, and Sir William H———) stating my consanguinity, and the profession I had for some years been engaged in; conceiving it probable, I might by such great patronage, make my way to one of the London theatres. Sir William H——— returned a truly polite, and friendly letter, saying, “he had no interest at either of the theatres, but would be happy in conjunction with Lord M———, to render me every service in his power.” This answer was highly flattering, and held forth something, that might probably be permanently advantageous. But here again I was the sport of fortune, Lord M——— died, and with him, my hopes of a provision.

Behold us, ready to set off on a fine spring morning, full of health and spirits, buoyant with expectation, and fully determined that no trifling inconvenience should discompose, or put to flight those airy visions an effervescent imagination is apt to form. I mean not to spin out this work by writing a tour through Wales, which has already been so ably and truly depicted by Mr. Pennant; much less

to compose an imaginary one, like Mr. P—— in his beautiful gleanings ; indeed, I should in all probability, have pass'd it over altogether, but for a singular and romantic adventure, which gave an interest to the scene, it would otherwise have wanted. We reached Holywell the second day, unattended by fatigue or repentance, stopping at every place on the road, that held out the smallest gratification to the curious traveller ; these I shall not particularize, but merely mention the castles of Hawarden and Flint, well worthy the observation of the sentimental traveller, who, amidst the ruins can moralize on times long past, when feudal chieftains, bloated with pride and ancient chivalry, filled the land with devastation, and overlooking the refinement of domestic comfort, found all their happiness in warfare. Some people lay great stress upon the degeneracy of the times, and regret the melancholy change from the hardihood of our brave ancestors, to the effeminacy of the present race ; but for my part, I think the change from ferocity to refinement, is more desirable, and presents a far more amiable picture to the mind, than the jealousy of rival chiefs, fields of carnage, and moated, castellated

mansions, the very reverse of cheerfulness and comfort.

My little party afforded a good deal of observation, which our appearance did not tend to lessen; pedestrian tours were much less common at that period than at present, and a well dress'd couple, attended by two pointers and a servant, attracted the eye of curiosity. At Holywell, my performance was so well attended, that I was tempted to hazard another night, and had no cause for repentance. This success, which more than answer'd my most sanguine expectations, fill'd me with delight, and caused George to observe, "*tese beesoms sweepen bonnily i' Wales.*" After directing our luggage to Denbigh, we proceeded leisurely, frequently stopping a day or two in some pleasant country village, where I could indulge my piscatory propensity, and where the sublime landscapes and picturesque scenery amply repaid the fatigue of climbing up mountains, nearly inaccessible, and exploring the country for miles in every direction.

One evening having left Ann at the inn deeply engaged with 'Pennant's tour,' I stroll'd down a rivulet that meandered between two

mighty rocks, and had for some time lash'd the stream with moderate success, when, preparing to return home, I miss'd George; having pass'd a cavern, about an hundred yards back, I conceived he might, impell'd by curiosity, have enter'd it; when folding my line and taking my rod to pieces, I determined to observe in what manner he was amusing himself. Just as I reach'd the spot, George rush'd from the cavern, looking behind him at every step, his face pale and betraying evident symptoms of fear. In answer to my enquiry, he replied,

“ *Mester don yo believe i’ ghosts? bugh whether yo dun, or naw, I’ve seen summut i’ yon pleck, ut dusna belong to tis ward. I’ve hard foke tell o’ seeink their relations after they wur dead, but tese are no kin o’ mine—our famully wur farrantlyer foke—they mun be akin toth’ devil, for there wur never nout upo th’ yurth sa faw, as yon oud craters—do mester let’s be creepink toart whom, for I dunno think weer upo’ Christian ground.*”

I did not feel inclined to follow George’s advice, on the contrary, curiosity impell’d me to examine the real cause of his alarm, and

violent agitation; for which purpose, I was entering the cavern, when he seized hold of my arm, “*Dunno goo in mester, prayee dunna, for though I know yore na blest wi mich faith i’ spiritual things, tak a poor mon’s advice an dunna tempt th’ tempter—Remember Lot’s wife! if they shudun be human cratures like orsels, they con live i’ that pleck for no good—they may be murderers, o’ monny yers ston-din, an dar na com aut i’ these latter deys loike, becose there too oud, an too jaw for enny cumpany.*”

Determined not to be intimidated, I broke from him, and grasping my fishing rod, with which I could make a tolerable defence, rushed into the cavern, followed by George, who in tremulous accents repeated, “*Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost,*” &c. To ascertain the length of this subterranean was impracticable, without a light, for it appeared immense, but in width it might be about sixteen feet, in height nearly the same, with shelving rocks, as if hewn by art, and giving the appearance of winding paths to more remote apartments. Keeping the middle way, I had proceeded about twenty yards, when looking up I could

just discern, amidst the gloom, something move and recede amongst the rocks, as if to escape notice. Upon which I called, in a loud voice, "Who is there?" "Aye," echoed George, in a faint key, "ith Lord's name, *hooas* there?" No answer being returned, I still proceeded, and thought I could discern, though it was nearly dark, several human faces peeping over a protruding rock; their visages were long and pale, with eyes of large dimensions, and beards of uncommon length. George's apprehensions, I confess, did not at that moment appear to me quite groundless; they might be banditti in disguise, and this lonely recess their habitation—if so, and there was nothing improbable in the calculation, there was danger, and a retreat was most adviseable; I was turning for that purpose, when these awful beings rushed past us, knocked my legs from under me, and I fell with my whole weight upon George. Much more frightened than hurt, I recovered my feet in an instant, and beheld the cause of this alarm making their way towards the mouth of the cavern, in the shape of four *large goats*. Relieved from my fears of banditti, and smiling at my own credulity, I tapp'd George on the shoulder, who still lay



prostrate, and thinking he was surrounded by infernal spirits, roared out, in a melodious strain of psalmody, “ *All people that on earth do dwell.*” I explained the cause of our alarm, and endeavoured, as we left the cavern, to reason him out of his fears, but in vain, he was persuaded they were evil spirits let loose to punish mankind, and in this belief remained to the hour of his death.

The only misfortune that occurred in this subterranean was the fracture of my rod; George, likewise, in his hurry to emerge from this place of darkness and evil spirits, had forgot the landing net, nor could either entreaty or command prevail upon him to re-enter, so I was obliged to grope my way back, and with some difficulty found it.

As we returned, poor George moralized in *his* way, on our presumption in daring to provoke providence, by enquiring into hidden things, improper for mortal eye. “ But, (continued he) it’s a just judgment on me; for when I *wur a wchom*, I went to Zion three *toims oich* Sabbath, *beside* class and band meetings, *an sin* I’ve bin *aut a marlockin wi yo*, I *hanno* set my foot *ith* inside of a chapel.

What will *becom on us*? I *renauenced th* devil *an aw* his works then, but I'm *feart* I'm returning like *th* dog to his vomit, or *th* *saw* to her wallowing *ith* *moir*."

As it was not my wish to enter into any kind of controversy with so simple but sincere a creature, I suffered him to continue his lamentations, till we arrived at the inn, when Ann laughed heartily at our adventure, and wished she had been of the party, rallying George upon his present gravity and late cowardice, but not a smile could she raise, he looked serious and unhappy.

At Denbigh my success was but indifferent, nevertheless we pushed on, in tolerable spirits, for Carnarvon. This pleasant bathing place held out a prospect of emolument, many respectable families were already arrived, and others daily expected. Here I proposed to take up my head-quarters for a month at least, visiting Conway, Snowden, and every place in the vicinity worthy attention, giving my 'Brooms' one night in the week.

Our lodging was delightfully pleasant, commanding a view of the bay and a widely extended country; a near neighbour to whom

I had letters of recommendation, was hospitably kind, and, amongst other attentions, offered the use of an extensive library, which was an essential accommodation, for Mrs. R—— declined the projected excursion to Snowden, and books in my absence were peculiarly valuable.

The day after my first lecture, which was respectably, though not very numerously, attended, I set out, followed as usual by George and the quadrupeds.

The morning appeared favorable; but, ere we reached Beddgelart, the clouds began to gather on the mountain tops, whence massy columns of ethereal particles, in black combustion, threatened immediate vengeance on the vales below. Mending our pace, we got within a mile of Beddgelart, ere the storm commenced; but when it did begin, a scene so awful I never before witnessed: the rain poured in torrents—the thunder broke over our heads, in peals tremendous, that died away in distant echoes amongst the neighbouring mountains, bursting again with redoubled fury, that seem'd to shake the foundation of our globe, and foretel the end of time. Oh, wonderful Nature! “ I do love to cope thee,

even in these humors;" and, were it as wholesome as pleasant, could have stood like *Lear*, braving the elements; for there is no situation in which Nature unfolds herself, but, to a philosophic mind, displays beauties innumerable—in this moment she was awfully grand and mightily magnificent! But these, to me pleasing sights, had no attraction for George; he shew'd even more than childish weakness, sung, pray'd, cry'd, and lamented that "death should overtake him in his present unprepared and backsliding state."

Completely soak'd, we enter'd the little inn at Beddgelart, and were accommodated with dry clothes. Though being exposed to a tremendous shower is not in itself felicitous, yet the luxury produced by exchanging our wet habiliments, is certainly pleasant, and gives a glow to the frame, a serenity to the mind, that few circumstances will effect in a similar degree.

It was near evening before our garments were sufficiently dry, we then set off, instructed by the landlord to call at a small hut at the foot of Snowden, where we should find a poor, dumb man, who, for a trifling gratification, would accompany our ascen-

sion. About twilight we reach'd his homely dwelling, which was a small thatch'd hovel, of very limited dimensions. On a stone, at the door, sat a man, meanly habited, whose whole attention seem'd occupied by a beautiful canary, which perch'd upon his finger and fed from his mouth.

There is no trait in the human character that evinces goodness of heart so much as kindness and affection to the brute creation; and had this poor fellow been dress'd in purple, and fed sumptuously every day—had his hovel been a palace, and he had met me at the door with open arms, it would not have impress'd me with so favorable an opinion as his present employment stamp'd on my mind. We approach'd pretty near, ere he noticed us, but when he did, with a smile complacent, though melancholy, he placed his *pet* on the bough of a tree that overhung his hut, and pointing to the door, which was open, I walk'd in, and found a clean, but poor, very poor place; there was a small wooden table, but no chairs, in lieu of which, a broad bench of turf surrounded the room, which served for a resting place, both by day and night. Courteously waving me to be seated, he

open'd a kind of locker, and spreading a clean, coarse cloth, produced bread, cheese, and eggs, which latter he boil'd, and placing them on the table, bow'd, and seated himself at a distance. Whilst this was transacting, I scrutinized his person—his manner—which was certainly not that of a Welsh peasant—and every varying turn of his countenance; this, I thought, betray'd anxiety; and a small crucifix, which swung from his breast, as he stoop'd over the fire, fill'd me with a curiosity I found it difficult to suppress.

Whilst I was satisfying the calls of nature, he took from his pocket a small flageolet, and, with much science, executed a beautifully pathetic air; but, still more astonishing—before he had play'd it once over, the little canary came, fluttering, into the place, perch'd on his shoulder, and join'd in the melody, swelling out its throat in emulation, and rivalling in tone the music of its master. In my life I never was so rapturously surprised, as by this unexpected, bewitching duet.

When the music ceased, I held out my finger, and endeavour'd to invite the bird to honor me with a share of its familiarity; but,

with the utmost ferocity, it repulsed my offer, and, erecting its crest, made several blows at my hand, unwilling to bestow favor on any one but its master. This mark of partiality pleased him; he took it in his hand, kiss'd it, sigh'd, and placed it on a projecting twig, where it took up its residence for the night.

With the little address I was master of, I endeavor'd, by signs, to impress him with my gratitude and friendly inclinations, all which he return'd as if fully inform'd of my meaning.

George, stretch'd on the bench, snored most powerfully, and as a few hours rest were necessary to prepare me for the morning's toil, I lay down, but not to sleep; my thoughts were too deeply employ'd about my host, to make that probable, for some time at least. In a while all was profoundly still (even George had ceased his audible breathing) the embers sent forth but a sickly light, when, raising my head, I perceived our host on his knees, apparently in pious prayer, nay, once methought I heard him speak; it might be fancy, but he sigh'd most bitterly. When he arose, I did the same, and placing myself

beside him, took his hand, with a sympathy I could no way account for, and said, "Are you—no one can hear us—are you unfortunate?" He shook his head. "Are you dumb?" To my great surprise, he replied, in broken English,

"I am the one, but not the other."

"Are you in want of succour, or sympathy? My means are feeble, but, to their full extent, you may command them."

"I want no human aid; my means are fully equal to my necessities, and no sympathy can fathom the depth of my affliction—you cannot raise the dead!"

A convulsive sigh almost render'd the last words inarticulate. Allowing him time to recover some degree of composure, I continued,—

"I feel an interest in your concerns, more lively, more animated, than what mere curiosity could produce, though, I confess, that is strongly excited by what I see and hear; and if a disclosure of your misfor-



tunes will not be attended with recollections too painful, I shall feel grateful for your confidence, and, in no respect abuse it." Whilst I was speaking, he examined me with considerable attention, as though he wish'd to read my inmost thoughts; and pacing the floor with much agitation, stopp'd opposite to where I sat—"Parlez vous Francois?" I shook my head—"Parlez vous Italienne?" Another negative seem'd to distress him; however, he gave me to understand, I should have his unlimited confidence, but regretted the difficulty of communication in a language to which he was so little accustomed—"Besides," continued he, "there is no time for disclosure at present; in two hours we must ascend the hill, if you mean to behold one of the grandest sights that nature can produce; in the mean time repose is necessary; on our return, I will endeavor to make myself understood, and account for a mode of life so different from my early prospects." Making acknowledgements for his intention, I once more lay down, but not to repose. My melancholy host devoted the time to prayer, and I, to ruminations on what I had heard, and was likely to hear.

Soon as the dawn appear'd, we arose; bread, cheese, and hard boil'd eggs, were placed in George's knapsack, and, with each a stick to assist our ascent, we prepared to encounter this rude exuberance of nature, and, by various serpentine turnings, gain'd the summit, just as the glorious orb of day was emerging from his watery bed. To attempt a description of this magnificent scene would be, in me, a vain attempt. Oh, immortal Milton! what mind, save thine, is equal to the great, the mighty task?

Here let the atheist bend his stubborn mind, and, whilst contemplating the massy wonders within his view, regularly conspiring to render virtuous mortals happy, let him, if he can, say, "*This is the work of chance.*" For my part, not all the devout impressions of my youth—not all the enthusiastic sensations of my riper years, could equal the awful impulse of this most glorious scene; and, after a pause of silent adoration, I involuntarily pronounced, "*These are thy wondrous works, Parent of Good!*" The poor cottager took out his cross, kiss'd it, look'd up to heaven, and bow'd; whilst George,

with equal enthusiasm, chaunted forth, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," &c.

The sun had now risen above the surface of the ocean, and afforded the most extensive view the human eye is capable of beholding. England, Ireland, Scotland, and the Isle of Man, were plainly distinguished, whilst vessels of various sizes—some skirting the horizon, others so approximate, that with a glass we could almost fancy them within ear-shot—gave such animation to the scene, as can but faintly be conceived, even by the most vivid imagination.

The immense height of this majestic mass on the very summit of which we wondering stood, is said to exceed twelve hundred yards from the level of the sea; Pennant's description of the prospect, and the wonders of this mountain, are so beautiful, and accurate, that I shall decline any further account of them. On our descent, we encountered many of George's bearded acquaintance, who skipp'd from rock to rock, with surprising agility; and about six o'clock in the evening, arrived at the hut.

The moment our host open'd the cottage door, his feather'd favorite flew upon his shoulder, and strain'd her little throat in notes of gladness. After kindling a fire, the usual aliment proved really acceptable, fatigue and hunger made it salutary, and added a zest to the homely viands, which we often look for in vain, at tables spread with every delicacy. George had no sooner satisfied the calls of hunger, than he was fast asleep, and the stranger seating himself by my side, began his melancholy narrative in an intermingled idiom of broken English and French, the latter of which I understood very little, and spoke still less; yet so animated, so energetic was his manner, so truly French his gesticulation, that he could almost make himself understood without the use of language. His interesting story, I have put into an English dress under the title of *The Dumb Man of the Mountain*,

## CHAP. XXX.

“THE DUMB MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.”

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“ I wish to be as concise as possible, and therefore shall avoid all extraneous matter, confining my narrative to what merely concerns myself, and those closely connected with me. My name is Pelletier, nearly related to the person of that name, who cut so considerable a figure in the French revolution. As a citizen of Paris, I lived respected, and follow'd the trade of a jeweller, not merely without reproach, but with reputation and profit. Very early in life I enter'd the marriage state, one only daughter blessed our union, and when I say we enjoy'd as much felicity, as this transitory state allows, you will perhaps be able to conceive from what a height of happiness I have fallen.

It happen'd, unfortunately for my peace, that the Countess Lamballe visited my house, to give directions about a diamond necklace. My wife was in the shop, and as her appearance was in the highest degree prepossessing, our illustrious visitor condescended to notice her in a manner highly gratifying to my feelings, and no less honorable to her own discernment. When the Countess retired, she invited Madame Pelletier and my daughter to her hotel, and assured me of her recommendation in the way of my business.

The notice of so great, so truly illustrious a character, was sought with avidity, but alas ! it was the cause of misery, seldom equal'd, never I hope surpass'd. This intimacy, I may call it friendship, continued till the fate of that charming woman was decided, and with it began my sufferings. When the French disturbances commenced, I, with every true friend to his country, stepp'd forward in the cause of liberty ; in storming the Bastile, I was the second who enter'd the breach, and having thus render'd myself conspicuous, was mark'd by the friends of the old system as a certain victim to be immolated at the shrine of despotism. This I learnt, through the

medium of my wife's court connections, but still remained the firm friend of rational liberty, through the various changes of the revolution, and was intimately associated with many of the *Brissotine* party; the minister Roland honor'd me with his notice, and there was nothing, even life itself, I would not have sacrificed, to support those real patriots! those disinterested friends of France! But alas! these virtuous, these heroic men, fell a sacrifice to the machinations of monsters! fiends in human shape! they were persecuted even unto death, by the satellites of the tyrants who then ruled, with a rod of iron, my devoted country; my house was an asylum to the persecuted Brissot, till I myself became an object of their vengeance. But I beg your pardon for repeating what you no doubt are fully informed of; 'tis a subject which rouses every latent spark of enthusiasm, and in which I have never indulged, since this country has been my refuge. The infernal blood hounds, who impeach'd the Countess Lamballe, at the same time imprison'd my wife, for no other crime than being found in her company. In vain I supplicated for an interview, the fiends refused, nor did I ever see her more; she ended an exemplary life with her friend the

countess at the guillotine, but previous to this event, I had made my escape.

From my known attachment to the Brissotines, the vile Robespierre and the bloody Marat meditated my ruin, and knowing the expedition with which these murderers sated their thirst for blood, I secured many valuables about my person, determined with my daughter to seek safety by flight. There was a trap door in my back parlour, leading to a cellar, which had no other entrance; this was so neatly fitted that the most scrutinizing eye would overlook it, and had been prepared by my own hands for the concealment of the unfortunate Brissot.

The day previous to my intended departure, seated in the shop, I observed a file of National Guards, with an officer at their head, coming down the street; it was impossible to say whose turn would come next, it might now be the crisis of *my* fate, if so, there was not a moment to lose, my life perhaps depended upon immediate concealment; in an instant, I accompanied my daughter down the trap, and ere we had time to congratulate each other, I heard the guard with oaths and clat-



erations, calling my name, to which they attach'd every opprobrious epithet that brutal vulgarity could invent. Disappointed in their search, I fancied, from their movements, they were ransacking the house; my conjectures proved true, every thing that was portable fell a prey to these marauders, who in the pretended distribution of *justice* were most *unjust*.

One circumstance gave my Marian great pain; a tame canary, that had been taught to whistle a tune—was a present from the Countess—and whose affectionate attachment rendered it very dear to its mistress—was left to the mercy of these ferocious savages; our only hope was, that being always at liberty, it might save itself by flight; I endeavoured to sooth Marian with this idea, for the fate of poor little Rosette hung heavily upon her spirits. We had been, I conceive, nearly twelve hours in this dismal abode, every thing was quiet, when I ventured to approach the sliding door; I opened it—listened—but the silence of death pervaded the whole house. On tip-toe I explored the apartments, which, by the light of the moon, I observed still contained the beds, and such

heavy articles as required time to remove. From this I conjectured that they meant to renew their depredation in the morning, and my safety would depend on immediate flight. As I groped my way through a room but dimly illumined, my foot caught at something, and I fell prostrate; but guess my astonishment, when a hoarse voice bawled out, *Sacre Dieu! vive la republique!* On my knees I crept to the top of the stairs, and slowly lifting up the window, left it in that state, to throw my enemies, if possible, on a wrong scent; during which time I heard the guards, for there were two, groping round the room, and striking with their bayonets at every object that opposed them. As I was descending the trap, I felt something seize me gently by the hair, it was too soft an attack to be that of an enemy, and lifting my hand to the place, wonderful to relate, I inclosed in my grasp poor little Rosette! hastily placing it in my bosom, I again inclosed myself in temporary safety, and Marian's delight in receiving her bird, stifled for a while those anxieties our alarming situation must necessarily create.

Now, my good sir, paint to yourself my deplorable situation, and then conceive how acute must have been my feelings. My wife, dearer to me than existence, torn from my arms, with scarcely a probability of our meeting again; my daughter in the bloom of youth, beautiful and innocent, dependant on a precarious escape, even for existence; twelve hours already without food, and no possibility of effecting our removal till the next night; the innumerable dangers that attended the attempt, and the chance that it might not prove successful; all these bearing at once upon my mind, filled it with agonies no one but a husband and a father in the same situation can form an idea of. But I don't know how it was, hope supported me, even under this aggravated weight of calamity; I addressed myself to that omnipotent *Being* who never rejects the contrite heart, and despondence gave way to the flattering presage of our deliverance. For six and thirty hours, not so much as a drop of water moistened our parched lips; the place contained no furniture, except an old bench, and the floor was damp and dirty; yet under all these disadvantages, Marian's gentle spirit tasted repose, which enabled her to combat

with the calls of hunger; but the wants of Rosette were become urgent, the fluttering of its wings affected my poor girl much more than her own necessities, though a few hours longer abstinence would inevitably have finished her existence.

The noise and uproar which attended the complete removal of my furniture, had for some hours ceased, which convinced me it was night; I again gently opened the trap door and listened; all was quiet, the moon afforded her light, and I resolved to explore every apartment, before I suffered Marian to emerge from her hiding place, and to my great joy, found the house entirely evacuated. I next endeavoured to find a mode of egress, but the doors were strongly barricadoed on the outside, of course all hope of escape that way failed.

Gently opening the drawing-room window, to convince myself that quiet reigned on the out, as well as inside the premises, conceive my dismay, when I perceived a watch-box directly opposite my door, and a centinel parading under the window. Precipitately I retired, convinced that if an escape

was at all practicable, it must be attempted from the back apartments; a window in the stair-case, that overlooked the garden, I first examined, but found it screwed down.; this was an unexpected event, that nearly drove me to despair, when I recollected that the upper sash fell down, a circumstance that probably our persecutors had overlooked; I raised my trembling hand, and smoothly it obeyed the touch. The air was reviving, and had an instantaneous effect on my drooping spirits; still there were great difficulties to encounter, even in quitting the house, for though *I* might drop from the window without any great hazard, the shock would be too great for the limbs of a delicate female. Once more I ranged the apartments, hoping to find a bed-cord; vain hope! not an article remained, that could at all assist our descent. With an heavy heart I joined my poor Marian, and imparted this fresh disappointment; but she eagerly interrupted me with the information, that a strong rope hung against the wall of our present dismal abode, which she encountered whilst tracing her way towards the outlet, impatient at my lengthened stay. This I looked upon as an interposition of providence, and an augury of future success. Has-

tening to the open window, upon which the luminary of night shone with resplendent lustre, I found the cord was of considerable length, and equally strong, but doubling it for greater safety, and folding my coat round Marian's waist, to prevent any injury from the tightness of the ligature, she procured with great ease a safe footing on the stone work at the bottom of the window, and having a strong command from my situation, I let her down without the least injury, and fastening the rope to the banister, followed.

Besides the jewels, I had secured a pair of pocket pistols, determined my loss of liberty should not be accomplished without resistance; and as the garden gate had been overlooked in the general embargo, we found ourselves in the Rue St. Marie, near the convent of St. Catharine's. My object was, if possible, to get into the Fauxbourg St. Germaine, where I was certain of an asylum in the house of a friend, for which purpose we cross'd the Pont Neuf, and taking the most unfrequented streets, were in hopes of accomplishing our purpose, when passing along a wall which surrounds the convent of St. Marguerite, a quick footstep, seemingly

in pursuit, gained fast upon us. An iron railing, which surrounded an area, just then presented itself, over which I leaped, and was endeavouring to lift Marian, when she was seized by the arm, and a rude voice exclaimed, "Come, mademoiselle, you must go along with me; the assembly are sitting, and my orders are, to take before them all suspicious characters."

The beams of the moon, reflected opposite, left our side of the street in total darkness, to which I owed the security of my concealment, and Marian, with a presence of mind, caused by filial affection, delivered herself up a silent prisoner, in order to screen her father.

The patrol was dragging away my child, the only tie that now made life desirable; seized with a fit of desperation, I leaped the railing, pulled off my shoes, followed them, and lodged the contents of my pistol in the villain's head; lifeless he fell, and snatching the arm of my astonished girl, we ran with all the speed her exhausted frame would permit. By this time there was a general alarm, and had I not been intimately acquainted with

the intricacies of the place, no power on earth could have saved us.

At the back of the convent there was a Gothic niche in the wall the residence of a sculptured saint; into this I lifted Marian, followed myself, and found an asylum behind the statue, capable of affording us concealment, even under circumstances more liable to detection than we were, surrounded by darkness, and raised at least six feet above the foot-path. In this security, we heard the demons of night hurrying in every direction, and threatening destruction to the culprit who had murdered their companion; the terrified citizens left their beds, and from their windows eagerly enquired the cause of such commotion. At length a degree of quiet being restored, I ventured down, and with my affrighted half dead child, reached my friend's house in Rue de Grenelle, who, on the first summons, opened his hospitable door, and we remained in perfect safety for three days.

Having converted a part of my jewels into cash, through the medium of my friend, who likewise, with unwearied perseverance



procured a passport for Jean Roget and his son; provided a mendicant's habit for myself, a suit of boy's clothes for my daughter, and a small cage for Rosette, who during our escape found a safe asylum in my daughter's bosom, we left Paris to encounter dangers, difficulty, and misfortune, unparalleled in the history of a delicate female, not yet fifteen years old. Oh sir! unless you are a parent blessed with such a child as Marian, you can form but very faint ideas of what I have suffered, and still suffer; but I will not anticipate, the fatal truth will reach your ears too soon.

We left our native city in a direction towards the coast, intending to seek an asylum either in England or Holland; but I forgot to mention, that my friend, when I left Paris, presented me with a small ivory flageolet, an instrument on which I used to join little Rosette, in the air you heard last night; to this circumstance, trivial as it may appear, we were indebted for liberty, perhaps life. For several weeks we travelled without notice, but within about twenty miles of Brest, a carriage with six foaming horses, and a file of gens d'armes pass'd, and stopping about a dozen paces before us, a person from within

beckoned one of the soldiers, and pointed at me. Expecting something was in agitation inimical to our freedom, I whispered Marian to take my hat, and beg charity for her *poor dumb* father; she followed my directions, whilst I, by action, amused the soldier with signs he could not understand. Approaching the carriage, I perceived Marian holding her favorite on her finger, and encouraging it to sing, on which I took out my flageolet, and began the air, which Rosette as usual accompanied, to the great astonishment of two ladies in the carriage, who drop'd each a six livre piece into the hat, and were very anxious to purchase the bird; till Marian informed them, she was in a great measure indebted to its exertions for the support of her aged and suffering parent. This artifice had the desired effect, they proceeded on their journey, without embarrassing her with questions she was unprepared to answer, and which, under other circumstances, I doubt not would have been demanded, for in one of the men, I recognized that sanguinary monster Santerre.

We arrived at Brest without further interruption, where an honest American agreed

to land us in England for a few livres; the wind being fair, in two days we enter'd the Thames, and by the kindness of the captain, (whom I had in part trusted with my unfortunate story) were comfortably accommodated with a lodging.

The inconvenience we labor'd under, through ignorance of your language, was inconceivably great, all our knowledge of which was confined to yes or no. To obviate this, I hired a Swiss servant who spoke both languages with great fluency, and from whom we daily gather'd several words of English, Marian particularly, learnt with wonderful quickness and delight.

During this time I was ignorant of the fate of Madame Peletier, sometimes I fondly flatter'd myself our separation would be transitory, and that the blood-thirsty terrorists would not destroy a woman so entirely innocent of crime. Alas! the heart piercing intelligence too quickly arrived, that the princess Lamballe had suffer'd by the guillotine! accompanied by all the females who were denounced on that fatal day! This is not a narrative of feelings, but of facts, the

former I leave you to conceive, whilst I pursue the latter.

My daughter was at this period beautiful as a cherubim ; life and animation sparkled in her eye, the blushing down of the peach sat on her cheek, and every limb was form'd upon the model of the finest statuary ; add to this a sweetness of disposition never yet excell'd, and you have a faithful portrait of my Marian.

We had been twelve months in London, when a gentleman took apartments in the same house, whose politeness to me, and attention to my daughter were highly gratifying, and his knowledge of our language rendered his company peculiarly desirable. Our intimacy daily increased, and my Swiss servant spoke largely of his fortune, family, and connections. Although scarcely out of his minority, Mr. Bedford possessed a knowledge of the world that by much exceeded his years, and was perfectly master of that insinuating address, calculated to impress the heart of a young and inexperienced female. Money appear'd to him no object, his purse was well stored, and could I have accepted the offer, his

liberality would have been as extensive as his means. Let me not dwell on so ungrateful a theme, but inform you in few words, that deceived by appearances, and influenced by the wish of seeing my daughter happy, in an evil hour I consented to their marriage, which he begg'd might be perform'd as secretly as possible, on account of an old aunt from whom he had great expectations; to insure this, he brought a clergyman, and what he call'd a special licence, to our apartment, where the rites were celebrated. For six months we were happy, Marian was gay, and lively as her own sweet bird, and in her felicity I seem'd to have buried all remembrance of former sorrow; still I wondered there was no introduction to any part of his family, but the old aunt was the never failing excuse, and as my daughter overlook'd it, I ceased to make it a point of contention. About this time too, I fancied there was a degree of familiarity between my son and my servant, that did not exactly agree with my ideas of propriety, but Bedford accounted for it, by giving me to understand that Pierre was formerly an old servant of his aunt's; this I had no reason to disbelieve, though it did not in my mind apologise for undue freedom. My little property was now

all gone, except a diamond cross, worth about fifteen hundred pounds, but for which I could not expect more than a thousand from a dealer; my situation was fully known to my son, who thought it a pity to part with so valuable an ornament; in a few months his fortune would be paid, and in the mean time, he knew a person who would advance a few hundreds for present use, with whom he would leave the jewel as security. The plan was feasible, and I consign'd to his care the only remnant of my little stock. Day after day we anxiously look'd for his return, but in vain; unsuspecting of deception, I attributed his absence to sickness, to his family, in short every thing but the real cause; we were soon however relieved from suspense by a letter which threw my daughter into fits, and unfolded the villainy of the writer.

“ Dear Marian,

“ I am a wretch—I have seduc'd you and robb'd your father—our marriage was a deception, and the clergyman my partner in iniquity. Leave London if you have any regard for your liberty—your father is suspected by government, information has been laid, and you have no chance of remaining in this country but by flying from the metropolis.”

“ S. BEDFORD.”

I shall forbear to expatiate on our feelings, you will easily conceive them. My feeble attempts to sooth and support Marian were fruitless, one fit succeeded another, till towards morning, when extreme languor threw her into a doze.

Deprived of every hope by this act of cruel duplicity, I look'd ruin in the face with an eye of distraction, and but for my poor undone girl, should have rush'd unbidden into the presence of the Omnipotent. The next night, my Marian being somewhat recovered, as I sat reflecting on the means of extricating us from the poverty which surrounded me, Pierre who had been from home ever since the fatal letter arrived, came to demand his wages, being offer'd a more lucrative situation. It immediately occur'd to me, that he was in league with the villain who had ruin'd my child; I however stifled my resentment, and, opening the Bureau, paid his demand, at the same time putting my pistols in my pocket, I follow'd him, assured this was the clue by which I could trace Bedford. Keeping the wretch in sight through a number of streets and alleys, I lodged him in a tavern, and then halted, not having digested any

regular plan of proceeding; at any rate, I thought it expedient to enter the house, and calling for a glass of negus, enquired wit' as much indifference as I could command, who were the *two* gentlemen in the room opposite? this answer'd my purpose, there were *two*, and from the description I found one was the infamous Bedford. Had I then been acquainted with your excellent laws, I should in all probability have recover'd my property by laying an information, but ignorant of this, prudence gave way to passion, I rush'd into the room, seized the miscreant by the throat, and snapp'd my pistol at his head.

Unfortunately for my revenge, it miss'd fire, and before I could present the other, my arm was secured by the Swiss, and the room fill'd with strangers. In vain I attempted to explain my injuries, my mixture of French and broken English was little understood, and less attended to; this veteran in deception swore, " I was a French spy, whom he had orders to secure, in the act of which I had produced pistols."

All this was firmly believed, a constable took me into custody, and follow'd by an abusive mob, I was conducted to prison; in



the morning an examination took place before the secretary of state, to whom I gave a brief account in French of my daughter's wrongs, and no one appearing to substantiate the charge, I was liberated, with orders to leave my address, on the supposition that further circumstances might arise to criminate me.

I repaired to my lodging, anxiously fearful of the fate of Marian; she was composed, but ah! how chang'd! her cheek which formerly rivall'd the rose was become pale as the lilly, and a settled melancholy sat upon her countenance.

Our watches and a few trifling ornaments of little value, were still in our possession, these I disposed of for less than half their value to discharge my present lodging; and we were on the point of removing to one of a meaner description, when a written notice was put into my hand, purporting, that government had found it advisable to grant an order for the removal of foreigners out of the kingdom, and that if after a limited number of days I was found within his majesty's dominions, imprisonment would be the consequence. Here was an accumulation

of misery! I could not return to France, even had I the means, and to leave this country for another, to the manners, the customs and language of which I was a total stranger, appear'd an undertaking I was by no means equal to in my present dejected state; Marian's spirits continued at the lowest ebb, and I thought we should be as carefully conceal'd, in an obscure lodging as if we obey'd the strict letter of the order.

To a poor mean place in the suburbs of London we repaired, and for six weeks existed on the sale of our wardrobe, which the woman of the house disposed of, and as we pass'd ourselves upon her ignorance for Americans, and never held converse with any other person, the plan of safety was accomplished; but my health suffer'd under this weight of calamity and produced a nervous fever by which I was confined to my bed, till every article was disposed of, but the garments that merely covered us; we were in arrears too with the landlady, who threaten'd to turn us into the street unless her demands were complied with. Incapable of leaving my bed without assistance, destitute of money or the means of procuring it, and for the last

week reduced to the comfortless nourishment of bread and water, death seem'd my only hope. Marian, in a state of distraction, ran into the street, crying out "my father! my father is perishing for want!" but alas! no one relieved her! for four and twenty hours, I lay in a state of insensibility brought on by inanition, and when I awoke, found nourishment of various kinds around me, whilst my child exclaim'd "he lives! he lives! thank God he lives!" Finding a strong inclination to eat, I soon found myself revived, and enquired to what beneficent hand she was indebted for our present succour? A look of despair and horror was her only answer; she kiss'd my hand, and fell lifeless on the bed! Oh God! I knew it not then, but my lovely, distracted girl, rather than see her father perish for want, had sustained him by the wages of prostitution!!!"

After a few minutes pause, during which consolation would have been vain, he thus proceeded: "from this period, my disorder took a favorable turn, I gain'd strength daily, and as our unfeeling landlady never ceased her importunities, attended by the foulest language, stigmatizing my child with epithets,

too gross to mention, I resolved to throw myself on the mercy of the world.

Through all our misfortunes the little Rosette was still preserved, and lived to repay our care and attention, by procuring us the means of existence. Miserable in appearance, as we were in reality, we left our wretched garret unperceived by any one, but alas! Marian was less capable than myself of much bodily exertion, and after clearing the suburbs of this overgrown city, we seated ourselves on a stone to gain some ease, and perhaps some pence from the humane travellers, if any such there were. For this purpose, I took out my flageolet, and with my utmost skill and delicacy began the usual air; Rosette in his cage accompanying me, soon attracted the notice of passengers, who drawn together by so *nouvelle* an exhibition made a collection, which gave hope of present relief and future sustenance. Somewhat chear'd in spirits, (and praising God, who, when every other hope was fled, inspired me with this thought,) we slowly pursued our way without any fix'd plan, except leaving London as far behind as possible. Our success exceeded expectation, the novelty of the amusement,

my emaciated appearance, and my poor Marian's pale cheek and hollow eye, excited a compassion that in six days made me master of forty shillings.

For many weeks we slowly steer'd our course northward, with increased prosperity, but my daughter pined and languish'd; I used every means of consolation in my power, which were sometimes returned by a faint smile, but generally complaints of indisposition succeeded by a flood of tears were the only answer.

I think it was on the eleventh week after our departure from London, we were on the borders of Shropshire, and had by honest endeavours accumulated twenty pounds, when Marian with more than usual sadness, threw her arms about my neck, and plaintively whispered,

“ Oh my father! I cannot live long, what will become of you ?”

The fixed melancholy that pervaded her appearance, sickly, and cadaverous, too

plainly seconded the heart-rending truth her words were meant to convey.

Being fully enabled to procure her comfort and advice, we took up our abode in a pleasant hamlet, and I waited upon the village doctor who happen'd to be a quaker ; heaven bless the whole sect for his sake ! if all are like him, happy the country where such people dwell !

Not to tire you with a detail, already lengthen'd beyond my first intention, I shall merely inform you that this good Samaritan acted in a double capacity, whilst prescribing for our bodily infirmities, he sooth'd and composed those of a mental nature, and soften'd the sorrows even of my daughter. You will easily suppose I had no reserve with such a character, every event of my life was laid before him, and many a pitying tear roll'd down his benevolent cheek, but no medicine could heal a broken heart.

“ My friend,” said he, “ thou hast been heavily afflicted, and wilt be still more so ; prepare thy mind to receive a communication it grieves me to make, but it is proper thou shouldst know it ; thy daughter hath contrac-

ted a disease, the nature of which I need not mention, but which is gone too far for the reach of medicine; all that my art or power can do to serve her, thou mayest freely command, for verily my heart yearneth towards you both, and I doubt not the bounteous hand of Providence will, in another world, reward both thee and thy amiable daughter, for sufferings unparalleled in this."

My distraction at hearing this fatal truth amounted to frenzy; my martyr'd, murder'd child, had sacrificed her honor and her life to prolong the miserable existence of her devoted parent!

We had been a month at this village when symptoms of convalescence appear'd, and gave me hopes a life might be spared, dearer, far dearer to me than my own. To facilitate so desirable an event, our kind doctor proposed sending us to a farm of his in Wales, where goat's milk, and pure air might effect, what he despair'd of producing at our present residence. Of course I made no objection to so disinterested an offer, his own cover'd cart convey'd us, and at parting he forced upon my acceptance upwards of ten pounds col-

lected amongst his friendly and charitable neighbours. My child appear'd better for the journey, and in this retreat I could have ended my days in peace and comfort, had it pleased God to spare my Marian; but it could not be, in a few weeks she relapsed, and though my friend rode over on the first intimation, he candidly told me there were no hopes, that she was in a rapid decline, and all my efforts must be exerted to prepare my mind for an event, which no art could postpone.

Daily I saw the dear child of my heart sinking towards an early grave; but wonderful to relate, as her strength decreased, her spirits rose in proportion; her principal delight, next to communing with her God, was to amuse herself with little Rosette, whose affectionate attentions were a never failing source of satisfaction.

The last morning of her existence, she called me to the bed-side, and with much difficulty said, "Father, I have had the happiest dream; my mother came and took my hand, "Marian," said she, with a heavenly smile, "God will bless thee, thou art inno-



cent, tell thy father, he shall be happy too, I will make him so." " Oh, sir, if you knew the state of my mind, you would not weep, I never was so happy, never so certain of immortal bliss, why then should you regret your poor Marian? We shall meet again, my father, never, never more to part; let not despair tempt you to commit an act which would preclude that meeting, but wait your appointed time, and take care of poor Rosette." That evening, she breathed her last in these arms; I will not, cannot attempt to paint my agonies, when contemplating the clay-cold form of her, who living had been my joy, my pride, my delight! I know not what the agonies of the moment might have tempted me to, had not my daughter's warning voice constantly vibrated in my ears, it acted as a charm to sooth my maddening reflections, and in the end restored me to a degree of composure I thought at that time impossible ever to be attained. The day after my child's death, I took a sad survey of the country, in order to find a melancholy spot where her remains might lie undisturbed. This place, from its wildness and seclusion, struck my fancy, I immediately commenced the task of digging her grave, for which pur-

pose I had brought implements, and the following day, her remains were conveyed to their last receptacle, where I gently laid the turf on the dear, delicate remains of my child; and, that nothing might separate us, I built this hovel, where my time is devoted to preparation for an event, which I trust, will unite me to all I loved on earth, and when it shall please the Omnipotent to release my soul from this house of horror, I hope to sink into the silent grave of my poor Marian."

At the conclusion of this sad narrative, the poor man left me, and I could perceive him through a little casement, praying over the grave of his murdered child. My feelings, during his melancholy recital, were wrought up to a pitch of enthusiasm; I threw my handkerchief over my face, and beneath the friendly covering shed a torrent of tears, which relieved my almost bursting heart. Surely the hand of heaven must overtake that villain Bedford! the origin of all Peletier's subsequent misery. If this story should ever meet his eye, or the eye of wretches like him, may it strike upon their hearts with the force of conviction, and deter them from the prosecution of similar crimes. Should only one

libertine be turned from his evil ways—one victim be saved; Marian will not have suffered in vain.

When Peletier re-entered the hut, his countenance was serenely composed, and he again addressed me. “The reason for my customary silence is two-fold—to avoid falling a victim to the Alien Act, which my good friend the doctor tells me is still in force—and to repress impertinent and useless curiosity, which could not fail of being excited by a foreigner under such circumstances; by this means, I insure my own safety, and am generally known by the appellation of the Dumb Man.”

The poor Frenchman's sufferings—his open, ingenuous countenance—little Rosette—and the grave of Marian—left an impression on my mind, that words cannot express, and time will never obliterate. The idea of parting, never to meet again, weighed down my spirits, and in what manner to make compensation for our trespass puzzled me. Money, I was ashamed to offer, and to leave him without remuneration was impossible. Here my reverie was interrupted by my host.

“ My friend,” said he, “ I see you are deeply affected by my sad relation, but grieve not for me, my mind has attained a degree of spiritual intercourse that might perhaps never have happened in a series of prosperity; and what are the sufferings of a few short years of feverish existence, to eternity? My wife, my child, will again be united to me, where virtue and innocence reign, triumphant; take then your repose, and to-morrow, as you journey hence, think that I am amply repaid for my coarse accommodations, by the tenderness you have expressed for my sufferings, nor by any acknowledgement, rob me of the comfort I feel in having afforded you a poor, but welcome shelter.” By the good man’s advice, I endeavoured to court repose, but in vain; little Rosette, perched over my head, and on the sun’s first appearance, began her matin song; soon after Peletier rose, and poured forth his orisons at the grave of Marian; George too began to stretch and yawn, then falling on his knees, in an audible whisper offered up his daily acknowledgements, apparently unmindful of Rosette’s warbling; but the moment he rose from his devotion, he cast a look at the innocent disturber, (not with an eye of pity, that acquaintance with

its character would doubtless have produced) and said, "*Mester*, if that *brid* wur mine, I'd *poo* it *yead* off." Making every allowance for that want of feeling, too often the concomitant of ignorance, I replied, "How do you know but that little creature's full throat breathes praises to its Creator, equally acceptable with yours?"

"Nay, *Mester*, if *yo* *thinken* at th' prayers of a Canary *brid*, are as *mich* accepted as *thoose* of a Christian, its *comm* to a *pratty* pass! by and bye I reckon *yone* be *sayink* it as a soul to be saved, just as *yo* *diden*, when *yq* *maden* *sich* *marlocks* *abaut* *oud* Ned; *yo* *seddon* *heed* *sich* a hard *toim* *i* *tis* *ward*, he ought to have a better *i*'th' next, *an* then *yo* put a bullet into his *yead*, and sent him *thither* *aut* o kindness; *bu* *yo* *han* *sich* megrims as nobody *beside* *yo*."

George's freedom of speech would have offended some people, but those of my readers who are acquainted with the country which gave him birth, and from which he had made few emigrations, will I hope allow it to be characteristic; added to this, he had known me from the age of sixteen, and of course built something upon long intimacy.

As he was preparing the knapsack, his hymn-book and a volume of Pratt's Gleanings fell on the floor; it immediately struck me, that probably these might prove an acceptable present to Peletier; but no rhetoric could persuade George to part with his psalmody. "What!" said he, "put *Mester Wesley's* best collection into *th* hands of a *Papish*! an idolater! the scarlet whore of Babylon! that *maks* a mockery o *Jesus Christ* by *prayink* to th' *shap* on him made a piece o wood! what should I say at *th* next *love fê-ust*?—*pratty expereunce*! no, *mester*, I'll encourage no Popes!"

When Peletier returned, I presented my free-will offering, with which he seemed highly gratified, and would have accompanied me part of the way, but this, since part we must, would only be a lingering death, and on that score I declined it. To get away, if possible, from my own thoughts, I proceeded at a pace which kept George on the rue for near a mile. At length he stopp'd, quite exhausted, and called out, "*Haw lung dun yo me-an* to goo on at *tis* rate, *mester*? becose if *yore feart* o *yon owd felley*, I'm *naw*, so I'll break gallop, if *yo ple-asu*, an find my way as *wel* as I *con* after you *loike*."

Brought to my senses by this appeal, I slackened my pace, and George continued, "Ah, *mester!* if *yo* would *bu* woke along the road to salvation *loike*, as fast as *yo* *goo-en* through *tis* lone, *haw* soon *yodn* get to heaven! but I'm *fcart* *yore* graceless, and *donna* woke *wi* th Lord! think, I pray you, if *yo* *shudden* through want o faith, *le-ave* him behind you, *ith* *byways* of unbelief, what a *lung* lone *yone* *ha* to look back for him *ath* last."

George's well intended sermon, although I meant not to hurt his feelings, in spite of myself, produced a smile:—"Well, well, *mester*, *yo* may *laigh*, but ast' *'postle* says—Soho, soho!" At that moment the dogs were both pointing towards the hedge, and George, seizing my arm with more than religious zeal, whispered, "I see him *mester*, *dunno* *yo?* its a fox, as I live, *mun* I kill it *wi* my stick?" "Why now, George," replied I, "how can you think of robbing that animal of life, who never injured you, and can be of no use?" "Way *mester*, if there *wur* onny harm i' killink these *varmant*, I would *naw* do it for th' *ward*, but it *mun* be reet, *becose* Samson kilt three hundred, and sure I may kill an odd on *loike*." But the animal having more sense than to wait

our decision, made its escape, and it was with difficulty I recovered the dogs, who in the pursuit had nearly lost us.

It was early in the day when we returned to Beddgelart, and I anticipated a long and refreshing slumber, to make amends for the rest lost in the interesting company of Peletier. The melancholy vein of thinking I had so long indulged, rendered even the beautiful scenery before me uninteresting! the trout stream murmured past the door, but, in my present frame of mind, had lost its attraction; all my wishes centered in the temporary annihilation of sleep, where the duplicity, the rascality of mankind, would be for the moment forgotten. In this misanthropic disposition, I entered the neat comfortable inn, ordered some boiled trout for dinner, and, seated in a large easy chair, "Here," said I, "will I indulge, and let the busy world go on distressing, harassing, and persecuting one another; let mankind rack their inventions to make their fellow beings miserable; for a few hours at least I can set them at defiance, and hug myself in fancied security."



I had just finished my soliloquy, and was convinced in my own mind, that as the *eye of man* could not pervade my retirement, I was of course secure from danger; when spreading the cloth on a small table by my side, I encountered the *eye of a woman*, and though I had no roguery to fear from it, I had much difficulty to avoid the roguery of my own heart, so that having escaped Scylla on my right hand, I turned to Charybdis on my left. A beautiful blooming girl, in a round ear'd cap, with cheeks like the rose, and an eye that spoke volumes, met my sight as I turned from the window. Although I have undertaken to write the whole truth in this memoir, I find it impossible, the heart is so prone to err, and the fallibility of resolution so great, that were there a window through which the passions could be discerned, what a motley group would sometimes appear in the human breast! A beautiful woman is beyond doubt the finest sight of all created beings, and he that can behold her with indifference, let his situation be what it will, betrays a soul-sleeping disposition, that might grace a monastery, but not a man!

“ I must speak to her,” thought I—“ but I am married—what then? there can be no harm in speaking!—Is the dinner ready, young woman?”

Blushing, like the rising sun on the top of Snowden, and curtseying to the very ground, she replied, “ *Dym Sasnug*,” and retired. Wonderful! her eyes spoke all kinds of language, her tongue could speak but one! The door again opened—pshaw!—it was George—“ A gentleman just arrived from Chester would wish to partake of the trouts.” At that moment entered an old friend, with whom I had passed many a cheerful day; Philanthropy resumed her seat, and the fish acquired a higher flavour from participation. There is something extremely comfortless in sitting down to a solitary meal; the greatest dainties are insipid if selfishly enjoyed, and the most homely fare becomes delicious, when sweetened by the communion of congenial minds.

After dinner, as we pledged the lass with the round ear'd cap, a strain of vocal music floated on the air, boldly flowing on the wings of the wind, or periodically dying away in more gentle breezes; curiosity led to an

enquiry, and the landlady informed us, there was a meeting of Welch methodists, in a field at the foot of the hill. Thither we repaired, and, had the language been familiar, possibly something rational might have transpired; but as it was, nothing more frantic could be imagined; the preacher had concluded his prayer, and in a slow monotony continued to repeat one word, which sounded to my ear like *dahala*, for a considerable time, till the perspiration rolled, in ponderous drops, down his brawny cheek, whilst his congregation, in continual motion, agitated their frames, as if in excruciating torture; till at last, with one consent, they joined hands, and jumped about, as if bereft of all their rational faculties. My companion could not contain his mirth; but it was a maxim with me never to ridicule any mode of worship, be it in appearance ever so absurd, because many of the professors are doubtless sincere, and there are few systems that have not, more or less, their absurdities; but no power of feature could protect me from laughter, when, with a great fat woman in one hand, and a sturdy Welchman in the other, I beheld my servant George leaping with all his might, and crying out in ecstasy, "Hallelujah!" till

his eye was ready to burst from its socket. Retiring from this scene of mental derangement, we left the enthusiasts to jump out of their sins, and to leap into salvation, whilst we animadverted on such madness over a glass of *Cwrwdda* \*.

My friend was one of those happy beings, who possessed of a good constitution, and a strong flow of animal spirits, troubled not his mind with intense thinking, and the mysteries of theological controversy were of *all others* the least attended to; a constant churchman, no one could find the collects, psalms, lessons, or texts with greater accuracy, in all the kneelings, standings, wheelings, and various manoeuvres of orthodox tactics, he was never at a loss, and fancied the principal and grand requisites in a preacher of the gospel were a large white wig and a black gown; no wonder with this disposition, and these opinions, the Welch methodists, of all other sects the most wild in their enthusiasm, should meet his reprehension. “I wonder they are tolerated,” continued he, “is there no regular clergyman in the neighbourhood to put a stop to such proceedings? they must be either drunk or mad.”

“Neither,” replied I, “in the light you conceive it; I am ready to admit a temporary derangement of intellect, equally applicable to enthusiasm of every description; when the reins of reason (the most valuable gift of God) are thrown on the neck of superstition, it is in the power of an artful, or an ignorant preacher to lead his victims into the most extravagant excesses. Have we not had *Pre-Adamites*, who thought it their duty to assemble in a state of nature? *Muggletonians*, who resorted to public houses, for the sober purpose of devotion? *Shakers* who gave evidence of a spiritual intercourse, by various distortions of body, and who some years ago, assembled in the old church at Manchester, each provided with a quantity of food, in full expectation of being taken up to heaven, in the midst of their extacies, instead of which they were taken to prison? Extensive indeed is the catalogue of (I may call them) mental infirmities the human mind is subject to; and after all, perhaps the extravagances of these poor people are not more absurd than your idea, that it is necessary a man should appear in disguise, for the purpose of promoting the simple truths of the gospel, and that a silk gown with lawn sleeves, is to be looked

upon as the outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual grace." To these arguments, my friend returned the following ingenious and unanswerable reply. "Come, here's the King, and God bless him," which I pledged in a bumper.

In the morning, we parted; my companion turned his horse's head towards Chester, whilst I, followed by my domestic train, proceeded to Caernarvon. Though I never interfered with George's religious opinions, the beautiful scenery now exhibited on every side insensibly led me into a controversy I had hitherto carefully avoided. On the summit of an hill, which commanded a view picturesque and grand, I stopped, and thus addressed him. "Look around George, behold this wonderful scene, that charms the eye, and fills the heart with gratitude, whilst the ear is regaled with sweetest melody by the innocent natives of yonder hanging wood; the blessing of health gives a power of enjoyment to our rational faculties, and we are amply supplied with every comfort that nature requires; I should not wonder to see you bounding with joy even to rapture, at such evident marks of God's power and goodness, but these

striking evidences you overlook, whilst the incoherent, unintelligible jargon of a frantic enthusiast, leads your mind in fetters, and renders a human creature fit only for a madhouse. I was shocked yesterday to witness your insane conduct, and can by no means assign a reason for a man's becoming the disciple of a doctrine preached in a language he does not understand."

"Why lookye *mester*," replied the poor fellow, leaning on his stick, and summoning all the rhetoric he was master of, "we are *towd*, "Love not *th'* world nor *th'* things that are i' *th'* world," an' am I to believe *th'* scriptors or *yo*? these fine things *at yo sayn liffs up yore* mind, are *nout* but *th'* temptations o' Satan, this world *belungs* to him, did he not offer it *toth'* Lord, *ith'* way o' temptation? an' *dunna* we pray *froth'* world, *th'* flesh, an' *th'* devil, good Lord deliver us?" *Agen*—"if *onny mon* love *th'* world *th'* love oth' Faather is na in him." *Yo* may smile *mester*, but I'm *feart yore* little better nor an idolatrous infidel, and as to my joining worship *with'* Welch *foke*, it *wur* a *maracle*, for when I went into *th'* *feilt*, I *wur* as ready to *laigh* as *yo*, to see *um* bounce *abat* like *hey go mad*;

but I soon felt a warning *loike*, an a heavenly impulse *at cud na* be kept *dawn*; an I've had an increase o' faith, an grace, an justification ever *sin*."

How strangely the most sacred truths, may be misapplied! this poor fellow was constantly quoting scripture, yet did not seem to comprehend the meaning of a single text; however, as all I could say to liberalize his mind, would, I knew, prove ineffectual, and as this mode of expounding, strange as it was, had good moral effects, attended with the comfortable assurance of future happiness, I ceased to reason with him.

On the evening of my second performance, the room was crowded, and the weather uncommonly close; to these circumstances, and the violent exertion, I attribute a disorder which seized me in the night, and from which I did not perfectly recover for several months. To remove to Manchester as soon as possible was an object of great importance, there I had friends in time of extreme need, one of whom was a worthy, humane and skilful physician, whose care had before routed a similar complaint.



On board a Liverpool vessel, we prematurely finished our pedestrian tour, and exchanged air, exercise, and amusement, for confined lodgings, a sick bed, and the nauseous contents of a druggist's shop.

From the short time I was amongst the ancient Britons, it is difficult to form an accurate judgment of their dispositions; they appeared to me a strong hardy race of people, possessing a degree of spirit and vivacity more nearly allied to the Irish character, than the Scottish or the English. In hospitality, likewise, they copy the generous Hibernian, but fall very short of him in the lively vein of humour and repartee, which is exclusively confined to the sister kingdom. The Welchman entertains strong national prejudices, but that circumstance, far from making him uncharitable, is perhaps one great incentive to kindness, as conveying a wish to impress the mind of the stranger with an high idea of Cambrian hospitality. To enumerate the beauties of the country is useless, and in me would be presumption, but a remark of Mrs. Piozzi's, to a friend of mine, I cannot omit.—“I have travelled, sir, through France and Italy, with an eye of observation, but

never beheld views, including the picturesque and grand, that surpassed those in Wales."

National prejudices, of a virulent kind, are, I hope, fast dying away, thanks to the freedom of the press, and the liberal and philanthropic writings of modern authors, who have benevolently employed the pen against this great evil; amongst the first of these, I think I may rank Cumberland. His *West Indian*, *Fashionable Lover*, and *Jew*, do credit to the feelings of his heart, and the soundness of his intellect; they are not only replete with strict morality, but the generous design is obviously to shew, that virtue is confined to no country or religion. But much as I admire Mr. Cumberland in general, there is an inconsistency in his writings I cannot pardon; with so much liberality of sentiment, and general charity towards mankind, he is the advocate of a cruel and inhuman traffic\*, which, thank God, is, by the wisdom of our legislators, and the general voice of the people, abolished!

\* Cumberland's *Henry*, book 6th, chap. 1.

## CHAP. XXXI.

“ FORTUNE’S FOOL.”

“ REYNOLDS.”

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“ The purest treasure mortal times afford,  
Is spotless reputation ; that away,  
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.”

“ SHAKESPEARE.”

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TWO months I was confined to the bed of sickness, in a state of body and mind not at all enviable. There is a vulgar saying, that “ he who wants money wants every thing ;” but this adage is not true ; I now wanted both money and health, yet I did not want every thing ; my fireside, small though it was, afforded a degree of comfort riches cannot always procure ; by the skilful advice of my worthy friend Dr. Taylor, to whose gratuitous prescriptions I esteem myself, next to Providence, indebted for life, I became at length convalescent ; and thanks to the kindness of my long tried benefactors, I wanted not the means of comfort during a tedious confinement. On my arrival at Manchester, there

was a necessity for parting with George, and as he was within a few miles of his native place, from whence he had never been so long absent before, he was rather anxious to astonish his country neighbours with an account of his travels; we separated with mutual regret; he wiped the tear from his eye, and said, “he hoped we should one day meet in a place, where there would be no occasion to go about *sweeping* for a livelihood; in the mean time, if I again required his services, they were at my command.”

Mr. H—— was at this period patentee of the Manchester theatre, and as Messrs. Banks and Ward’s lease was nearly expired, he sent for me, and communicated his intention of keeping it in his own hands, offering me an handsome income as acting manager. This proposal, it may be supposed, was joyfully received, and accepted with avidity; it held forth a prospect both productive and reputable, and at this time peculiarly pleasing, as I found my strength unequal to the exertion my lecture required. This new arrangement soon reached the ears of the managers then in London, who came down with all possible expedition, and after an hour’s conference with,

Mr. H——, renewed their lease at an advanced rent. Thus was I made a stalking horse to serve the mercenary purposes of the proprietor; without a word of apology, left to shift for myself; with the added obloquy, of endeavouring to circumvent the old managers.

This anecdote must be very uninteresting to the generality of readers, nor should I have mentioned it, except in my own vindication; Messrs. Banks and Ward have for years looked upon me with an eye of enmity, but they will now find I was an innocent victim in the hands of the designing.

One evening, having occasion to refer to some old letters, I, by accident, stumbled upon one, signed "Jane Stanley," dated Knowsley, and addressed to my mother, in the language of friendship and equality. Knowing her ladyship then resided in the neighbourhood, I thought such an introduction would be no less proper than prudent; accordingly, on the spur of the moment, I addressed a letter to Knutsford, containing a brief account of my former prospects, and then situation, concluding with a wish, that (through the medium of Lord D——) I might be enabled to

procure an engagement in London. In answer, with a kindness of disposition I had often heard my mother extol, her Ladyship not only spoke of her old friend with consideration and respect, but invited me to dinner on the following Sunday. This condescending attention infused new hopes, and brighter prospects danced before us ; punctual to my appointment, I reached Knutsford, and (surrounded with all the heavy grandeur of former times), was ushered into the presence of my late revered mother's affectionate friend and school-fellow. From the stately gravity of the servants, I was led to expect, at least, equal state in their lady ; but guess my surprise, when I found a little animated creature, with sparkling eyes, free, easy, and full of vivacity ; nothing stiff or formal about her, except her habit, which was in the extreme of the *old school*. From the kindness of my reception, I was as much at home in ten minutes, as if her ladyship had been *my* old associate, instead of my mother's, of whom she rehearsed many school adventures, and regretted not knowing their near neighbourhood for such a number of years. Speaking of my profession, she said it was out of her power to serve me in any respect through the medium

of Lord D——, with whom she had no kind of intercourse, and regretted the line of life I had chosen. To make short of my story, at parting, her ladyship put a purse of fifty guineas into my hand, and promised to make interest for me, with a lady and gentleman at Bath, or its neighbourhood, who bore the same name as my mother, and she believed were of the same family. My situation at this period was much more unpleasant than I have represented it; sickness and pecuniary embarrassment I had never before experienced conjointly, and but for Ann's lively disposition, I believe they would have overpowered me; judge then, how more than welcome this unexpected supply proved to my almost shipwrecked hopes.

It now became a matter of consideration how to apply Lady Jane's bounty, in a manner that might rather increase than diminish it. Attending an engagement that evening at a friend's house, the Isle of Man was mentioned as a place where the comforts of life were to be had at a moderate expence, and where probably a stationer's shop and library might answer my purpose. To this proposal Ann eagerly listened; it was an employment no one was better qualified to fill, and the very situation she

had many years wished for. A gentleman present likewise offered to take any quantity of Manx linen I should be able to purchase, and remit me woollens in exchange ; thus, between the two pursuits, we were flattered with a prospect of success that would make amends for Dame Fortune's former slights.

One of the company who surrounded my friend's hospitable board this evening, was a mulatto lady, of rather singular appearance, whose son Redhead Y——e, was then in York Castle, on a charge of sedition, and whose principal amusement, during his incarceration, was *whipping* a couple of *tops*, one of which he called *Pitt*, the other *Dundas*.

Without further consideration, I laid out forty pounds in books, and a few necessary articles of household furniture, and in the mean time was honor'd with several letters from Lady Jane S——, who highly commended my intention of quitting the stage, and informed me her sister Lady Margaret, then at Bath, had represented my situation to Mr. and Mrs. H——, who (with hearts large as their income, of which they devoted some thousands yearly to purposes of benevolence) had presented her



with fifty pounds on my account. Thus furnished, in September 1795, we sail'd from Liverpool in the Duke of Athol Packet. Amongst the passengers, which consisted of about thirty, were seven of that respectable body of people called Quakers; they were accompanying a very old lady, who left America with the charitable intent of being useful to her fellow creatures, in the way of salvation. These good people, and indeed I know no denomination of persons that deserve the title so well, had undertaken the voyage from the purest motives; they were all opulent, of course could have no mercenary views, or even a wish of gaining popularity, or obtaining a single proselyte; their sole intention was, in the old lady's language, "to stir them up, and to awaken the Manx people from their slumbers." This she attempted in every town upon the island, but I fear without much effect, for though she was celebrated amongst the Friends, for her talents as a speaker, it was not the stile calculated to make such serious impression on the hearer; it had rather a contrary effect, there was too much *sing song* in the tone, too much pause in the delivery, to suit the ears of a congregation unused to that method, and was rather calculated to cause risibility in the young and thoughtless,

than that solemn and edifying effect, which preaching is certainly meant to produce.

Mr. and Mrs. B——h——e were our fellow shipmates on a fraternal visit to Lord and Lady Henry M——r——y; these brothers, both young men, died martyrs to dissipation. The former's native goodness of heart, I was well acquainted with, he was generous to excess, and had his pursuits taken a contrary bias, would have been an ornament to that society, it was too often his misfortune to outrage.

After a pleasant, though tedious voyage of two days and a half we anchored in Douglas Harbour, amidst as animated a scene as ever I remember to have witness'd, occasion'd by a numerous fleet of fishing smacks just leaving the port as we enter'd it, their white sails unfurl'd and bending before the breeze: this gave a degree of life to the view which greatly increased its natural beauties, and added an exhilaration to the spirits truly delightful. But, as if there was a general conspiracy to raise our feelings, the first people we encounter'd on shore were our worthy friends Mr. and Mrs. L——P——, of Manchester.

The joy occasion'd by the sight of a *common acquaintance* in a strange place, must be familiar to the sensations of every one ; but to encounter so truly respectable a *friend*, was as delightful as unexpected, and ultimately the cause of introducing us to several worthy families, from whom we experienced much hospitality and kindness. I must here remark that without introduction, the inhabitants of Mona are very backward in noticing strangers, yet this can scarcely be call'd a fault, when we consider the number of unprincipled refugees who fly to the island as a place of sanctuary. Of this description, were several of the most *dashing* inhabitants at this period, who lived in *stile* upon the means that ought in justice to have been appropriated to their creditors.

As soon as we were settled in a lodging, I called upon the only bookseller in the place, and indirectly consulted him upon the expediency of opening a circulating library ; but he threw cold water upon the business at once, saying he had tried the experiment, but so far from getting paid, even for the loan of his books, he shewed me about twenty odd volumes, all that remained of a once decent collection: That by way of reading cheap, a set of books were

handed about to at least a dozen families, before they were returned, for which he received, perhaps at the end of a month, two pence per volume. In short he gave me to understand, the islanders were by no means a *reading* people, and that his business entirely depended upon selling a few articles of stationary.

Thus one of my plans was defeated, at least in Douglas; but as we meant to make a tour of the island before we settled, perhaps some other town might promise more favourably. In the mean time I was persuaded to try "the Brooms," one night, which I did with considerable profit, that is, the theatre was crowded in every part. It was a pretty little place, built for private amusement, and belonged to Mrs. T—m—n, a charming lively widow, to whose civility we were indebted for politeness and attention. Previous to advertising my lecture, it was necessary to enquire into the strength of the musical department, and here my old difficulty again occurred, and was likely to prove insurmountable; the only professional musician, was gone to Ireland, but there was a doctor then in Douglas, who play'd the violin decently, and by proper application might be

persuaded to take his station in the orchestra. This was a delicate and embarrassing business! to address a medical man, a total stranger, with a request of this nature, was extremely unpleasant! I might outrage his feelings, and in return, be treated with insult and contempt; but there was no medium, I must either make the application, or give up a flattering prospect; at length, encouraged by the advice of several people who knew the doctor, I ventured to his house, which was distinguished by his name (in blue letters upon a scarlet ground) and underneath, "Sole proprietor of the universal balsam, or liniment of life." I found the doctor seated at breakfast in a plaid *robe de chambre* and black velvet cap, his figure corpulent, his face round as a full moon, and his age about fifty. The miscellaneous contents of the table, spread upon a disgustingly dirty cloth, consisted of bread, cheese, butter, eggs, dried fish, tea, and rum! and affected the senses of sight and smell in that peculiar manner which is not unfrequently follow'd by nausea, particularly before breakfast, which was exactly my situation.

He received me with pompous civility (no

doubt anticipating a patient, which my natural appearance was well calculated to strengthen) and press'd me to partake of his repast; this, for cogent reasons, I refused, but requested he would finish his substantial meal before he enter'd upon business.

“Why, yes sir,” replied the doctor, “breakfast is with me, as you say, a very substantial meal, mine is both salutiferous and solid; I lubricate my stomach with these sort of viands, merely for the purpose of keeping out the wind in course, and find they repel the fatigues of the day, and support the nervous system, which is synonymous with the absorbent vessels, and give a degree of elasticity to the lacteals, which I am fearful, from your appearance, you stand greatly in need of.”

The conclusion of this jargon gave me a hint I immediately took advantage of; the purchase of his universal balsam might pave the way to the desired object; accordingly, I consulted him upon my imaginary complaint, purchased his nostrum, and then enter'd upon my embarrassment, and the loss I should sustain.

The man very good naturedly participated in my distress, and assured me “ the fiddler, had he been upon the spot, was such a vile scrape, he would have been of no use in accompanying the songs ; now sir, I, Doctor Hammer, am an amateur in that delightful science, merely for the purpose of amusement, and in course know the feeling and delicacy which ought to inspire the fingers of the violinist, in so arduous an undertaking, and were I not a professor of some eminence in the Esculapian art, I should have no objection to lend an helping hand to your undertaking.” This was the point I wish’d to bring him to, and after a little more discourse, he agreed to render me his services.

When I arose to take my leave, he again felt my pulse, placed himself in a perpendicular attitude, and with much gravity observed,

“ When you find yourself disposed to somnolency, lubricate the nasal, vulgarly called the nose, and after repeated applications, it will propel the pain through the pericranium, into the occiput, and that is a sure diagnostic of its final expulsion ; you will then in course find the beginning of a symptom, which never

fails to bring on convalescence, merely for the purpose of a final recovery."

The evening arrived, the theatre was full, but no musician made his appearance. To appease the clamour of the audience, the performance commenced, and I was in the middle of the prologue, when the doctor entered, in a suit of black velvet, a large tie wig in full powder, and his violin under his arm; with much solemnity he marched into the orchestra, turned to the audience, whom he saluted with a most obsequious bow, and without paying the smallest attention to my oratory, began tuning his instrument, "*merely for the purpose of harmony in course*; but to my feelings it conveyed discord of the most repulsive kind, and obliged me, in no very conciliatory manner, to request his silence and attention. The doctor's pride was mortified, his self importance humbled before the nobility and gentry of the island, and he laid his violin, in a manner that gave me reason to fear he would not easily be led to resume it. So indeed it proved; in vain I gave him the *cue*, or word of intimation, the disciple of Galen would hold no communication with me, and I was obliged to give my songs unaccompanied; but though



He was angry at me, he determined to give the audience a proof of his science, and at the conclusion of the first act, struck up, "God save the king," but so interlarded with cadences, flourishes, shakes, and double shakes, that it was scarcely possible to recognize the good old tune. The doctor's lunar countenance, his full dress'd peruque, and pompons deportment, were ill calculated to escape the notice of such a laughter-loving son of fun as Jack B——house, and a plan was put in execution that soon robb'd me of my musician.

Provided with a ball of thread and a fish-hook, Mr. B—— stationed himself behind the orchestra, and whilst complimenting the doctor upon his execution, contrived to fix the hook to the tail of his wig, then retiring to the center of the pit, in the midst of a grand cantabile on the third shift, snatched off the powdered ornament, and exposed the doctor's bald pate, smoking like a Norfolk dumpling. The roars of applause, occasioned by this unlucky frolic, added greatly to the poor man's distress, and for a while passion rendered him unintelligible; at length silence being proclaimed, he bawled out, "Ladies and gentle-

men, I am not to be insulted with impunity; because I have condescended thus far, for your amusement, do you think I have no more feeling than a defunct *gobbock* \*? restore my perriwig, or I'll sweat somebody—it is the covering of a cranium that contains more brains than all your d——d island put together—the colleges of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, have treated me with respect in course, and have I come amongst Manx mongrels merely for the purpose of being made an object of ridicule?" At this moment his wig was thrown into the orchestra, which he deliberately adjusted, took his violin under his arm, and left the house, muttering something very opposite to a blessing, with looks of defiance. Thus I lost my musician, who retired, amidst greater applause than it was in my power to call forth, with my utmost efforts; however, the adventure kept the audience in good humour, and made ample amends for the loss of the doctor's violin.

The next morning I called to apologize, and make remuneration, but the bird was flown; the scarlet board with blue letters was

\* Manx term for dog-fish.

removed, and Dr. Hammer departed, with all his apparatus, for Castle Town. I did not feel quite comfortable, considering myself as the primary cause of this hasty emigration, but determined to make all the amends in my power the first opportunity.

It was our intention to make a pedestrian tour of the island, but the weather proved so intensely warm, though September, that we were induced to take a chaise to Peel Town. The roads are excellent, without turnpikes, and posting cheap; (nine pence per mile.) upon second thought, I do not know whether that can be called cheap, for travelling is subject to no tax whatever; the chaises are deplorably shabby, and the rough, uncouth, ill-matched horses, harnessed to the carriage with ropes, or sometimes with bands of hay, certainly make a great difference in the expence, to say nothing of the comfort.

Peel is a small fishing town, chiefly inhabited by that description of people; and whilst the men are thus employed, their wives perform the whole of the harvest work and drudgery, and may, in fact, be called the slaves of the other sex; who, if the weather

be unfavorable for their usual occupation, are seen sleeping on the shore, or under hedges, instead of assisting the females in their daily toil, disgusting pictures of sloth and idleness. Indeed, the character of the Manx people, as far as I could judge, is unamiable; they are unfriendly, cunning, suspicious, over-reaching, and avaricious; yet with all this, very devout in their way; before they go to sea on the most trifling excursion, you see them laid upon their oars, with their hats off, making a long prayer. To finish their character, they are deplorably ignorant, ridiculously superstitious, and believers in fairies, and second sight. It was Sunday when we arrived at the only miserable inn the place afforded; after supper, I ordered some punch, but could not obtain it, because there was no water in the house, and the landlord (though drunk himself) was too devout to suffer any of his family to go to the well on the Sabbath day. I merely mention this, to corroborate what I advanced respecting the stupid inconsistency of the natives; nor is this a singular case, 'tis the general character of the people. Perambulating the town on the following day, I was struck with the appearance of a neat little cottage, within

ten yards of the sea at high water, and, on inquiry, found it was to be let ready furnished. The situation was truly desirable; the ruins of Peel Castle presented a magnificent object to the eye, and relieved that monotony such a vast expanse of water must have produced, though diversified by trading vessels skirting the horizon, or sometimes a smuggling cutter at anchor within a mile of the shore. In the vicinity there was excellent fly fishing, and a moderate supply of game and wild fowl.—These various local circumstances strongly recommended Peel Town as a residence, but the house was furnished, consequently my furniture would be superfluous; besides the inhabitants neither manufactured cloth, nor were apparently capable of receiving entertainment from the stock of knowledge I had imported for their edification, and my own profit; at any rate there could be no harm in looking at the house, and enquiring the terms; the premises consisted of a sitting room, kitchen, and two bed chambers, very neatly furnished, and amply supplied with linen of every description; in short it was a convenient, comfortable place, and the owner hoped we should not think three shillings a week an unconscionable rent! This, in my mind, stamped

its excellence, though I conceived it my duty, ere I closed the bargain; to continue our tour, and find, if possible, a *lucrative* as well as pleasant situation. With this intent, (as there was no chaise in Peel,) I hired a couple of horses, miserable both in their appearance and accoutrements, however, they answered the purpose, though without conveying to the casual observer either respectability or *eclat*.

Ramsey is of considerably larger extent than Peel, and the country in a much higher state of cultivation, with an extensive and commodious bay; but, to my eye, every thing was dull and sombrous. Though I endeavor'd to divest myself of prejudice, and to examine the place and people with an eye of candour, every object appear'd in shade, dark, heavy, and opaque; in fact, the Peel cottage subverted my judgment, and irrefragably propell'd me to its delightful vicinity. Ramsey was the only place where the manufactory of linen was carried on to any extent; consequently here I was to make my *debut* as a purchaser. Without knowledge of the article, and trusting to the specious assertions of these interested, crafty traders, I bought at random; the result was, like all my other

attempts in business, a heavy loss. My friend in Manchester could not dispose of them for any thing like the original cost; the woollens that were sent in exchange I sold to good profit, as I vainly thought; but, alas! the person who bought the greatest part of them fail'd. Thus ended my speculations, and here I drop the hateful subject.

Without waiting to see what Castle Town would produce, I dispatched a letter to secure the house at Peel, determin'd, at all events, to await the result of my trading concerns, in a place so well calculated, from situation and cheapness, to meet both the exigencies of my pursuits and my finances. Castle Town is the seat of government, the prison-house of the island, and greatly superior to the other towns in appearance; in short, had I not, with my usual precipitancy, written to Peel, I fancy this would have been my resting-place. The people here look'd as if they not only *could*, *would*, read; their physiognomies had a literary, a scientific cast you might search for in vain at the other towns. The principal inn was kept by a family from Manchester, of whom I had some knowledge; we were comfortably accommodated, and supplied with

plenty of lobsters, for which this place is famous.

Strolling about, I was again greeted by Dr. Hammer's flaming sign-board, and, as it was my wish to make some compensation for his attendance at the theatre, his consequent mortification, and quarrel with the audience, I sent him an invitation to dinner, which produced the following learned epistle:—

“ Most noble sir,

“ Your very polite invitation shall be obey'd, the moment I have amalgamated the ingredients of my universal liniment, and, with the effervescence of soap and water, amputated the bristly particles from the lower jaw, commonly call'd the chin. These urgencies sedulously perform'd, and the habiliments necessary to support the dignity of my profession properly arrang'd I shall, without other adventitious aid, instantly attend to lubricate the larynx, vulgarly call'd the throat, with some of your good cheer. In the mean time I remain, most hospitable sir, without further circumlocution,

“ Yours, ever to command,

“ JACOB HAMMER.”

“ Dubb'd *M.D.* at the College of Aberdeen.”

Shortly after the receipt of this extraordinary epistle, I heard the doctor inquiring, in which room the *honorable* gentleman dined?



There was no other party in the house, or his strange inquiry would perhaps have produced a laughable dialogue ; instead of which, he was immediately shewn up stairs, in complete Esculapian costume, bag wig in full powder, black velvet ruffles, gold-headed cane, &c. After a very dignified bow, he inquired into the state of my health ; at the same time observing, that “ the *liniment* must have had an excellent effect, if he might venture to judge by my looks ; but a few more bottles, merely for the purpose of confirmation, would be necessary in course.”

By way of changing the subject, I inquired his opinion of the inhabitants of Castle Town. “ My opinion is,” replied he, “ that the inhabitants have no need of a doctor—there is neither money nor disease in the island. The only disorder that I have encountered, since my arrival, is in my own finances ; they are in a galloping consumption, and my *universal liniment* has had no effect in stopping its progress, though it is a specific remedy for the distemper, if taken in proper quantities ; but these people, sir, although credulous as ignorance can make them in many respects, are yet proof against

my advertisements, though written in the true stile of puffing, merely for the purpose of serving my fellow creatures in course."

I soon found, from the doctor's conversation, that he was wretchedly poor; nay, he candidly confessed that "the last shilling had been disbursed, to purchase powder for his wig."—"If you are so unsuccessful," I replied, "I wonder you remain here—why not return to England, where your talents would meet with the encouragement they deserve?"—"Ah, sir! I wish I could; but neither you nor I can export our persons from this ungenial soil, without a permission vulgarly called *a pass*, which will not be granted till all debts due to the inhabitants, are discharged; and unfortunately possessing little money when I arrived, and business failing, I was obliged to take credit, or the *Diaphragm*, the *Sistole*, the *Diastole*, the *Os pubes*, and the *Peritoneum*, would have become torpid, dry, and frigid as a fungus. 'Tis true I attempted to break the lines once and escape, but it did not succeed, for though I concealed myself in the hold of the vessel, a Manx brute had the insolence to pull me out somewhat roughly, for which I took the liberty of handling his nasal, vul-

garly called nose, and was under the galling necessity of making a public apology."

I now really began to pity this unfortunate empiric, and enquired what he meant to do? "Why, sir, Lord Henry M——y has it in his power, I understand, to serve me; the first time he comes to this place, I mean candidly to lay my situation before him, and by that means may probably obtain my passport; for the longer I remain amongst these Goths, the darker my prospect becomes, and must finally end in the dreary view, the four walls of yonder castle affords. In short, I have no choice between incarceration and exportation, the former would end in annihilation, the latter, in transportation to a country, where alone I can look for remuneration." The doctor's animal spirits by no means kept pace with the dissolution of his worldly substance; he was naturally of that cheerful temper, which sets local misery at defiance, and his round, fat, unmeaning countenance declared him an enemy to reflection, and all the pains attending it.

Having mentally made these observations, I began to reflect on the best mode of pre-

senting him with a guinea, which was certainly more than, justly speaking, I ought to have given, but it was the impulse of the moment, and prudence, though she might whisper a reproof, uttered it in a key so discordant to my feelings, that her admonitions were unattended to; in short I may say, in the language of the greatest dramatic writer of the age, “Justice is such a lame, hobbling beldame, I could never get her to keep pace with generosity for the life of me.” At length I proposed to *lend* him a guinea, which as I should see him frequently in the island, he might repay at his leisure. This he agreed to, and observed with some emotion, “that the bowels of Manxmen wanted a little English lubrication, being too costive for compassion to penetrate.” This compliment to myself and my country, was interrupted by a chaise and four foaming horses, which that moment drove up to the inn; curiosity drew Ann to the window, who announced the arrival of Lord Henry M——y, and his brother-in-law, Mr. B——kh——e. The moment the doctor heard this, he pulled down his ruffles, and adjusted his perriwig before the glass, at the same time addressing his own figure with much complacency; “now Doctor

Hammer is your time to feel his lordship's pulse, and were it not for a little too much hectic, owing to the stimulus arising from the vinous lubrication, a more proper medical figure than Jacob Hammer, M. D. could not be produced in any of the Scotch colleges, and if his lordship is an advocate, *pro bono publico*, he will liberate thee from the grasp of these vile *gobbock* merchants."

Really wishing to serve the poor man, and fully aware of Mr. B——'s uncontrollable passion for any thing that bore the appearance of fun or frolic, I endeavoured to persuade him to remain, whilst I reconnoitred the ground, and in some degree paved the way for him, acknowledging my intimacy with the gentleman who accompanied his lordship. My advice proved successful, and going down stairs, I encountered Mr. B——, who with friendly freedom, took me by the arm, and introduced me to Lord Henry. After taking a glass of wine, I informed his lordship of the doctor's unpleasant situation, and of his wish to influence him (Lord Henry) to procure him a passage to England. As soon as Mr. B—— heard the subject of his former frolic was above stairs, he jumped up

and swore “ he would pay all his debts for another grand roasting match!” He was then hurrying out of the room, but I caught hold of his arm, and endeavoured to awaken his feelings in the poor man’s behalf, requesting he would not make a jest of the unfortunate. “ Why you d——d methodistical hypocrite ! my Lord, Romney was once a preacher, and now you see, he wants to *come over us* in the old way ; but it won’t do Romney, it won’t do I tell you,—will have the doctor in—has he got any powder in his wig ? if not, by Jupiter, I’ll powder it for him.” As he spoke the last words, the waiter entered with “ Dr. Hammer’s most respectful compliments, and a request that Lord Henry M——y would indulge him with a moment’s audience.” This Lord Henry readily granted, and I looked upon the unfortunate quack as a dish of fun ready to be brought in, and cut up immediately. As I had made up my mind to have no hand in the business, pro or con, I withdrew, and as the post chaise which brought his lordship, was preparing to return to Douglas, we took advantage of it, and left the doctor to get through his *roasting* as well as he could ; which, I afterwards understood, was accomplished in a very short time after my de-

parture, by making the unfortunate man dead drunk, and sending him home in a wheelbarrow, with his face blacked.

Anxious to take possession of our pretty cottage, and anticipating a thousand enjoyments which never came to pass, we took a chaise next day, and were set down at our own door; every thing had been prepared, but instead of a smiling welcome, gloom hung upon the countenance of the young woman who received us; cold, distant formality threw a damp upon those energies, which exhilarated my mind during the ride, the cause of which I could not conceive, and requested an explanation.

“ Sir,” said the truly innocent creature, whilst a modest blush added to her native beauty, “ we hear you belong to the stage, and my mother is fearful you mean to have plays here; we are methodists, sir, and take in the preachers, and you know it would be quite out of character, to have preachers and players under the same roof!”

I could scarcely avoid smiling at the poor girl's simplicity, at the same time certain

feelings arose in my mind, of an unpleasant nature. The cottage was a temporary seclusion, on which my mind was strongly bent, but to take possession against the will of the owner, was inimical to every feeling of comfort, and the thought could not be indulged for a moment; accordingly I determined to return to Douglas in the chaise which brought us, but on sending to the inn, the carriage was gone. Mrs. Clarke, the owner of the house, hearing this, waited upon us, and requested, "I would make myself easy, we were welcome to remain a few days, or till we could suit ourselves with another habitation; for her own part, she did not know what plays were, but was told they were very wicked things, and she should never forgive herself, if there was to be one in her house!"

From the whole of this discourse, I found her in reality so ignorant of the nature of a play, that she fancied I had taken her cottage for the sole purpose of a public exhibition, at which I could not avoid a smile, on reflecting that the largest room in the house occupied a space of about nine feet square. I took some pains to convince her of the nature, and likewise the tendency and morality of plays, though



without the smallest intention of remaining her tenant; but ere we had been a week in the house, such a revolution took place in the minds of the whole family, that they one and all *entreated* our stay; this, as being perfectly congenial with our feelings, and convenient on the score of economy, we gladly consented to, and during the three months residence at Peel, found centered in this worthy family every goodness and virtue that could adorn uncultivated minds.

Mrs. Clark's house and ours had originally been one dwelling, and as doors of communication still remained, every transaction that took place in one part, was liable to be overheard in the other; thus were we daily, almost hourly, annoyed by their audible piety, which, joined to the nasal harmony produced by the compositions of Messrs. Wesley and Watts, which they never ceased chaunting, "both in season and out of season," fully convinced me, that these pious people literally worked out their salvation with fear and trembling. Our sitting room was unfortunately over theirs, and every evening the most pitiable supplications, attended with groans and sighs, accompanied our repast, and generally concluded

with a burst of singing, so loud and coarse, that the very windows gave trembling evidence of their powerful lungs.

Unpleasant as this really was, the people were so virtuous, so kind, so truly innocent, that, though they were righteous over much, I knew they were sincere, and whatever way of thinking I might be inclined to favor, though perhaps more rational, my moral practice was so far short of theirs, that no remonstrance from me ever checked their rhapsodies, or interrupted their devotions. Once indeed, a circumstance happened, which called forth my indignation; as I stood one evening at the door of my cot, listening to the returning tide, which broke almost beneath my feet, my ears were assailed with shrill and plaintive moanings, now and then followed by a deep and more full toned voice. Although rather a ludicrous comparison, it put me in mind of a pack of beagles in full cry, with whom a large southern hound generally ran, whose deep howl served as a kind of bass. The Methodist chapel lay close behind my house, from whence the voices seemed to proceed; I walked that way, found the door open, and perceived, by the light of a dim horn lan-

thorn, about a dozen girls, between the ages of six and ten, kneeling round an old woman, who, upon inspection, proved to be our laundress; she was a great devotee, and accounted an highly *gifted* person, a sort of apostolic saint: with hands clasped, eyes uplifted, and features convulsed by the energies of enthusiasm, she was beseeching the Almighty, “to spare the children from the pains of hell fire; to awaken, convince, convert, and receive them amongst the elect; and though they were born in sins, and dead in trespasses, to wash and cleanse them in the blood of the lamb.” At every period of a very long supplication, she sent forth a most piteous groan, which was caught like a contagion by the children, who wiped and blew their little noses, which, from the fears and alarms the old woman had created, distilled a copious quantity of mucilaginous matter, and between groaning, tears, snot, and slaver, the poor little brats were in a fair road to salvation.

At the impulse of the moment, such a profanation of sacred things led me to enter the chapel and drive them all out; but on second thoughts, I left them, and brought Mrs. Clark, who, though a great enthusiast, was not deaf

to reason. After listening some time, "Well, Madam," said I, "what do you think of this?" "Why, sir," she replied, "Martha is a good, and an enlightened woman; nevertheless, her zeal sometimes carries her too far; not that I blame her endeavours to awaken in these young minds a sense of spirituality, for I assure you, we have many in our society not more than twelve years old, who have received the day of grace, and experienced the forgiveness of their sins; and you know our blessed Lord says, "Father, I thank thee, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes and sucklings." Conceiving argument would only be a useless waste of words, and loss of time, for credulity is with them the pearl of great price, I returned to my cottage, and finished the evening with "Zimmerman on Solitude."

## CHAP. XXXII.

“THE MAN OF TEN THOUSAND.”

— “HOLCROFT.”

“Not the king’s crown, nor the deputed sword,  
The marshall’s truncheon, nor the judge’s robe,  
Become them with one half so good a grace  
As mercy doth.”

“SHAKESPEARE.”

THE sports of the field, however at variance with the feelings of humanity, had been so rivetted in my disposition by early habits, that whatever repugnance I might feel on my pillow, a fine health-breathing morning, my cheerful dogs, and the comfort arising from rest, after moderate fatigue, soon dissipated all other emotions, and with step elastic, and heart beating with expectation, I bounded over the cover with as much freedom as marked my early days.

In one of my excursions, having marked a covey of partridges, near a small hut at the foot of a mountain, I pursued them to the very door, where sat a domestic cat, who,

scared at the approach of a stranger with two dogs, took into a tree which overshadowed the cottage. As I was rebuking my dogs for frightening the poor animal, a fine hare sto'ed from an adjacent bush, at which I levelled my gun; the fatal lead took effect, and as it lay struggling in the agonies of death, sent forth so lamentable a cry, so nearly resembling infant humanity, that I hated myself for the barbarous act, and contemplated my want of feeling, with an emotion of disgust. On the first alarm, a person opened the cottage door, but at the moment, my attention was so fully occupied by the approach of the hare, and its subsequent death, that I did not notice whether the being was male or female; now, turning my head, I observed a singular figure standing on the threshold, as erect as the portrait of Charles I. and seeing my attention fixed upon him, he poured forth the following ejaculation :

“ What a detestable being is man ! the persecutor and destroyer of every thing that has life ! Cannibal like, he feeds upon their flesh, and his greatest transport arises from their torture ! unlike any other being, he is the universal enemy of animated nature, and

ingenuity is on the stretch of invention to form instruments of destruction, even against his own species! How brutal, and at the same time how inconsistent! Why check your dogs, with so much apparent humanity, for pursuing my cat? was she more innocent than the poor creature you have destroyed, whose shrieks would have moved an heart of stone? but why do I waste my words on depraved humanity, on man, the worst of all created beings?" Taking his cat under his arm, he was entering the hut, when in some measure recovering from my surprise, I began to speak, but he shook his head, and exclaiming, "I hold no conversation with butchers," shut the door, and bolted it.

Of all the circumstances in my life, I never met with one that filled me with astonishment and surprize equal to this; in a country not celebrated for philosophers, in a cot, not much better in appearance than an English pig-stye, sentiments were boldly advanced that would do honour to the man of genius, the man of learning, or the most profound moralist of the day! this man, buried amidst the wilds of ignorance and superstition, shewed a degree of humanity and intelligence the con

sequence of deep, unprejudiced investigation, which evinced a heart capable of the finest, the most acute feelings, and yet was nothing more than a Manx cottager.

This singular being was a tall spare figure, apparently about fifty, dressed in a rusty black coat, and a woollen night-cap; and from the monotonous buzz which issued through his ill made door, I concluded he was a schoolmaster.

What a strange mixture is the mind of man! at least if I may judge generally by my own feelings; there lay the unfortunate hare, the innocent prostrate victim of a callous heart—there stood the dogs, wishfully wagging their intelligent tails, impatient of delay—there stood the cot, that contained a philosopher—and here stood the repentant sportsman, leaning on the destructive instrument, which now awakened more painful sensations than ever it had done pleasant ones.

Roused from my reverie, I looked about for some neighbourly dwelling, where my curiosity respecting this modern Diogenes might be satisfied; but in vain, all was a void.



an open plain, for at least two miles in every direction. So consonant were my own feelings, however blunted by habit, with the sentiments of this cottager, that I placed the devoted hare in my bag with real reluctance, and full of various reflections on the cruelty and injustice of man towards the brute creation, slowly sauntered home, determined on two things, to shoot no more, and to discover the moral monitor, who had given so severe a check to my most favorite pursuit. When it happens that a female is capable of rational reflection, and able to disencumber herself, in some measure, of early conceived prejudices—if she possess a mind that soars above the culinary concerns of a family, certainly the domestic comforts are rendered doubly valuable. Such was my lot; possessing a companion whose strength of mind, cheerful habits, and liberal education, rendered her in many respects my superior; her observations on human nature were always just, and if experience sometimes gave me the advantage, her remarks threw a light on the subject, that otherwise might have passed unobserved; and if I have not brought her to the reader's view so often as I ought, it has been from a motive of delicacy; to praise your wife is, in

fact, to praise yourself, (for man and wife are one), and shews an equal degree of egotism; for this reason, I have frequently kept her in the back ground, when she ought to have been a principal figure on the canvass.

When I had related my adventure, and subsequent resolution, she smiled, shook her head with an air of incredulity, and asked me, "At what time of life the character of man became consistent?" "How do you mean?" "That you have been all your life, and still remain, a perfect weathercock; puffed about by every wind that blows, you reprobate one system to-day, and to-morrow justify it—when tired at night, you moralize on the cruelty of shooting, but if the morning prove fine, the spirit of the old leaven returns, and you very sagaciously discover, that dogs were given by providence to find the birds, the birds were intended for our use, and so you argue, not from a sense of justice, but to qualify, if possible, an inconsistency of conduct that wars against conviction."

There was no use in denying this charge; I felt the verity of it, and to mitigate the sentence of my judge, pleaded guilty to the whole indictment.

Mrs. Clarke was fond of hearing herself talk, and you could not oblige her more than by questions upon any subject within her knowledge. When I had described the person of the supposed schoolmaster, "Ah!" said she, lifting up her hands, "you have met with that infidel Carr the master as sure as can be; he lives under the great hill, and though two miles from any neighbour, children are sent to him, because he teaches them for nothing; but parents should be cautious, his principles are dangerous, although, to speak God's truth, in spite of his enemies, many good children have come from under his care. But he is a strange man, never associates with any one but the scholars, whom he instructs without pay or reward, and all the rest of his time is devoted to walking, or reading heathenish and profane books, for he is a stranger to sacred things, never attends church or meeting now, though some years ago, he was very constant at the former; but one Sunday he behaved like a madman, interrupted the congregation, and insulted the clergyman, who had just finished the Athanasian creed, which you know contains that blessed truth, "that unless you believe, you'll be d——d;" when Mr. Carr jumped up, said it was a lie,

left the church, and has never been near it since. The people were much enraged, as you may suppose, and it was feared would do him an injury, but, thank God, he has been preserved to repent I hope, and see his error. Our preacher frequently calls upon him, in hopes to awaken in his mind a sense of his lost state; but I don't know how it is, he remains unconverted, though the pious man says, he is a very good liver; but that, alas! only makes his state the worse, for what are works without faith?"

Mrs. Clark's account of this singular being made me extremely anxious for an interview; accordingly we set off without any fixed plan, leaving the dogs at home, for fear I should, through their means, be recognized for the *butcher*, as he emphatically called me.

An attachment to the brute creation has always been with me a ruling passion, a passion, that I have never yet been without the means of gratifying, for poor or rich, since I arrived at man's estate, dogs, horses, cats, birds, monkeys, or some of the animal tribe, have always made a part of my establishment. When first we arrived at Douglas,

a man brought a pair of carrier pigeons to the inn for sale; I purchas'd them, and they were become so docile, and affectionate, that their fondling tricks much endeared them to us. In order to make trial of the talent by which they acquire their title, I one day placed the male bird in my bosom, and providing myself with a small piece of card, and some thread, reach'd an hill five miles from Peel, when I wrote on the card the exact time of day, tied it round the carrier's neck, and gave it a gentle elevation in the air; but the bird did not immediately proceed on its journey, it made several circles, still ascending; at last, as if suddenly become acquainted with the direction, like a dart, it made straight towards Peel, and I pursued my walk, not without apprehensions of losing my pet; but when I arrived at home in the evening, the little postman was perch'd by his mate, and Mrs. R—— produced the card, from which it appear'd he could not have been more than two minutes on his journey.

From the eccentricity of Master Carr, and from the tenderness of his feelings, I concluded my little carrier would be no unwelcome guest; accordingly I put him in my

pocket, leaving Mrs. Clarke orders to open the door for him, if he should return. Arrived at the hut, we could plainly hear him haranguing his pupils previous to their dismissal. “ Be careful on your way home to do no injury to any one—remember you are to do as you would be done unto—avoid all kinds of cruelty, particularly that most cruel custom of bird-nesting—think what your parents would suffer, if any of you were stolen from them, and treated cruelly, as bad boys treat the poor birds—avoid lying, swearing, and slandering—be dutiful to your parents, and merciful to every thing that has life—go home quietly, and return in the morning as clean and decent as circumstances will permit. The little party then made good use of their legs, and Master Carr was left alone; but how to begin the attack with the best prospect of success, required some consideration.

The request of a female stood the best chance of being attended to, accordingly Mrs. R—— approached, and pleading fatigue from the length of her walk, requested he would indulge her with a glass of water? Without any answer, or alteration of feature, without even casting a look towards me, who stood in

the threshold, he opened a small cupboard, and brought forth a bottle and glass, observing, "Lady, I keep wine as a medicine; all poisons have their uses when properly applied, a glass may perhaps recruit your exhausted spirits." Ann accepted his offer with thanks, at the same time taking a chair, towards which he pointed; but without at all noticing me, he placed his tea kettle over the fire, and made other necessary preparations for his solitary meal.

Perhaps I never found myself more embarrass'd than at this present moment! to introduce a conversation that might prolong our visit was highly desirable, but there was an air of abstraction and reserve about him that damped all my efforts. At length Ann broke the ice by pointing to two cats who lay upon the hearth, and remarking their uncommon beauty. "They are indeed beautiful," I replied, "but of all the domestic tribe, are least capable of attachment or gratitude." This as it happened was the chord that vibrated with his feelings; in a moment he turn'd round, and looking at me with a serious aspect, replied, "attachment and gratitude! where are they to be found, if not amongst the

brutal species? will a cat destroy the hand which fosters and feeds it? does a cat exist and fatten on the miseries and distresses of its fellow-creatures? watching with lynx-like eye to take advantage of misfortune, and steal into confidence only to betray? do cats burn each other at the stake for difference of opinion? do cats wage war with every other living creature, plundering, sacking, and destroying wherever they have power? Tell me not of cats, or any other animal, for man, cruel, depraved man, is the most ungrateful creature under heaven." I was going to advance something in vindication of my species, but he stop'd me by saying, "I know my ideas are singular, it is next to an impossibility that they should agree with yours, and I wish to avoid controversy, from which no good to either can arise; the reigning prejudices of the world will bias you, I have shaken them off, and hold them in sovereign contempt, as enemies both to God and man. My tea is ready, the lady will perhaps join me; you are welcome too. As I mix not with the world, my manners no doubt appear uncouth, but as far as I know myself, they are governed by sincerity. Draw near, and partake of my homely beverage."



We gladly accepted his invitation, and found every thing good of its kind. After he had fed his two furr'd favorites, I enquired if they would destroy birds?

“ Sir, the brute creation destroy only through necessity, to supply the calls of nature; their wants amply satisfied, they become harmless, and inoffensive; from what motive do you enquire?”

“ Because,” I replied, producing my little carrier, “ here is a visitor, who will thank you for some bread, and who possesses faculties that human nature, with all its boasted superiority cannot account for.” “ Human nature!” replied he, whilst he tenderly took up the pigeon, “ ’tis a mistaken notion. The world is not made for man, but man for the world! and those very animals that he looks upon as subservient to his power and his will, he is, in fact, the greatest slave to. Has not the cow her servants, her house, her bed, luxurious provision, a physician in sickness, every attention in health, and all without trouble or care? Unincumber’d by future hopes, or fears, she passes through existence, and dies by the executioner, with less pain than progressive

indisposition, and a death-bed sickness naturally produce. Every domestic animal is the same, we are their slaves, and whilst this great creature, who calls himself the lord of the creation, is plunged in political iniquity, cursed with wars and misery in every shape and form; the brute enjoys a comfortable existence, and proves, that man, who is the worst, is at the same time, the most miserable of all created beings."

"Do you class women in the same unamiable group?"

"God forbid lady! the gentle and generally amiable dispositions of females, would do honor to human nature, were not their manners vitiated, and their minds depraved by their intercourse with man! women by nature would be angels, they now are, what men have made them!" I found a great inclination to question many of his theories, but as he had signified his dislike to controversy, I changed the conversation by asking if he did not find great difficulty in procuring books?

"I find great difficulty in procuring any thing, except bigotry, ignorance, superstition,

slander, and oppression; these are to be had in every hovel; for I am look'd upon as an infidel, a hermit, a necromancer; if I walk out, I am shun'd as a pestilence, and no one approaches my habitation, except the children whose young ideas I take some pleasure in forming."

As I happened to have Zimmerman in my pocket, I ask'd his opinion of his work on solitude, and offer'd to leave it for his perusal. "Zimmerman," said he, "was a man of sterling ability and deep thinking, but like many others of that class, he thought too much; his nerves became shatter'd by close application, and he launch'd into the regions of a gloomy fancy, that view'd every thing on the dark side, and, in the sequel, brought on a mental derangement, that ended but with life. If you will leave the book, I shall read him again with pleasure, for there is much method in his madness, and many brilliant thoughts, that sanity might be proud of."

When we rose to depart, it was with reluctance, and as he placed the pigeon on my hand, with which he seemed much delighted, "pray," said he, "do you always carry this

little animal with you? or had you some particular motive for bringing it now?" I then told him, that hearing his character from Mrs. Clarke, we had concluded his attachment to the brute creation was nearly allied to our own; in that case, the bird would be a means of introducing us to a character so rare, and whose good qualities even the prejudiced were forward in recording; I then solicited him to visit our cottage, but in vain, visiting was inconsistent with the plan he had form'd, and hitherto strictly adhered to, but if chance brought Mrs. R——, or me that unfrequented road, he had not the smallest objection to another interview. With this cold invitation we were obliged to rest satisfied, and standing at the door of his hut, I proposed to shew him an experiment. "This bird never saw the light from the time I left home, till you beheld me take him from my pocket, consequently is entirely ignorant in what direction Peel lies, whether east, west, north or south; yet by some unknown power, you shall behold him steer directly to the place; I then threw him up, as usual he made several circles, till having gain'd the proper elevation, he took the direct line not only to the town, but to the very house, which lay at one extremity.

Carr gazed with astonishment, and when informed I had frequently tried the experiment at various distances and in opposite directions, gave full credit to my assertion. "I have often heard," said he, "that these creatures possess this faculty, but never before had ocular proof; it is wonderful, and proves to me, that, as Shakespeare says, "there is more in heaven and earth, than is dreamt of in your philosophy," and that what are called, the lower orders of creation, possess faculties that humanity is a stranger to; exalting, in the mind of every thinking man, the *great first cause*; whose infinite power exceeds every finite idea to a degree that beggars all comparison, and humbles in the dust the pride of tyrant man.

On our return, we found the carrier waiting for admission, Mrs. Clarke having forgot my request; and the cooing which follow'd, convinced me that a mutual congratulation was taking place, highly to the satisfaction of both parties.

The only people with whom we associated during our short residence in Peel, were a couple who lived next door to Mrs. Clarke,

and were likewise her tenants. He had been a tailor of some eminence in England, on which account and to conceal his real name, I shall call him *Goose*, but having met with misfortunes, had retired with a small income to this place, where every necessary, and some of the luxuries of life are to be had upon reasonable terms, and where the subject is not impoverish'd by taxes. Mr. and Mrs. *Goose* were what is generally denominated respectable people, he was a good-natured every-day kind of body; intense thinking had never injured his nerves, but drinking had had a similar effect. Mrs. *Goose* was of Irish extraction, and had a dignified idea of herself and family, nor could she brook the degrading equality which sometimes took place between her husband, and the exciseman or chandler at the public house, or when she condescended to take his arm on the beach.

Notwithstanding this foible, she was a woman of sense and education, and entertained so mean an opinion of her husband's understanding, that in our disputes, which happened nightly, she seldom permitted him to take a part. Regularly we met, play'd cards, supped, and renew'd our controversy,

during the heat of which old Goose not unfrequently snored an accompaniment, whilst his wife and I endeavor'd to support, or controvert the value, dignity, and utility of family honors, and titled ancestry.

However warm overnight, our morning salutations were conciliatory, the old man, "nothing loth," followed me over hill and dale, and by that means not only laid in a stock of health, but likewise a quantity of eggs and poultry, for scarcely a farm-house or hovel escaped us, without a bargain for one of these articles, and his company insipid though it was, was still preferable to no company at all.

If our day's sport proved successful, the spoil never failed to grace the supper table, and gave an exhilaration that toasted cheese, or poached eggs sometimes fail'd to produce; in these invigorating moments, Goose would be imprudent enough to address his *better* half by the title of *Quality Moll*, which never fail'd to produce a two-fold effect, to stimulate the blood, and act as a repellant to all social intercourse; in short, these two cabalistical words had power to damp our most

joyous moments, and enveloped in a green silk *calash*, madam Goose, swelling like a turkey cock, would leave her simple help-mate “to grow wise at leisure;” on these occasions, he never ventured home till liquor had rendered him pot valiant, and in his own opinion an equal match for the redundant vociferation of his *lady* wife.

We had now been three months in the island, and so far from increasing our little store, it had alarmingly diminish’d, and brought on a series of reflections, not at all congenial with cheerfulness; the time of year too was ill calculated to chase away gloomy despondence, it was the dark, melancholy, suicidal month of November, which is said to hold such enmity with the life of Englishmen. A succession of bad weather confined me to the house, *Goose*, though a good dish to serve up occasionally, by constant repetition was become tiresome and insipid, and I wish’d myself once more “among the busy haunts of men.”

A few days previous to our leaving Peck, the wind blew a hurricane, and brought the spray over our house in clouds, whilst the



mendous waves broke upon the shore, with a report like the discharge of cannon. This was a scene to me entirely new, and as I wish'd to behold nature in all her various forms, I open'd my door, and stood wondering at the awful sight, when amidst the foaming breakers, a small vessel appear'd struggling to avoid impending destruction, that threaten'd every minute to dash her on the rocks, which appear'd at a small distance, and towards which the wind, in spite of every effort, drove her. Three men appear'd on deck, whilst a female with an infant were lash'd to the mast, and utter'd shrieks, which in the pauses of the wind were dreadful and agonizing. By this time, several people assembled, but no means of saving the vessel were proposed with the smallest probability of success, and every wave drifted her nearer the rocks, till a stout brawny Irishman arrived with a long piece of cable tied to an empty keg, on the retreat of the waves, he ran into the sea, and by an astonishing effort, threw the keg on board, though not before another breaker had nearly overwhelmed him. A general shout from the people on shore followed this act of courage, and gave hopes of safety to the poor exhausted mariners, who

otherwise would inevitably have been dashed to pieces, but were now, by the timely intrepidity of one, and the assistance of numbers, dragged to a safe harbour.

The poor woman and her infant were carried on shore without the smallest signs of animation; I however ordered her to be put into a warm bed, and medical assistance sent for; but the latter could be procured no nearer than Douglas, and of course, from the time that would elapse, must be unavailing. At length somebody mentioned Master Carr, as a person well versed in the medical art, and who being summoned, laboured with such industry and success, that both mother and child revived. This circumstance tended to exalt the schoolmaster still higher in my estimation, because I was fully convinced no inducement of less moment could have dragged him to the town; with all his fancied misanthropy, he was a philanthropist in the fullest sense of the word; neither time nor season checked him, if pain or misfortune were to be alleviated, and those who were loudest in their declamation against the worthy man's general conduct, and religious opinions, hail'd him as their saviour in the hour of anguish and distress.

Having now caught Master Carr so near my dwelling, I took his arm, and telling him our intention of speedily quitting the island, he was prevailed upon to stay tea. Ann rejoiced to see him, and during our repast, I related the leading circumstances of our chequered life, which filled him with wonder and surprise, that having undergone so much, we preserved a degree of fortitude and a flow of spirits equal to fresh hardships, with no prospect in view but the same mental drudgery, the same unprofitable itinerancy. My candid relation, I hoped, would produce equal confidence on his part; but except informing me that his circumstances were better than appearances warranted, and that he was educated for the medical department, he wrapped himself up in reserve.

Our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the Goose family; the lady, as usual, looked stately in the presence of a fancied inferior, but old Goose giving him a hearty shake by the hand, exclaimed, "What! my wild man of the woods! how chance ye to be found visiting? this is contrary to your law of seclusion."

"Such freedoms, Mr. Goose," replied his

wife, “ may suit the inside of a public house, but ought to be confined to those places; your present behaviour is highly indecorous, and a dereliction from those principles of propriety I have sedulously endeavoured to instil into your mind concerning subordination, and the advantages derived from family connections.”

I felt a severe mortification at this unseasonable visit, which considerably increased during the above speech; at its conclusion I observed, that “ Mr. Goose, born and bred in the land of liberty, preferred old English hospitality, and British freedom”——“ *British* freedom you mean, Mr. R——; that shocking equality which takes place when persons of respectability shake hands with their inferiors, is an infringement on old established usage, which, if it make as rapid strides in future, as it has lately done, will totally abolish those distinctions, which form the grand, desirable barrier between plebeians and the higher orders of society.”

Almost any other man would have been hurt at these repeated insults, but it moved not the philosopher, though he kept his eye steadily fixed on the lady during her short

harangue. At its conclusion, to give the conversation a turn, I spoke of our departure, and addressing Carr, observed, "Knowing your fondness for domestic animals, I beg your acceptance of my pigeons; they will, I am convinced, be well used, and I tender them as a mark of my esteem." The worthy man appeared gratified—"I receive them," said he, "in the same spirit with which they are given, and will treat them as well as my power permits." "Treat them!" exclaim'd Goose; "make them into a pie, and treat me to dinner." Carr, without noticing this attempt at wit, continued, "I have been looking into '*Buffon*,' and find, the carrier-pigeon has been known to return home from a distance of several hundred miles; this, amongst other wonderful faculties bestow'd on the lower order of animals, ought to convince mankind, that we are not the only beings in the world on whom the Great Creator has thought fit to exercise his skill. If these things, trifling as they appear, were oftener remember'd, they would tend, perhaps, to soften the adamant heart of man, lead him to break through tyrant custom, and teach him to exercise that mercy and humanity be-

fitting our transitory and uncertain pilgrimage."

The pride of Lady Goose was hurt at my preference of Carr; and his observations, which took a direction totally opposite to her view of things, threw the blood into her full moon countenance, and foreboded a coming storm. Casting a look of contempt at his rusty suit and woollen cap, she replied, "Mercy belongs alone to power, and is that condescending faculty exercised by exalted personages on those beneath them; I know of no *tyrant custom* that prevents it."

"But I do," replied Carr, with honest dignity, and a firm look of conscious rectitude—"I do. *Custom*, Lady, is the bane of happiness to every living creature that man has power over. Luxurious custom is the cause of war, the greatest of all calamities. Mercenary custom influences the promoters of it; and barbarous custom is the consequence of its continuance. Customs of traffic harden the heart, and confine its native energies within a selfish circle. Customs of titles, dignities, and family pride, make improper distinctions, and teach one fellow-

creature to look down with contempt upon another—perhaps his superior in worth and talent. The custom of bribery has sunk patriotism into self interest, and the people into slaves. Custom reconciles the ear to every evil—seduction, adultery, fornication, public executions, manslaughter, nay, even murder, is become so common by custom, that we read of it with apathy, and speak of it without disgust. Custom has so habituated cruelty to the mind of man, that he can neither eat, drink, nor sleep without it—the panting cow, the harmless lamb, are driven, in feverish palpitation, to the slaughter-house, by wretches more brutal than themselves, who, because the animal must die, think they are justified in practising cruelty previous to its dissolution. The ox goaded to madness, the calf's tail twisted till it breaks, and the innocent sheep, for attempting to escape, bruised, hamstrung, and not unfrequently arriving at the place of execution with the loss of an eye, perhaps both; and all these cruelties are practised to feed the voluptuous appetite of man, who on milk and vegetable diet might enjoy long life, had not custom seduced him to his ruin.

“ His liquid too, is changed by custom from the wholesome element of nature, to poisonous juices, produced by the abject slavery of thousands, bought and sold like cattle, by beings who bear the title of humanity, but whose feelings custom hath rendered brutal, callous, and depraved. Nay, even the luxurious beds you sleep on, and the cushion that pillows your head, are filled with the covering torn with violence and flaying torture from the bodies of animated beings, tremblingly alive to every corporeal feeling, and then turned naked to the chilling blast. The Smithfield sacrifices, previous to a market day, the groans of dying thousands tortured by human brutes, the dead carcases hanging in terrible array, would, to the unaccustomed observer, the Hindoo child of nature, stamp us at once for a nation of savages. The crimped salmon, the barbacued pig, the roasted lobster, the eel flayed alive, are only a part of the evils to which *tyrant custom* has familiarly habituated the *greater tyrant man*.”

At the close of this extraordinary speech Master Carr took his leave; during its delivery, Goose sat with mouth extended, and his lit-



the eyes on the full stretch, whilst his more unsettled *rib* changed posture twenty times, fanned herself with her handkerchief, and shewed evident marks of discontent. As soon as Carr left us, she exclaimed, with much vehemence, "So this is one of your modern reformers I suppose; I have seen many such hanging on the lamp-posts in Ireland; I wish I had them all in my power, I'd give their necks a twist."

"Nay, my dear," cried the old man, "keep out of the shop; Mr. and Mrs. R—— know nothing about *twist*, though they may perhaps think you have too much *buckram* about you." The haughty dame made an attempt to depart, but was over-ruled on her husband's promise to shock her ears no more with such *low ribaldry*; but before the close of supper there was a fresh cause of offence; Martha, in handing the bread, presented it to my right hand, Mrs. R—— told her always to go to the left; "Aye, aye," cried Goose, "ever while you live the *button hole side*." This reference to old times was too much for the patience of Mother Goose; down went the knife and fork, on went the green sick calash, and we were left to the enjoyment of a com-

fortable glass, free from pride and affectation.

The day following we visited Master Carr for the last time, and found him busied as usual. As soon as he saw us, the boys were dismissed, and the tea equipage produced. "We have brought our two little pets," said Mrs. R——, "I trust them to your care with confidence, and a sincere hope that they may add to the comforts of your solitude." "Lady," replied he, strewing corn upon the floor, "I hold myself indebted for your present; they shall live well, and as long as nature will permit; I hear with regret that you are on the point of leaving us, and that this, in all probability, is our last meeting on earth; it may please the great Creator, perhaps, to renew our acquaintance in a country where the crime of cruelty is unknown; where the noble feelings of the mind are unvitiated, where the war whoop is never heard, and where the savage inclination to delight in the torment, and sport with the feelings of innocent unoffending animals, is neither heard, seen, nor imagined. If pecuniary circumstances are the immediate cause of your departure, attended by present inconvenience, I

can assist you ; I am not unprovided with the means, and wish to do it ; money to me is of little value, except as a medium to assist the unfortunate, and though not what the world calls rich, I receive an annual remittance more than adequate to my expenditure."

I shall not endeavour to explain my feelings at this unexpected offer ; pecuniary aid from such a quarter, from the inhabitant of a mean hut, was as pleasing as unlooked for ; he was drawing a small box from under his bed, when I stopped him, " My good friend, your free-will offering is, in every point of view, a gratifying circumstance, but I will not, cannot accept it ; believe me, I do not want it. Pecuniary views, I confess, carry me to England, but only in perspective ; I came to this place, as I before told you, in hopes of turning the little I possessed into profit sufficient to maintain us in a country where every necessary of life is reasonable ; I have been disappointed in all my attempts, and must, though unwillingly, return to the stage, the only means, I find, by which I am at all calculated to procure a livelihood. At present my finances are fully adequate to my necessities, and it would be highly criminal to

borrow what I do not want, or may probably never have it in my power to repay.

“ If I were not acquainted with your disposition, it would appear strange, that a person whose circumstances permit the enjoyment of comforts, should voluntarily deprive himself of them, but your uncommon mode of thinking accounts in a great measure for your actions.”

“ You are right,” he replied ; “ Shylock says, ‘ I can neither eat with you, drink with you, nor talk with you ;’ so it is with me and the world. I disapprove their customs and their conduct ; I’ll neither rob, nor be robbed, kill, nor be killed, if I can help it. I left the busy haunts of men in disgust, and still continue in the same disposition. Intellectual pleasures are the only enjoyments I ever had any relish for ; here I can indulge my humor, and, at the same time, perhaps, render more service to animated nature, than any other situation would permit. I instruct youth, who would otherwise ripen in cruel prejudices, and not in superstition. The overplus of my income enables me to succour the afflicted ; and my knowledge in medicine, to supply the healing balm, without which many

poor objects might perish, from the great distance of other medical aid, and the consequent expense attending it. You are now acquainted with the cause and consequences of the seclusion in which I mean to spend the remainder of my life, fully persuaded that the moral and physical evils in the world justify a choice which, to the casual observer, may appear strange, and no doubt has stamped me with the character of a misanthropic madman."

After an hour spent in the feast of reason, a banquet seldom found at a Manxman's table, we took a reluctant, an affectionate, and a last farewell of Master Carr. Having a perfect reliance on the integrity of our worthy landlady, I left the furniture to be disposed of by her at a more suitable season than the depth of winter, when money was scarce, and the people out of employment; the trust was justified by the event, and the receipts honestly remitted to me the following summer at Liverpool. A chaise being sent for from Douglas, we took leave of the Goose family without much reluctance, but the truly worthy Mrs. Clarke, and her amiable children, though involved in ignorance, prejudice, and superstition, were not parted

from without a pang; in their prayers we often heard our names mentioned, and doubtless the good people were putting up pious orisons for our eternal happiness. With tears we bade adieu, and were set down in safety at the hotel in Douglas.

Douglas is the principal town on the island, greatly exceeding the others in population, refinement, and, of course, in expense. The inhabitants, generally speaking, are independent, indolent, dissipated, and, above all, curious after every trifling occurrence that may supply food for conversation, in which defamation bears no inconsiderable part.—The Whitehaven packet was ready to sail, but the wind for three weeks proved contrary, and a long bill at the inn was the consequence. Mr. Cooper, an English gentleman of uncommon information and great suavity of manners, was our constant associate, and during this tiresome interval, by his pleasantry, intellectual endowments, and knowledge of the world, so far ingratiated himself into our esteem, that the parting on my part, I can truly say, was painful.

Whilst we waited at Douglas, a stranger

came to the hotel, who in course of conversation informed us he lived at the village of S——, on the borders of Shropshire; this place I knew to be the residence of Peletier's friendly doctor. Feeling that respect for his character which the interesting foreigner's narrative was calculated to inspire, I enquired concerning his welfare; this, from a natural coincidence, led us to speak of Peletier, who, I was highly delighted to hear, had, after the death of Robespierre, returned to his native country and his virtuous wife, who escaped the slaughter of the day, on which the princess Lamballe fell a sacrifice to tyranny and persecution.

At length we had notice to go on board, "the wind" sat "in the shoulder of our sail," and at midnight on the last day of December, we weighed anchor with a fair though boisterous gale, which increased to a hurricane ere we had well cleared the island. As I had never witnessed so rough a sea in a similar situation, I ventured to leave the cabin, and by the light of a full moon (though frequently overshadowed), beheld a sight which filled my mind with awe, with wonder, and with terror; the sailors could with difficulty keep their footing, whilst from the fore-castle hold, a

most extraordinary noise issued, arising from the cackling, quacking, and hissing of fowls, geese, and ducks, intermixed with a human voice, which bawl'd out in an imperative tone, "open the hatch, I say, d——n you, open the hatch, do you mean to smother me?"

A sailor with difficulty uncovered the hold, and a bald human head appeared, except being partially covered with blood and feathers; his body was half-dragged through the opening, when a tremendous sea broke over us, sent the unfortunate prisoner to his former place of confinement, and produced re-iterated complaints from his feathered companions. Another attempt was made with more success, and on his hands and knees, this strange being crept towards our cabin; I, of course retreated, and as he came down the gangway, heard him exclaim, "D——n the Isle of Man, the Legs of Man, the Calf of Man, and all the men upon it! if ever again I venture my carcase amongst such herring hounds, may I be lacerated, fumigated, feathered, bled, and lubricated with salt water! God help thee Doctor Hammer vulgarly called Jacob." To my no small surprise, I found this ingenious inventor, and sole proprietor of the universal liniment, had been



under the degrading necessity of secreting his princely person amongst at least an hundred of the feathered tribe on the road to Whitehaven Market, to avoid the scrutinizing eye of office ; for Lord Henry M——y's interest could not procure him a pass, until his creditors were satisfied. To avoid laughing at the poor doctor's woe-begone figure was impossible ; from the heaving and tossing of the vessel, his wig had escaped in the early part of the night, and coming in contact with his ship-mates, their claws and bills had lacerated his bald pate in every direction, to which the feathers had adhered with great pertinacity, and from the appearance of his black coat, a casual observer would have supposed him just emerging from a snow shower.

“ Thus equipped, he stood before us,” not a little astonished to find a person laughing in the midst of such a war of elements ; but the moment he discovered who it was, he roared out, “ Oh, Mr. Romney ! what will become of us ? Well, we shall all drown together, that's one comfort, so I must pay you your guinea in the other world, my universal liniment will be lost to posterity, and Dr.<sup>r</sup> Hammer, educated at the college of Aberdeen, created merely

for the purpose of filling *pisces abdominus*, vulgarly called the bellies of fish. If ever I again set foot on *terra firma*, which I very much doubt, may my brains be scoop'd out with a cockle shell, to lubricate the wheels of a waggon, if ever I, Jacob Hammer, take another cruise." I tacitly coincided with the doctor's resolution, and threw myself on the bed, with as much composure as I could command, to await the result of this mighty contest between wind and water. Ann was too much indisposed to pay the smallest attention to the storm, sickness had overpowered every other sensation; and this I cannot help thinking a very desirable event in such a situation, inasmuch as bodily pain is less acute, less terrific, than the idea of being suddenly and violently launched into eternity.

At dawn of day, the captain approached the cabin, with the welcome intelligence, that Whitehaven was in sight, and he trusted another hour would land us safe within the pier. His prognostic was verified, though under a less skillful pilot we might have been lost, for, wafted by "the wings of mighty winds," we narrowly escaped being driven on shore. The vessel, however, was at length safely moored,

but Dr. Hammer swore, he would not stir a step without his wig. "Would you have me," said he, "appear in this respectable town like a person vulgarly called a blackguard? No! I must recover my peruke, merely for the purpose of appearing respectable in course." Finding the search would be attended with delay, and naturally anxious, after the perils of a sleepless night, to get refreshment and rest, we left him, and were soon seated before a good fire, in a clean room, and every appendage necessary for a comfortable breakfast. The storm continued the whole of that day, and the night following became so tremendous, that the wonder-stricken inhabitants with consternation beheld all the lower parts of the town under water, and seventy yards of the new, beautiful, and apparently impregnable pier, washed away; so that one day only intervened between us, and almost certain destruction.

## CHAP. XXXIII.

“ HE’S MUCH TO BLAME.”

“ HOLCROFT.”

“ It is good to have a giant’s strength,  
But it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.”

SHAKESPEARE.”

THANKFUL for our safety, I began to think of means for retrieving lost time. Five guineas comprised the whole of my worldly wealth, but the appearance of Whitehaven held forth a flattering prospect of increasing it. Without loss of time, I made application for the theatre, and waited on the magistrate for permission to exhibit “ *The Brooms* ;” to this he cheerfully acceded. Fortunately Lord L——, the tyrant of the North, was then in London ; had he been in Cumberland, solicitation would have been useless ; for to such a height did this *noble* man carry his opposition to any thing which bore the name of amusement—so determined was he that the town should, in no degree, relax from their accustomed rigidity of manners, that a short time previous, a company of comedians, with their manager, Mr. Wil-

liamson, were taken up, and carried to the jail at Carlisle, fifty miles distant; to which place they were transported, with all the ignominy and insult attached to criminals. This truly pitiful P\*\*\* spared neither sex nor age; for though the females (amongst whom was Miss Fontenelle) applied to him in person, he loaded them with epithets of opprobrium, and committed them as vagabonds.

Every thing being in train for a short stay, I took a private lodging, and soon perceived my friend, the Doctor, had prudently done the same; for, opposite my window, his scarlet sign-board appeared, with the blue letters in striking contrast. I had not seen him since my arrival, nor had the least idea of his intention to settle at Whitehaven; but presently a window, exactly over the sign, was thrown up, and Dr. Hammer, in full dress, appeared leaning out, as an additional source of attraction. The moment he saw me, he crossed the street, to congratulate our arrival in what he called a christian country; and, with many invectives against Manx men and Manx manners, continued, " If once I am set a-going in this respectable town, the liniment is sure to work its way; its universality is un-

questionable—it is antiepileptic, antiparalytic, antiscorbutic, antisplenetic, antirheumatic—in short, for phthisical, dropsical, asthmatical, and hysterical affections, it is paramount to every former discovery; it is a lubrication for the lumbago—as a lithontriptic, I never knew it fail, and for all impurities of the blood—*Probatum est.*”

Ann smiled whilst this rhapsody was delivered with all the serious gravity of the most important truth: without noticing it, he continued. “But of what avail are the greatest discoveries, without money to carry them into effect? For want of a few shillings to pay for an advertisement, vulgarly called a puff, I must relinquish my well founded hopes of future prosperity, and Jacob Hammer, M. D. (in whom alone is concentrated the most valuable secret that ever the expanded mind of man discovered) remain a prey to the deleterious effects of poverty, and a monument of national indiscrimination.” In short, this medical pretender, drew upon my feelings, or rather my weakness, for another half guinea, to set him afloat, as he called it, when he had no doubt of sailing into public favor, on the broad basis of reciprocal advantage.

As my exhibition bore the face of novelty in this part of the kingdom, it proved highly attractive; the three nights produced a weighty replenish, and I prepared for our departure, favored by a flattering introductory letter from Mr. W——, proprietor of the Whitehaven paper, to one of the body corporate at Kendal. Whilst the luggage was safely stowing in the chaise, I went to say ‘Farewell’ to Esculapius. “The liniment had not yet made its way; but he had great reason to conclude, something handsome would be done—three bottles were all he had yet disposed of; but he soon should be able to repay me with interest, for as the liniment was only an external remedy, or lubrication, he meant soon to offer to the public an internal medicine, which, he was certain, would be in general request.” With these *certainties* of success, I left the Doctor, with a *certain* loss of a guinea and a half.

On our arrival at Kendal, I waited on Alderman P——n——n, with Mr. W——’s letter, who introduced me to his worship the Mayor, a very gentlemanly man. When I made known the purport of my visit, he look’d at me with surprise. “Its very odd,” said he, “but a person of the *same* name has this

very day received my permission, to exhibit the *same* performance, but perhaps he is your *avant courier*."

I, of course, denied all knowledge of the man, whom he described as a little, mean looking, ill dressed person, who said, "he was just arrived from Whitehaven, where his *Brooms* had been uncommonly successful." Mr. P——— now produced the letter, which, coming from so respectable a quarter, opened the magistrate's eyes to the imposition my prototype had practised, and he not only politely assented to my request, but promised to patronise it. Thus far the imposture seemed rather a favorable circumstance, and promised a support I should otherwise perhaps in vain have expected.

Returning from the mayor's, I called at the theatre, and found the *other* Mr. Romney busily preparing for *his* exhibition. At sight of me he turned pale with alarm, and in him I recognised the person who a few evenings before had advertised a performance at Whitehaven, under the name of *Dibdin*, but who had been so roughly treated by the au-



dience, he was glad to compromise matters, by offering to return their money.

After representing the impropriety of his conduct, and threatening a prosecution if he did not immediately leave the town, he confessed “ that poverty had instigated him to assume a name which, from the Whitehaven papers, was become very popular in Cumberland; that he had been at some trifling expence in bills, &c. and without assistance was unable to make good his retreat.” The man’s appearance was of itself sufficient to excite compassion, I therefore gave him half a guinea, and was left (as I then thought) in quiet possession of the town. But that the mischief might spread as little as possible, I dispatched the following letter to Mr. W— of Whitehaven :

*“ To the Proprietor of the Cumberland Packet,*

“ SIR,

“ The person who imposed himself upon the town of Whitehaven as a son of Dibdin (mentioned in your last paper) has, I find, been at Cockermouth, under the name of Romney, spoke highly of the success his “Brooms” met with at Whitehaven, and with contempt of a man who, *calling* himself *Dibdin*, had the impudence to oppose *him* in the Assembly Room!!! Now, sir, though such contemptible tricks must in the

and bring on their own disgrace, and the insignificance of the object places him beneath notice ; yet, lest the unsuspecting should become a prey to such *name stealers*—lest the over credulous landlady should be robbed of her reckoning—lest the laborious *Mrs. Suds* should in vain apply for her well earned two pence ; and lastly, lest all this should be done under my *good name*, I think it my duty to request your insertion of this letter as a caution to the unwary, and perhaps a check to the impostor.

“ I am, Sir, with all possible respect,

Your obliged friend and servant,

S. W. R.”

*Kendal, 30th, January, 1796.*

With the most sanguine prospect of success, the evening appointed for my first performance arrived, when an obstacle presented itself in the shape of a blind recorder ; as I was going to the theatre, one of the corporation satellites, in a kind of *whip beggar* livery, brought the *great man's* request to see me immediately. From the panting haste of the messenger, and the great stress laid on the word *immediately*, I found there was no time to lose, and therefore accompanied the man to the house of *Mr. Recorder*.

I was shewn into a small parlour, where sat the old blind man, an emblem of impartial justice, and a coarse, vulgar looking young

woman, his daughter ; the first appearance filled me with that reverence and pity, age and want of sight naturally create, not suspecting the business on which I was summoned ; I was ignorant of the character of the man, and that this petty tyrant, filled with the pride of office, was austere, morose, and gorged with prejudice. When I had seated myself, he thus addressed me :

“ Sir, I understand you are a public lecturer ; pray on what subjects do you speak ? ”

“ My lecture consists of three different heads, history, satire, and sentiment ; occasionally interspersed with songs.”

“ But, sir,” replied he, flourishing a small stick, “ you cannot be ignorant that no public performance must be exhibited, without the permission of the chief magistrate.”

I then informed him of the letter of recommendation Mr. W—— had favoured me with to Alderman P——, of his introduction to the Mayor, and finally, of having obtained his sanction.

At this he seemed greatly exasperated, switched his spindle legs two or three times, and then replied, "It can't be—he would never think of such a thing without consulting me—he could not sanction a performance of this kind—why it appears to me highly seditious, and tends to ridicule the government of the country: read, my dear, the passage I objected to."

His daughter then read part of my bill, which ran thus: "Staggering politics—knock me down politics—and politics in the suds." "Now, sir," continued he, turning in his chair with exulting pride, "what do you say to this?"

"Why sir, I say that I can explain the passage to your satisfaction. In the satirical part of my lecture, I give an imitation of an intoxicated politician staggering home, at the same time singing 'Steady boys, steady'—another, of a political butcher, knocking down his ox, to the tune of 'Oh the roast beef of old England'—and third of a washerwoman, up to her elbows in suds, singing 'Confound their politics, *flustrate* their knavish tricks,' &c.; and this, in the bill, I whimsically stile

Staggering politics—knock me down politics and politics in the suds.”

The daughter, in spite of an apparent acidity of disposition, could scarcely refrain a smile; but the Recorder, with much heat, observed, “This explanation won’t do, sir; politics are matters of serious import, and not to be ridiculed at the pleasure of every adventurer; your letter of recommendation too, let me tell you, does you no credit; it is an easy matter for one disaffected person to recommend another; licentious newspapers are become too common, the liberty of the press has increased to an alarming degree, and ought to be curbed. If indeed you had been recommended by a friend of that noble patriot Lord L—— something moral might have been expected, but we all know what Mr. W—— is.”

I had hitherto checked the natural irritability of my temper, because my interest was at stake; but now, finding this ministerial minion my determined enemy, I replied with some warmth, “The part of my bill to which you object has no more to do with politics than you have with liberality; if it had, do

you suppose the magistrates of other towns would have overlooked it? As to your illiberal and contemptible insinuations respecting my friend Mr. W——, they are perfectly in character with the rest of your conduct, and convince me, that censure, from some people, is praise in disguise. After having obtained the full and decided approbation of the Mayor, I wish to know by what authority you, who hold a subordinate station, take upon you to dispute it? but the public, before you are a day older, shall be in full possession of the facts, and let them judge between us.”

To describe his rage at this speech is impossible, the little switch went round with whistling velocity, he stamp'd the ground with his feet, and literally foamed at the mouth; in the midst of this paroxysm, I took up my hat, and left him to grow cool at leisure. I instantly went to the worthy alderman P——, and represented the whole scene; he shook his head, and replied, “I am afraid this man will prevent your performance, he is a sort of polar star amongst the junior members of the corporation, and treated with marked deference, both on account of his years, and his legal knowledge; you had

better, at any rate, decline your attempt this evening, and to-morrow, perhaps things may come round in your favor." For several days I remained in a state of uncertainty, the Mayor was inclined to serve me, but stood in so much awe of the recorder, that in fact, he, had no will of his own, and at length, though very politely, withdrew his consent; thus the Mayor was governed by the Recorder—the Recorder was governed by Lord L——, and Lord L—— was governed by the d——l. The expence of this fruitless attempt was considerable, but the mortification immense; however as might constitutes right, according to modern morality, I was compelled to stifle my resentment, and make the best of my way to Manchester.

About half way between Garstang and Preston, we observed a corpulent person in black, with something under his arm covered with green baize, in shape resembling a barometer but much longer. He bustled along, as if eager to make expeditious way, but failed in the attempt: for although his dumpy legs moved quick, his feet fell almost on the very spot from whence they rose. As we drew near he turned up his countenance, and

to our surprise we discovered the sole proprietor of the all powerful liniment. I stopped the chaise and hailed him, "what! most noble Doctor! which way are you bending your puissant steps?" Finding he was bound to Preston, we took him up, and enquired what sudden emergency had obliged him to leave Whitehaven. "Oh the d—dest misfortune! loss of reputation—loss of property—and loss of life might have been the consequence, had not I retreated without capitulation, *vulgarly called* run away. My liniment began to be talked of, I had sold four more bottles, when an ignorant country fellow applied to me with violent symptoms of pleurisy; I ordered him to lubricate the part affected twice a day with the liniment; but conceiving, that, as the pain was inward, the application to have any effect must be *swallowed*, the stupid dolt lubricated the interior, which naturally produced a diarrhoea, of such alarming force, that the consequences proved fatal. The neighbours took the alarm, the liniment was produced, and the ignoramuses pronounced a sentence of murder against Jacob Hammer, M. D. Not choosing to stand my trial, I seized the advantage of a dark night, took down my sign, and folding it



as you see, in a piece of green baize, emigrated from the inhospitable town, where I had made a local settlement, *merely for the purpose* of general good, and my own individual benefit in course."

At Preston, we spent a few days with Mr. John R—— my very near and respectable relative, who with his amiable wife, at all times, and during all seasons, behaved with brotherly kindness. At the pleasant village of Chorley, we likewise passed a few happy hours with the worthy ecclesiastic who married my cousin german. I do not know a more amiable character, than a respectable country clergyman ! beloved by his parishioners, liberal and tolerant in his principles, not austere in his manners, the poor in him find a protector, and the rich a companion, whilst his moral conduct is an example to both. When the solemn bell knolls to church, the cleanly country peasants crowd the sacred portal to greet him as he passes, with manners awkward but sincere, whilst his gentle admonitions fall with persuasive eloquence, doubly impressive, because he is known to speak the dictates of his heart, and to practise what he preaches. Such is literally the character of the Rev. O—— C—— of Chor-

ley. Towards me, he always proved himself a friend and a gentleman, unaltered by circumstances; not like many a *rich reptile* that I could mention, with heads as thick, and hearts as hard as the adamantine rock, money getting, money loving, money keeping beings, dead to every sense but avarice and pride, totally destitute of the social affections, and alive only to the sordid, pitiful spirit of accumulation. The reader will excuse this philippic, I speak feelingly, and though apparently obscure, to some I hope it will be intelligible; I have taken measure of a brainless skull, but whoever the cap fits, is welcome to wear it.

The Theatre being open at Manchester, I made application supported by the interest of powerful friends, for an engagement, but the old grudge still kept me out, though the ostensible reason was, "my strong benefit interest, which injured the performers who came either before, or after me!" Those who are acquainted with the characters of the the then Manchester managers, will give them all the credit they deserve for exquisite feeling, and consequently duly appreciate their real motives for this rejection. Managers in general study not the interest of their per-

formers, self is the governing spring of all their actions, and one who bears the character of a *good benefit maker*, though upon the most honourable principles, is invariably an object of jealousy.

Finding there was no chance of immediate employment, we paid a visit to our friends in Yorkshire, who always received us as the returning prodigal. My father I found full of health and vigour, although in his seventy fourth year ; my wife's parent and brothers received us with open arms and warm hearts, whilst those friends unallied by consanguinity, were as usual kind and generous.

During our visit, I wrote to Mr. M——ks, then acting manager of the theatre royal, Liverpool, offering our services for the ensuing season, and was gratified by an immediate answer, with an engagement upon liberal terms. At this period, the political furor affected the worthy inhabitants of Manchester, and indeed many other places to such a degree, that the irritation excited amongst the middle and lower ranks was truly ridiculous ; in the public room of every tavern was written, “ No Ja-

robins admitted here," a test of supposed loyalty, by which they were to expect a renewal of their licence; certain newspapers were taken in, merely for the purpose of a conflagration, during which the loyal circle danced round the flame to the joyous chorus of "God save the king." The portrait of Charles Fox in any of these houses was certain ruin, any print, or picture emblematic of peace was destroyed, and, upon one occasion, by an individual high in office. One day, I observed a man running through a narrow lane, with the skirt of his coat torn off, followed by men, women, and children in full cry; on enquiring what crime the person had committed, I was told, this was a Jacobin hunt; and afterwards learnt, that he was a very respectable shopkeeper, but so alarmed at the chace, that rather than submit to another pursuit, he disposed of his stock in trade and sailed to America.

About this time, a very alarming circumstance happened, and caused a considerable degree of confusion; in the market place was found a piece of paper, on which were very ill written, and worse spelt, the following suspicious lines.

## PLOT.

Four conspirators in masques.

A bowl of poison and two daggers.

Ten soldiers accoutred in the back street.

The prison to be taken by storm, and the  
king carried off in triumph.

N. B. Soldiers not to fire till the watch  
word is given.

The person who found this alarming scroll, had just ingenuity and discernment enough to discover, that the contents were of a very suspicious nature. A butcher of his acquaintance at that moment passing, he beckon'd him, and with an air of great importance, whisper'd " by G—— I have *um!*—I've *fund um aut* at last!—*sich* a swad!—*their'll* be *oud scragging* at Lancaster!—here's a plot *i'* this *papper* to kill, burn, and destroy *aw* Manchester, and *Sawfort*, and *tack th'* New Bailey by storm—then they're to go up to *Lunnun*, and carry away his majesty in triumph." At the close of this information the two friends adjourn'd to a tavern, to consult on the best mode of presenting this diabolical plot to T—— B—— B——, Esq. the chief magistrate, and if possible to lay a plan for the preservation of at least 80,000 of his majesty's

liege subjects. The company in the public room were pretty numerous, and seem'd petrified with horror when the contents of the fatal paper were disclosed; one said, "he had long expected something of the kind, the Jacobins were such a bloody gang, nothing short of their extermination could save the country." Another, replete with wisdom, shook his head, wink'd his eye, and observed, "he could give a shrewd guess at the ring-leader, a person seldom underwent a public trial, without some foundation of guilt, and though he was lucky enough to be acquitted, yet every body knew what he would be at, if he could." A third "fear'd the information came too late to be essentially serviceable, he should not wonder if they were all blown up before twelve o'clock that night, for there was no date to the conspiracy, and for his part, he strongly recommended every man to arm, and stand in his own defence. Mr. Francis, the harlequin of the theatre, who sat smoking his pipe in a corner, attentively listening to the foregoing dialogue, at its conclusion, and just as they had fix'd upon a deputation to wait on the magistrate, coolly observed, "Gentlemen, when you have done with that paper, I'll thank you for it. Don't be alarm'd—you'll not

be blown up this time ; for that horrible plan to destroy you all, is nothing more than the plot of our new pantomime, to be perform'd to-morrow night ; come to the play, and you shall see the prison taken by storm, and the king carried off in triumph. I wish, however, I had not made this discovery, but suffer'd you wise men of Gotham, to carry on your farce a little farther, it might, if properly dramatised, be work'd up into a satire, and handed down to posterity under the title of " Manchester preserved, or the plot discovered."

Not having seen Lady Jane Stanley since my arrival in England, I wrote a long explanatory letter of our proceedings in the isle of Man, with my reasons for returning again to the stage, which, however unpleasant, was at this time absolutely necessary. To this I received a short answer ; " her ladyship was extremely sorry I had again embarked in the *idle* life of a player ; nevertheless her friendship for my mother led her to wish me success in any honest calling, though least in that." I found from the tenor of this epistle, that her favor was on the decline, her prejudice against the stage was unconquerable, perhaps in-

creas'd by her Noble Relative marrying an actress; but I have not the smallest doubt, if we had settled in any branch of traffic, in the neighbourhood, that I should have experienced her bounty to the day of her death, and probably afterwards. But nature had fitted me for very few employments, and trade in all its branches was not amongst the few. What mistaken ideas do we frequently imbibe on subjects of which we are ignorant! that the life of a player should be called an idle one, is astonishing! it is certainly more exempt from bodily labour than husbandry, or some of the mechanical employments, but there is not so arduous an undertaking, so completely mental a drudgery, as falls to the lot of those materially concern'd in theatrical representations; and when I reflect on the small, very small pittance, their utinost endeavors can procure in provincial theatres, I am led to arraign the justice of the fates and destinies, who frequently crown with favors the man who has not an idea beyond pounds, shillings, and pence, whilst those who possess genius and talent, and exert the nobler energies of the mind, in "holding as 'twere the mirror up to nature," are look'd upon with contempt, even by a rusty, rammy retailer of butter, bacon, and cheese.



In the month of June we join'd the dramatic forces assembled at Liverpool, under the command of Mr. A——, the company consisted of Messrs. Aicken, Whitfield, Hargreaves, Banks, Tyrrel, Farley, Simmons, Hollinsworth, Evatt, Stanton, Glassington, Sparks, and Creswell.—Mesdames Mattocks, Ward, Beaumont, Creswell, Evatt, Stenton, Sparks, Miss Valois and Miss Mellon.—Acting manager and treasurer, Mr. Mattocks. Mrs. Siddons open'd the theatre, with great *eclat*, and during the season Messrs. Lewis, Palmer, H. Johnson, Incledon, and Miss Wallis, made flying visits. The manager, though he bore the character of a haughty tyrant, which indeed his external deportment was highly calculated to confirm, proved by his general conduct, especially when contrasted with others, that he had not, at least, an exclusive right to the title. By nature austere in manners, he would grant a favor with less grace than others would inflict a punishment, but then he *did* grant it, and not unfrequently sacrificed his own opinion to the interest of his performers; in short, take theatrical commanders in the gross, and the gentleman I am speaking of, though not possess'd of a grain of suavity, or an atom of

*soft smiling gentleness*, will not be found the very worst of all possible managers. The theatre this summer was highly attractive, money flow'd into the treasury, and the expenses were trifling; nothing, in comparison to what they are at present. Liverpool is decidedly the best theatrical town in the kingdom, I will not except even the metropolis, if we allow for the difference of extent and population; indeed I think it approaches nearer to London than any other provincial town in appearance, and in the polish, and general information of the inhabitants; commercial towns have in this respect greatly the advantage over those confined to manufactories; a constant intercourse with foreign countries civilizes the mind, expands the understanding, and tends to destroy those illiberal opinions we are too apt to form of countries we are strangers to, and people with whom we have no connexion.

At the close of the season I made an engagement to join Mr. S—— K——, at Newcastle upon Tyne, towards which place we departed in the York mail, and arrived at our destination without accident or adventure. Mr. and Mrs. S—— K——'s dramatic excel-

lence is too well known both in the country, and at the great mart for sterling merit, for my opinion to have much influence, I shall therefore wave the subject. As private individuals, I respect them, if there are people who do *not*, it is for want of a proper knowledge of their characters, which a friendly intercourse of eighteen months made me fully acquainted with. There are general traits of strong sense, and firmness of mind, in the whole of Roger K——'s descendants; these, added to a liberal education, have given them considerable advantages, and enabled them to enter on the dramatic career with greater natural, and acquired support than generally fall to the lot of their contemporaries.

There is a blunt sincerity about Mr. S—— K——, which is, by some, denominated brutality, but he is, I firmly believe, humane, generous, and certainly, free from hypocrisy; these are virtues, which, when weighed in the balance against artificial politeness and affected suavity of manners, will be found of solid and sterling weight. Mrs. K—— is as perfectly unaffected in her manners, as the simple characters she represents on the stage, perhaps better than any female now living; she is an amiable wife and affectionate mother;

to complete her character, she is a friend to the brute creation, and in my opinion, that is a certain test, whereby to judge of an amiable disposition. The inhabitants of Newcastle upon Tyne are proverbially sociable and liberal, added to this, I do not know a place, where cultivation of mind and intellectual improvement, have made so great a progress; the civilization of the people, the encouragement held forth to genius, with their hospitality and good humour, rank them in the first class of British subjects, and lead me to speak of them, not in terms of flattery, but with the honest sincerity of a man honored by individual notice, and fully sensible of their noble independence of character.

Mr. K——'s company at that time consisted of the manager, Messrs. H. Siddons, Melvin, Bew, Decamp, Rock, Scriven, Barnett, Bennet, Bland, O'Neil, and Mills; Mesdames Kemble, Bramwell, Bew, Walcott, and Bland; Misses Gough, Jane Kemble, Biggs, and Clagget. These, with the addition of Mrs. R—— and myself, made a very good company, and the theatre became fashionable.

Before the end of the season, a person joined the company, to do what is commonly called

little business ; he had been for many years the *hero* in an itinerant troop of the lowest order, and in him were centered all the imperfections of the *old school*, such as stamping before he made his appearance, crossing at every period, protruding the elbow, slapping the thigh, pointing the toe, and all the minor absurdities that are remembered with disgust, and were judiciously reformed by Mr. Garrick. This actor was the *fac simile* of *Knight's Tag*, and generally bore the appellation of Tragedy Tom ; but he was not the only curiosity in Mr. Kemble's company, we had occasionally two *prompters*, neither of whom could utter an intelligible sentence ; one, from having lost the roof of his mouth ; the other, from a superabundance of tongue, which so completely filled the cavity of his mouth, that there was no space left for the formation of words, but they were gobbled forth in an unfinished state, clustered together like nuts, and instead of assisting the memory, completely set the understanding at defiance. Tragedy Tom, like Tony Lebrun, had an innocent substitute for swearing, "Cut me down" was an expletive of great use to him, particularly in times of irritation. At the period his benefit was announced, there happened to arrive at Newcastle a shew ; no less a personage than the *Prince Annamaboo* was

to be seen, at the small price of one shilling. Tom, without delay, waited on the proprietor, and for a handsome sum prevailed upon his highness to exhibit his royal person on the stage that evening. The manager, with much good humour, consented, and the bills of the day announced, that “between the acts of the play, *Prince Annamaboo* would give a lively representation of the *scalping operation*, he would likewise give the Indian war whoop in all its various tones, the tomahawk exercise, and the mode of feasting at an Abyssinian banquet.” The evening arrived, and many people attended to witness these *princely* imitations. At the end of the third act his *Highness* walked forward, with dignified step, flourished his tomahawk, and cut the air, exclaiming, “ha ha—ho ho!” Next entered a man with his face blacked, and a piece of bladder fastened to his head with gum; the *prince*, with a large carving knife, commenced the scalping operation, which he performed in a style truly *imperial*, holding up the skin in token of triumph. Next came the war whoop, which was a combination of dreadful and discordant sounds; and lastly, the Abyssinian banquet, consisting of raw beefsteaks; these he made into rolls as large as his mouth would admit, and devoured them in a *princely* and *dignified* manner. These

ing completed his cannibal repast, he flourishing his tomahawk in an exulting manner, exclaimed "ha ha—ho ho!" and made his exit.

The manager possessed a penetrating eye, and a profound knowledge of human nature, but without arrogating much of the latter to himself in this instance, he fancied this princely personage was an impostor, and his opinion was confirmed the following day; for in the middle of the market place he espied the most puissant prince Annamaboo selling pen-knives, scissars, and quills, in the character of a Jew pedlar. "What!" said Mr. K——, "my prince, is that you? are not you a pretty Jewish scoundrel to impose upon us in this manner?"

Moses turned round, and with an arch look replied, "*Princh* be d——d, *I vash* no *princh*, *I vash* acting like you—you *vash* kings, *princh*, emperors to night, Stephen Kemble's to-morrow; *I vash hampugs*, you *vash hampugs*, all *vash hampugs*."

Tragedy Tom was a considerable gainer by this imposition on the public, but when the stage-keeper produced his *property bill*, a scene of warm altercation took place respect-

ing the several items contained in it. The *property man's* employment in a theatre is, to provide certain articles necessary for every performance ; for instance, tea, coffee, wine, daggers, pistols, poison, thunder, lightning, soldiers, virgins, children, &c. &c. At benefits these are paid for by the performers, and the evening's bill ran thus :

### PROPERTE BILL.

*Hamlet—Interlewd—and Pantominc.*

Skull and bones	- - - - -	1	0
Geting fore makes of honnor	- -	4	0
Geting too cortyers	- - - - -	2	0
Paper for rvs, do.	- - - - -	0	2
Geting fore men to cary coffin	- -	4	0
To a neddy for epilog	- - - - -	1	0
Blader for scalpin	- - - - -	0	2
Goin on myself to bee scalp	- - -	2	6
Soft pumnatum	- - - - -	2	6
Trakle and water, for wine at banquet	0	1½	
Three wite sheets for gots	- - -	0	6
Sleeping butey	- - - - -	1	0
Geting a child for ditto	- - - - -	1	0
Beefe stakes for Prince Anymabow	-	1	4
Gin for ditto	- - - - -	0	3

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3 19. 2½



When Tragedy Tom had, with some pains, made out the several articles, and read the sum total, he pulled the corner of his hat over his eye, drew down his wristbands, took several strides across the stage, and in great tragic fury uttered; "Cut me down, scoundrel! harkee fellow! what is this vile scroll you have put into my hand?" "Why, Sir, its the property bill I have paid out of my own pocket, for your *cruel pantomime* and *Prince Humbug*." "Don't be impertinent, sir, or cut me down, if I don't shiver you to atoms." The enraged tragedian would certainly have annihilated the poor stage-keeper, if some one had not interfered; after his rage had in a great degree evaporated, he continued, "Carry this literary *morceau* to your manager, if his company are not sufficient to perform a common play and farce, without supernumerary *maids of honour*, *courtiers*, and *sleeping beauties*, he ought to be at the expence of them himself; as to your *getting a child*, I have not the least objection to allow you a shilling for your trouble in that business; I will likewise pay you for the *gin*, the *bladder*, the *beef steaks*, and the *ass*, because I do not know that managers are obliged to provide *quadrupeds of that name*, the *biped* is to be found

in all companies, witness the sapient composer of this disputed bill." Throwing the paper, with solemn indignation, at the disappointed property man, he stalked away, muttering, in an under voice, "*cut me down !*" "If you wait till I cut you down, Mr. Stiffump," replied the other, "you may hang to eternity."

The following anecdote of Mr. Macklin does not all apply to the subject in question, but an unaccountable wandering of the imagination, aided, perhaps, by a slight resemblance in person to Tragedy Tom, has this moment brought it to my recollection, and desultory as it may appear, I shall without farther apology relate it. As Macklin was rehearsing the part of Macbeth in the Dublin theatre, old Bates, who owed him a grudge, and was to perform some trifling part, roared out the few lines he had to say in a loud and ludicrous manner; Macklin, naturally overbearing and irascible, listened to him with astonishment, and at the conclusion of his speech thus addressed him—"Why what the devil are you at, sir? you bawl as if you were on board a ship in a gale of wind." "Sir," replied Bates, "I have a benefit to make as well as you." Soon after this, Macklin enquired who played

the first murderer? Bates again replied, "Why *you* to be sure." (Macklin had, a short time previous, been arraigned for killing a man by an unfortunate blow with the point of his cane.) "Mr. Bates," exclaimed the enraged veteran, "your impertinence is become proverbial, I wonder you have so long escaped with life." To which the other replied, "'tis because I never came within the reach of your cane, Mr. Macklin."

My benefit, thanks to the liberality of friends, and the patronage of the Lancashire militia, was beyond expectation productive; and I arrived at Edinburgh, (Mr. Kemble's next destination), with 50*l.* in my pocket, and several letters of introduction from respectable people in Newcastle and Manchester. As this was my first Caledonian trip, I entered the capital with many English prejudices, which I had soon cause to be ashamed of; such an erroneous idea had my wife of this delightful city, that several articles of female dress were purchased at Newcastle, though not immediately wanted, under the persuasion that Edinburgh could not supply them, or make them up fashionably. With such, and many other false notions of the place and peo-

ple, my sensations may be imagined when the mail set us down in the New Town; the beauty and regularity of the streets, the uniformity and elegance of the buildings, the animated and extensive view from Calton hill, with its contiguity to the city, were sources of surprise and pleasure in themselves, but much greater from being entirely unexpected; in short, the whole appeared something like the idea we form in youth of enchantment or fairy land. In the buildings appropriated to the middle ranks, every floor is a distinct house, with a general stair-case; our lodging was the fourth story, and though commodious and comfortable, was attended with the fatigue of climbing seventy steps.

At this period Mr. and Mrs. Cresswell joined the company, also Mr. and Mrs. Woods; the latter couple were residents, and whoever rented the theatre were compelled, (at least if they meant to keep well with the town), to engage them at a salary that nearly doubled that of any other performer; not from any particular dramatic excellence in the parties, but from an amiable trait in the Edinburgh audience, who never desert a justly esteemed favorite. Mr. Woods was a man of

unblemished character, gentlemanly conduct, and universally esteemed; his abilities on the stage were at this time scarcely above mediocrity, though he was critically perfect, correctly dress'd, and clean to a nicety; but he lack'd energy, and was, in the fullest sense of the word, a mechanical actor of the old school; he had not an attitude that was not studied, and frequently prolonged the rehearsal a full hour, in practising starts, positions, groans, and emphasis; the latter of these he carried to an excess truly laughable, and has been known to repeat one short sentence so often, laying the emphasis each time upon a different word, that his ideas were bewildered, and the advice of a less critical judgment, or a less fastidious ear, applied to for a decision his own confused imagination was unable to determine; thus, for instance. "Which shall I choose?" This sentence appears very simple, and nine people out of ten would pronounce it without a second thought; not so Mr. Woods, he uttered it four different ways, and was quite as undecided the last time as the first—"Which shall I choose?—which *shall* I choose?—which shall *I* choose?—which shall I *choose*?"

He had different terms for various attitudes—one position he called “the line of beauty”—another, “terrific horror”—a third, “tremulous agitation;” and whenever he exhibited the last, his whole body shook with palsied emotion.

One day, after a long rehearsal, rendered doubly tedious by Wood’s starts, pauses, and change of situation to find the line of beauty, some occasion brought me back to the theatre, where I found this good man, and Tragedy Tom going over the ground again; Woods gave a start, vociferating “ha ha—h!” the other did the same, stamping their feet with such force, that dust flew from every crevice of the stage; then running towards the foot lamps, they drew their swords, and struck an attitude, which Woods called, the line of *valorous expression*; but here a dispute took place, Tom asserted, that “their bats should be knocked off with the left hand, both at the same moment;” Woods combated this, as too mechanical; Tom brought Mossop, Garrick, Betterton, and Barry, as supporters of his system; Woods produced Diggs, Ross, Wilks, Cibber and Booth; but as precedents produced no decision, they agreed to try the

scene once more, when Tom, in making a lunge, split his small clothes from top to bottom, and exclaiming, “a *cut me down* tailor! I must go home and repair the breach,” for the present ended the business between these two *posture masters*.

Whatever passion Woods had to express, he practised in the green-room, to bring his mind into a proper disposition; if he was to be discovered sleeping, he would sit before the glass, with his eyes half closed, studying, with much earnestness, the most becoming attitude for a *sleeping lord*, and this he called the *line of courtly somnolency*. One evening he had to pourtray a degree of airyness and risibility, things of all others he was the least capable of; to work himself up to this, he came into the green-room with a kind of forced gaiety, and an artificial smile, that sat very ill upon him; “My next scene,” said he, “begins with ‘ha! ha! ha! a good joke i’ faith,’ so ladies and gentlemen I’ll tell you a comical story, that will make you all laugh, and put me into proper cue.” Some uninteresting tale would follow, which, to oblige him, we laughed at, and sent him on the stage in high glee.

But the person who suffered most from this eccentricity was Davy Mountford, the *thick speaking prompter*, for whenever Woods had to enter in a rage, he worked himself up to it, by shaking and pummeling poor Davy, who being a fat man, and withal very short-winded, was sometimes nearly exhausted, before Woods was sufficiently heated to do justice to the scene; Mountford, who frequently retired from these scuffles with discoloured flesh, and aching limbs, at the same time not chusing to displease Woods, whom every one esteemed; provided a substitute on the second night of the *Castle Spectre*; Osmond having handled him so roughly on the first evening, previously to his relating the dream, that he literally trembled at the idea of another such encounter. The person provided as Davy's double, was a stout fellow, whom he kept out of sight till the scene came on, then placing him in the prompter's situation, he retired, and beheld Wood's practising on the astonished stranger, with even more than usual vehemence, from having greater strength to contend with. At the end of the week, Mr. K—— was surprised by the following article in the property bill: "To a man for Mr. Woods to beat, one shilling." On being in-



terrogated, he said, "he was ordered to provide a man to work up Mr. Wood's tragedy feelings, for the prompter would stand it no longer."

Though perfectly gentlemanly in personal appearance, his nose gave evident signs of good living, and some little time was necessary to reduce the colour to a proper tint for the dignified characters he generally assumed; on which account, if the manager shewed any anxiety for the commencement of the play, it was no unusual thing for the prompter to reply, "Sir, we can't begin till Mr. Wood's has powdered his nose."

Woods had a number of peculiarities, (though all perfectly innocent) besides those relating to his profession; he never put on the most trifling article of dress, without being perfectly aired; to such excess was this carried, as even to include his sword and buckles. A friend caught him at breakfast one morning, and found his wife's chemise substituted for the table cloth, because the one was aired ready for wear, and the other in the state the washer-woman chose to send it home. He

regularly held a consultation with Mrs. Woods, previous to the operation of cutting his nails, an event which an east wind would frequently procrastinate. In short, Woods was an amiable oddity, and his death has been a loss to society.

The season in Edinburgh was highly productive to the manager; the benefits in general were good; mine, under the patronage of Lady Charlotte Campbell, aided by the indefatigable exertions of the late celebrated Mr. Benjamin Bell, (whose kindness I am in gratitude bound to acknowledge) was beyond expectation lucrative, and I found myself possessed of the amazing sum of one hundred pounds! 'Tis said, "Experience makes even fools wise;" according to this adage I ought to have been a second Solomon; but experience, though so dearly purchased, left me still ignorant of the value of money. The demon of extravagance attacked me in the form of a gig and horse; but this expence I reconciled myself to at the time, on the score of convenience and economy; our journies during the summer were both long and frequent, and I flattered myself this expence would soon be

saved in chaise hire. Solomon says, "Bray a fool in a mortar, and he'll never be wise." The horse proved lame, and his maintenance was a tax my finances could by no means afford. In opposition to this *substantial* evil, we had the *shadowy* gratification of entering Glasgow in our own *carriage*.

## CHAP. XXIV.

“ ALL’S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.”

“ SHAKESPEARE.”

“ The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,  
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
Leave not a wreck behind.”

“ TEMPEST.”

THE city of Glasgow is a populous and noble town. From the extent of its commerce and manufactures, one would naturally be led to expect a theatre would find liberal support; the reverse, however, was the fact; the receipts bore no proportion to the expenditure, for, although Mr. Bannister’s nights (his first Scottish expedition) were well attended, and his benefit an overflow, yet the moment he went away, the theatre was deserted. A tragic actress was added to the company, (in lieu of Miss Gough) who, like Tragedy Tom, had long borne the palm in small provincial theatres; her stile, like his, was bombastic, unnatural, and void of any thing like ease or grace;

she possessed in the extreme a ridiculous custom, not uncommon amongst country actresses, of drawing her breath in the midst of serious declamation, in a manner strongly resembling the noise made by a machine called a *pump* ; thus she obtained the title of “ the Tragedy Pump ;” but it was all useless ; in vain Woods formed the line of beauty, to no purpose the pompous stride and toe elastic of Tragedy Tom, in vain the panting heroine worked the tragedy pump, the people would not come, and the manager was under a necessity of beginning the benefits at an early period.

One evening the play of Richard was advertised, but owing to the indisposition of Mr. Woods, the tyrant was given to Tragedy Tom, who boasted not a little of his former prowess in the part ; at the same time there was another person in the company, who thought he had a greater right to it, and with much surprise, and apparent chagrin, observed, “ I see, Mr. —, *your* name is in the bill for Richard.” “ Yes, *Sor*,” replied Tom, with an air of importance, “ it hath pleased the great disposer of all good parts, to appoint me as the representative of the royal Richard.”

At the rehearsal, Lookup (the property-man) who for want of numbers, was to personate the murderer, when Richard says, "there's blood upon thy face," very innocently replied, "aye, it's that clumsy barber, I told him he had cut me." But during the representation at night, a most ridiculous mistake happen'd; Tragedy Tom had taken great pains to instruct Lookup in his part, and particularly dwelt upon the accuracy of his replies respecting the murder, thus :

"Are they dead?" "Yes, my lord." "And buried too?" "In that I thought to ask your highness' pleasure."

Instead of which, Tom, in the agitation of the moment, transposed the text, which the other answered literally, as follows,

"Are they buried?" "Yes, my Lord."  
"And dead too?"

"In that I thought to ask your highness' pleasure." Upon which a facetious Scotchman from the gallery called out, "*What the Deel mon, dun you bury folk i' the sooth, before they are deed?*"

The benefits were bad ; mine, with all the novelty I could introduce, only amounted to eighteen pounds, and the expences of the house were thirty ; these in most *great* theatres, such as Liverpool and Manchester, are insisted upon, although some unforeseen calamity, or occurrence, prevent the possibility of their being in the house, but as managers are fond of fixed rules, and decided enemies to innovation, they never relax in this point, but shut the doors of the treasury, till the charges of the night are paid to the utmost farthing, though probably the poor actor has a *useful* wife unemployed, and a large family of helpless children to provide for. Not so Mr. K—— ; with much consideration, and good humour, he told me to be cheerful, for he should exact no more than was in the house ; another time, when a performer's benefit fail'd who was rich in talent, but poor in pocket, he sent him, with a receipt in full for the charges, a 10/. note. I mention these works of supererogation in my northern manager, to shame, if possible, those in the south, who are so greedy of gain, even though surrounded with abundance, that gentle pity, and the feelings of humanity, cannot penetrate their obdurate hearts.

The fatigues of this summer were more than my constitution could bear, we flew about the country between Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Newcastle, melted with heat, choked with dust, and performing six nights a week; the manager and Mr. Bannister were well rewarded for these wonderful exertions, but the performers suffered a loss both of property and constitution. The winter saw us once more settled in Newcastle, but as I do not wish to fatigue my readers, with a monotonous detail of theatrical campaigns, unless fraught with matter in some measure interesting, I shall pass over as briefly as possible this, and many others, which though attended with incidents amusing at the moment, would not produce much entertainment in the relation.

About the middle of the season, I was seized with a fit of paralysis, whilst performing the part of Sir Francis Wronghead, from which alarming attack I did not recover for some al days, and to this hour feel frequent returns of it, though in a slight degree; a depression of spirit succeeded, attended with heaviness, languor, and debility, under which



I must have sunk, but for the kindness and attention of my friends.

There are no persons living more tenacious of their honor, than actors are of their theatrical fame; take from them a favourite character, and you wound them in the tenderest part. To a ridiculous punctilio of this kind, I lost not only the pleasantest, but the most profitable theatrical engagement I ever made; because Mrs. R—— was dispossessed of a part in favour of an actress more competent to fill it, I left a situation and friends by whom we were respected, to throw myself again upon the world, when experience ought to have taught me, the value of a station replete with more comfort than attends provincial schemes in general. But it is an ungrateful theme to dwell upon, I shall therefore pass it over as briefly as possible, and once more set us down at Manchester, which was always distinguished by the endearing title of *home*, and this it has continually proved in times of difficulty and distress.

Three months out of employment, quite exhausted my little store, and I had daily cause to repent the mad precipitancy of my

conduct, in leaving a certain good, to embrace a still more certain evil. A situation at Buxton, at best scarcely an existence, was my only prospect for the summer, and I looked forward to it with anxiety, as some resource against absolute want. Walking one day in no very enviable state of mind, reflecting on the vicissitudes I had experienced, and the many more that in all probability awaited me, I observed a mob gathered round a stationary open landan, to which were attached a pair of respectable horses, and a many-caped coachman in a gold laced hat. Approaching, I observed the carriage door open, and several persons meanly clad, some seated in the vehicle, and others strenuous for admission; enquiring what this heterogeneous group were? I was informed, the owner of the equipage was an high German doctor, lately arrived in town, whose success in performing a variety of cures, had rendered him extremely popular, and that one day in each week was devoted to the poor, whom, in this public manner he relieved by advice, by medicine, and by operation where the case required it. Although this exhibition was in the market-place, the mob were so numerous, I could not for some time gain a near view of the proceeding, but

when by perseverance, I was enabled to discover this man of medicine, my astonished optics could scarcely credit their own evidence! “could such things be without my special wonder?” Was it really “the sole proprietor of the universal liniment,” my *compagnon de voyage*, the identical Doctor Hammer? My curiosity at this discovery was strongly excited to know the cause and effect, and I determined to remain an eye witness of the skill so highly praised. A poor man now stepped into the carriage, whose head was burthened with an excrescence of a considerable size, which to the amazement of all present, particularly so to myself, he amputated with skill and expedition. After applying a plaster to the wound, he held up the fleshy substance, and thus addressed the multitude.

“My good friends, this piece of porous matter which I hold in my hand, but just now formed a part of this poor man’s body; poor indeed he was, but now he is rich, rich in the greatest of all treasures, health; that invaluable blessing, in a moment I have restored, by extracting this fungus from his cranium, which, if suffered to remain, would sap the juices, and rob the brain of those nutritious

particles by which it is sustained in health and sanity. I have made the human body my peculiar study, and had this afflicted man fallen under the clumsy clutches of a common operator, he would have taken a month in the cure, *merely for the purpose* of picking his pocket, and perhaps have handled him like a veterinary, *vulgarly called* a horse doctor; but I have cured him in a moment, and he may now return to his family, and proclaim to the world, that Doctor Hammer performs cures, in this public manner, every Tuesday, *merely for the purpose* of doing good, *in course*, gratis, *vulgarly called* for nothing."

At the close of this speech, the doctor took out his watch, made a pompous bow to the spectators, closed his landau, and was driven off.

We hear and read a great deal about female curiosity, for my part, I think it is by no means confined to the sex; I defy any woman to feel its power more strongly than I did at this moment; by way of relieving it, I followed the landau and saw the ingenious empiric set down at a respectable lodging house, at the door of which I knocked, and was ushered

into a handsome drawing room, where the doctor was seated in great stile.

Had I been a *rich patient*, he could not have received me with more genuine cordiality. “ My dear Mr. Romney,” exclaimed he, “ I rejoice to see you, where do you come from? where are you going? Mrs. R—— is with you *in course*, you must both dine with me, *merely for the purpose* of a confabulation; my dinner hour is three, ’tis now past two, therefore fetch your better half, and whilst we lubricate the larinx, we will communicate our several adventures.”

This friendly harangue, uttered with rapidity, and with an appearance of sincerity, that could not be misunderstood, pleased me, and I returned with Mrs. R—— to dinner, which was both plentiful and good in its kind; in fact, the Doctor was an epicure, and now he had the power of indulgence, the rotund lubricity of his countenance, gave ample proof of it.

When the table was cleared, and the servant withdrawn, I requested information respecting his change of fortune, and mode of practice? “ Ha! ha! ha!” replied he, “ I

have found out the truth at last—a name—a name is every thing—a man may possess modest merit, and die in obscurity, whilst a noisy pretender dashes into good fortune, and rides in his coach ! I don't say that is me exactly, though something like it. Soon after you left me, the liniment had a pretty good sale, though nothing like what it ought to have, according to its real utility, and I lay awake a whole night, pondering on means to render its popularity universal. My lucubration produced a happy thought, and forced them to buy the liniment, even against their inclination. I had furnished three popular medicine shops in the town with a few bottles, but the sale was slack ; the morning succeeding this wakeful night, I supplied a person with money to buy up the whole of the stock on hand at all the shops, and afterwards dispatched others to make anxious enquiry for more ; this had a wonderful effect, and the next time I called, which was not immediately, I found them eager to give large orders. Now, thinks I, this scheme will never answer twice, I must, therefore, make a final blow, a *coup de main*, and be off. Accordingly, pleading urgent business, that called me to a distant part of the kingdom, I advised them to *pur-*

*chase* a quantity, allowing a handsome discount, and take the risque of sale upon themselves; the bait took, sir, and those three shops purchased liniment to the tune of forty pounds. Thus set fairly afloat, I travelled from one large town to another, and by different manœuvres, in the course of twelve months supplied the shops with more bottles than they will sell these forty years. Having thus embarked on the wide ocean of finesse, I could not satisfy my mind with a successful cruize or two, but determined boldly to undertake a voyage to the gold coast at once; with this view I hired the landau and servants you saw to-day, advertised, puffed, printed pamphlets, and in short, went the right way to work to establish my fame, which is now universally acknowledged; I have plenty of business, money before hand, and it is not the least of my enjoyments, that I have the pleasure of seeing you and Mrs. R—— at my table."

After congratulating him on his prospects, I could not help enquiring how, with so little knowledge of surgery, and in such a public manner, he performed his wonderful operations?

“ Surgery !” replied he, with a smile, “ I find you are not *up* to it ; the people I practise upon have no occasion for a surgeon ; I will just state a case or two, that occurred to-day, and you will fully comprehend the whole arcana of quackery. The first patient brought up was a man blind of one eye from a cataract ; in a very short space of time I performed the necessary operation, dislodged the film which covered his sight, held it up for public inspection, and my patient left the carriage with the perfect use of his eye, and a thousand blessings for his wonderful cure.” I see Mrs. R—— is astonished, I will therefore explain the business in two words :—The subject of my various operations travels with me, and changes his dress and his disorder every public day ; this morning I cured his eye, next week I shall cut off his nose, and so on ; I chose him for his pale, cadaverous countenance, and skeleton-like figure, which, together with his being an excellent actor, fully answers every purpose of his engagement, by representing well every affliction I wish him to labour under. The cataract was merely a piece of painted gold beater’s skin. The last man from whom I extracted the excrescence, *commonly called fungus*, was a



country fellow procured *merely for the purpose*, a perfect stranger *in course*; previous to my exhibition, I spent a considerable time upon this man's skull, in gumming a piece of bladder skin over a small quantity of bullock's liver; his head being nearly bald, and the bladder painted flesh colour, the appearance was altogether natural, and as he had orders to cry out lustily during the operation, the whole passed off with credit to my skill, and general humanity."

The doctor's candid avowal in some measure softened the turpitude of his proceedings, though certainly there was no defending such a series of duplicity as he was now engaged in; remonstrating to this effect, he replied, laughing, "Since the world will, why let it be deceived. Mr. Romney, there is more deception in this little globe than good men dream of—the different branches of traffic are noted for it—the learned professions, one and all, practise it—the statesman cannot continue in office without it—the parliament man gets his seat by it—and the beggar would procure very few alms without having recourse to it. In short, deception seems to be the governing principle which actuates the animal man, and if it cannot be defended

upon moral ground, usage and custom reconcile it, and when my grand purposes are accomplished, when I have obtained the *cum otium dignitate*, vulgarly called a competence. I will forswear its use, 'rail in good set terms' against its followers, and like many other great men, kick down the ladder by which I rose." In return for his confidence, I related, in as concise a manner as possible, my own adventures since we parted at Preston. At its conclusion he observed, "in my adversity you lent me money, by your own account your circumstances are not very flourishing, therefore give me leave to lend you some; there is a ten pound note, it will help you on your way, and when convenient you can repay me." Without ceremony I accepted his generous offer, and would have given him an acknowledgement, but this he peremptorily declined, observing, "it had an appearance of trade, of suspicion, and distrust, of which he was wholly incapable."

A few days subsequent, I had another proof of the doctor's ingenuity and address, in procuring respectable signatures to supposed cures. He had a coffee-house acquaintance with several respectable merchants and

clergymen, about a dozen of whom he engaged to dine with him; I was of the party. After a dinner, which would have done no discredit to the body corporate, the wine had a brisk circulation, every body was in high glee, particularly the founder of the feast; the royal family had all gone round in bumpers, the great military and naval commanders followed in rapid succession, and the glasses were charged to the town and trade of Manchester, when a servant informed the doctor he was wanted; he pretended to be angry at the interruption, "You know," said he, "I am *never at home* when engaged with my friends."

The servant, in an audible whisper, replied, "It is the poor man from Yorkshire, sir, he is going off in the coach in an hour's time, and says he must see you."

The doctor, pretending to recollect himself, said, "Oh aye! the man from Yorkshire! Gentlemen, this is one of the most extraordinary cases that ever came under my observation, and the success attending my efforts in this poor creature's behalf, will, I hope, excuse all appearance of egotism; ask

the honest man to come in; a case of so complicated a nature ought to be made as public as possible for the general good."

"Oh let us hear it, by all means!" was the universal cry; and now came on the grand scene, for the purpose of which this entertainment was given.

Enter the doctor's *man of many diseases*, dress'd as a Yorkshire farmer:—"Well, my friend, what is your will? any return of your complaint?" "Oh no! thanks to your labor and skill, I am a sound man again, for which I am bound to pray for you whilst I have life; my wife and family too, they shall all pray for you, because, under providence, you have been the means of restoring them a father and a husband."

One of the company wishing to know the particulars of his disorder, he painted a case of so complicated and strange a nature, that though it passed for truth with the company present, a medical man of the smallest ability would have detected the imposture; and once I saw the doctor smile at an egregious blunder which the patient, in the warmth of his

description, had fallen into; the imposition, however, was believed, and great encomiums passed on the doctor's medical and surgical knowledge, nor were his liberality and humanity forgotten in the general praise, when he positively refused the smallest remuneration for the trouble and expense, he confessed to have incurred; but as he esteemed it his duty to make a memorandum of the case for the future government of his conduct, likewise the general information of the faculty, he would draw up a few lines, which the Yorkshireman might sign, and the gentlemen present would no doubt write their names as witnesses. The thoughtless hilarity of the moment admitted of no refusal, and a dozen respectable names witnessed a cure which was never performed, and of which the subscribers were afterwards heartily ashamed.

Doctor Hammer was, by the credulity of mankind, placed in his carriage, and he was determined not to be shaken from his seat by the jolts of conscience, but to drive on manfully through the broad road of deception, till he arrived at independence. What will not men do to obtain a competence? and can it be wondered at? Money is in this country an

absolute good, with which talent bears no proportion : where poverty is shun'd as much as crime, it follows, that the man of wealth, by whatever means acquired, whether in the traffic of his *own species*, or the *far more respectable* one of dealing out powders and pills from a mountebank stage, is courted and caressed. Since then, nothing but money can make a man respectable, we must cease to wonder at the various means taken to acquire it.

In June we attended our summer engagement at Buxton, during which nothing occurred worthy observation, except forming an acquaintance with Mr. Cartwright, the celebrated performer on the musical glasses ; this circumstance, in itself very uninteresting, and immaterial, but as connected with an event which turned the tide of my affairs, could not with propriety be omitted. He made a proposal that we should connect our interests, and uniting the two entertainments, commence a series of performances at Liverpool, where there was no amusement to oppose our success. This I thought a good idea, and readily coincided with his views and opinions ; accordingly when the season closed, I steered

my course directly for Liverpool, where he promised to join me in a week; but one, two, three weeks elapsed, without any news of my coadjutor.

At this time I was so nearly a stranger in town, that, except tavern intercourse and casual conversation, I had neither friend nor acquaintance, nor any prospect before me the least likely to produce a supply, although I had changed my last guinea. Pacing Williamson-square, at the rate of six miles an hour, wishing, if possible, to run away from my own gloomy thoughts, I made an involuntary stop opposite the theatre; it suddenly caught my eye, and I mentally exclaim'd, Why not open it for the winter? 'Tis a much more rational entertainment at this season of the year than crowding, during the influence of the dog-star, into an atmosphere resembling that so destructive to our countrymen in the Black Hole at Calcutta! With this impression on my mind, I hastened home to consult Ann on the probable effects of this sudden thought. I found her, contrary, to general custom, melancholy and disconsolate; but the moment my scheme was mentioned, the natural energies of her mind re-

turned with double force ; a way was pointed out, which might possibly extricate us from the difficulties Cartwright's defection had caused. The hill and dale kind of life I had for many years lead, ought to have driven the fiend despair from my mind ; for, in the very worst situation, in times of the greatest difficulty and distress, Providence always pointed out means of relief. So it proved in the present instance. Cartwright not coming to his time, a matter that appeared to me a crime of the blackest die, and attended with circumstances altogether ruinous, proved in the end the most fortunate incident that could have happened. This event, by plunging me into distress, gave a pressure to the spring of invention, brought into action the resources of a fertile mind, which otherwise might have lain dormant and inactive. Without loss of time I waited upon G. Mattocks (Mr. Aicken's man of business) and inquired whether the theatre was to be let, and upon what terms ? He did not give me much encouragement—could do nothing in the business himself, but would dispatch a letter to London that evening. Four days I remained on the tenter-hooks of expectation, fear and hope alternately raising and depressing my mind.



At length the wished-for, yet dreaded, letter arrived; no objection to let the theatre for five weeks—rent 150*l.* including wardrobe, books, and music; 100*l.* to be paid immediately. To a person who did not at that time possess one hundred pence, this was an insurmountable obstacle—a barrier which no ingenuity could overleap. At a respectable tavern, where I went every evening to read the papers, I had frequently met a plain kind of social being, downright in manners, but benevolent and upright in disposition and conduct. We had previously conversed on rather friendly terms, and observing me more than usually dispirited this evening, he inquired, with some degree of sympathy, into the cause. Thus encouraged, I entered into a full disclosure of my situation, both with respect to Cartwright and the theatre, not omitting my total inability to comply with Mr. Aicken's demand. He perfectly coincided in my opinion respecting a winter theatre in this populous town, and regretted his incapacity to serve me by immediately advancing the money, but if his bond would be accepted, he had not the smallest hesitation

in saying I might command it for the whole amount.

Grateful for his kind, his disinterested offer, though doubtful of its efficacy, I instantly repaired to Mr. Mattocks, who promised to enquire into my friend's responsibility, and if found satisfactory, to advise Mr. Aicken's concurrence. Every thing succeeded to my wish, and I was bound to open the theatre in a fortnight from that day, at least the rent was then to commence, without a certainty of one performer except ourselves. Happily possessed of a general knowledge where respectable provincial actors were to be found, I wrote at least two quires of paper, in letters to different parts of the kingdom, and incredible as it may appear, opened on the day appointed, with a very decent company. One letter I addressed to my old friend Baynes, (who kept a kind of theatrical register office, in town), he engaged to procure me a supply of subaltern forces, but jocularly observed, "he had no staff officers to recommend." This brings to my recollection a correspondence which passed between Garrick, and a man named Stone, (better known at that time by the appellation of the theatrical crimp.) When

the late Mr. Garrick became manager of Drury Lane theatre, he discovered that the company required a considerable recruit of low actors, in the choice of which he paid greater attention to person and look, than genius, for as they seldom had any thing to say, the eye was principally consulted.

There was at that time about the theatre, a whimsical fellow, whose name was Stone, he had much humour, but never could be prevailed upon to tread the stage. Mr. Garrick however found him something to do, and he was employed in recruiting about the town for the drama; whenever he brought a person who was permitted to make an essay, whether successful or otherwise he had a certain sum allowed for his trouble, and for some years made a tolerable subsistence. A variety of letters passed between Garrick and Stone, during these negociations, four of which, I have been lately favored with by a gentleman who informs me they were written in the year 1748.

*Thursday, Noon.*

“ SIR,

“ Mr. Lacy turned me out of the lobby yesterday, and behaved very ill to me—I only *ax'd* for my two

two guineas for the last Bishop \*, and he swore I should'nt have a farthing. I can't live upon air—I have a few Cupids, you may have cheap, as they belong to a poor journeyman shoe-maker, who I drink with now and then."

" I am your humble servant,

" WM. STONE."

#### ANSWER.

*Friday, Morning.*

" STONE,

" You are the best fellow in the world—bring the Cupids to the theatre to-morrow. If they are under six and well made, you shall have a guinea a piece for them. Mr. Lacy will pay you himself for the Bishop—he is very penitent for what he has done. If you can get me two good murderers, I will pay you handsomely, particularly the spouting fellow who keeps the apple-stand on Tower-hill, the cut in his face is quite the thing. Pick me up an alderman or two, for Richard, if you can, and I have no objection to treat with you for a comely

\* The person here called the Bishop was procured by Stone, and had often rehearsed the part of the Bishop of Winchester in the play of Henry the Eighth with such singular eclat, that Mr. Garrick frequently addressed him at the rehearsal as 'cousin of Winchester.' The fellow, however, never played the part, although the night of his coming out was announced in the public papers. The reader will soon guess the reason from the two following letters that passed between Mr. Garrick and Stone on the very evening he was to make his appearance.

mayor. The barber will not do for Brutus, although I think he will succeed in Mat.

D— G—."

" SIR,

" The Bishop of Winchester is getting drunk at the *Bear*—and swears, damn his eyes if he'll play to night."

" I am your's,

" W. STONE."

#### ANSWER.

" STONE,

" The Bishop may go to the devil—I do not know a greater rascal except yourself."

" D. G—."

The company consisted of Messrs. Grant Valiant, St. Ledger, Meadows, Austin, Cowley, Quin, Blandford, Pierson, Smith, Kennedy, King, Stanton, and Briscoe; Mesdames Kennedy, St. Ledger, Brown, King, Grant, Freeman, Meadows, and Miss Meadows. This respectable body of people collected from various parts of the kingdom in fourteen days, with the addition of Mrs. R.— and myself, performed plays to the satisfaction of a winter audience, and opened the theatre un-

der the patronage of Lord Milsington to seventy five pounds.

During the season, I received a variety of whimsical applications from theatrical candidates, amongst the rest, a lady waited upon me, whose hair was silvered by the hand of time, and whose mouth displayed evident marks of decay—"she had fixed her mind upon the stage as affording a *pleasant, easy, and genteel* livelihood—a *certain* resource against the calamities of *indigence*—and had not the *smallest* doubt of *success*, particularly in *sentimental young ladies*."

Ann's countenance betrayed amazement at the opening of this negotiation, but the concluding words provoked a risibility uncontrollable, and had not the tricks of a pet monkey offered an ostensible reason for such breach of decorum, this *soi disant* representative of *sentimental young ladies*, would doubtless have been highly indignant.

I endeavoured with all the eloquence I was master of, to paint in true colors the *real* life of a player. That it was pleasant in some respects, I readily allowed, as it afforded a

greater opportunity of seeing and knowing the world, than probably any other profession; the *easy* life of an actor, I denied in *toto*; a more laborious employment, a greater mental drudgery than that experienced by itinerant performers, I asserted could not well be imagined, where the intellect is, or ought to be in constant exercise: the generality of the world see them go through their parts on the stage, with perfect ease, and apparent pleasure, without giving a thought to the labor, the study, the intense application necessary to imprint not only the words on the memory, but the character on the mind. Superior eminence in the profession is only to be attain'd by indefatigable study, and *that* will form an actor, even where nature has been niggard of her gifts; of this truth, the great Mr. Henderson was a striking proof, who wanting both person, voice, and deportment, was greatly superior in many characters to the actors of his day, or any that succeeded him.

I endeavor'd to convince the old lady, that another of her positions was erroneous; that the stage was no "certain resource against indigence," too many of its professors were

melancholy proofs; the income arising from the pay of managers, was a bare subsistence, and the emoluments accruing from a benefit, depended upon so many contingencies which prudence could not guard against, as to render it precarious, and uncertain; “that she had not the smallest doubt of success,” was certainly an agreeable, if not a just idea, and I should be happy to hear of her success in any other company.

My candour was not much relish’d by this vain old woman, who I have no doubt, call’d both my judgment and politeness in question, but I invariably discouraged applications of the kind, even where appearances held forth a probability of success.

One young man express’d an ardent desire to make his appearance as a pantomimic clown; this was so uncommon an attachment that I agreed to give him a trial. On his *debut*, two circumstances occur’d which I beg leave to relate. A public nuisance in the shape of a box lobby lounge chose to disturb the audience with repeated interruptions from the balcony box over the stage door; in one of the pantomimic pursuits, this young adven-



turer, with astonishing activity, ran up the wainscot, gave the coxcomb a neat slap on the cheek, and was down again in a moment amidst thundering applause; but before the pantomime was half finish'd, he fell down a trap and broke his collar bone, which for that night put an end to his mimic career. This young man is now well known by the name of Bradbury, as the principal clown at the Royal Circus.

During my management, accident introduced me to a singular and celebrated character. One evening a glass bottle was wantonly thrown from the gallery, by which a lady in the pit received considerable personal injury, and caused great alarm through the whole house. I immediately offer'd a reward of five guineas for the apprehension of the offender, and *Doctor Solomon*, who happen'd to be in the stage box, in the most handsome manner promised to double the sum, at the same time painting the atrocity of the action, and the guilt of those who endeavor'd to screen so atrocious an offender. This had the desired effect, the culprit was apprehended, tried at the quarter sessions, and sentenced to two years imprisonment.

From this circumstance, I became acquainted with the doctor, and am ashamed to say, prejudice led me to expect a very different character. I found him a man of ability, join'd to a thorough knowledge of the world; his income was princely, and his expenditure the same; instead of hoarding up wealth (like many of his purse proud neighbours,) he circulated his abundance through society with a lavish hand; the labourer, the mechanic, the tradesman, felt the effects of the doctor's liberal spirit; his house, carriages, servants, horses, in short the whole of his establishment, exceeded any commoner's in that part of the country, and his name stood foremost in subscriptions for the public good: I have heard some few individuals attribute these contributions to ostentation; on the same ground the actions of the most generous may be doubted, for how can we judge of motives unless we could read the mind; and surely it is unfair, certainly unchristian like, to attribute bad principles to actions so good in their effects. By the sale of his medicine I am told the proprietor is at this time the most wealthy individual in Liverpool, and as to the equity of the principle by which his fortune has been accumulated, analyze trade in general, and I fancy

the Doctor's ground will be found fully tenable. The immense quantity of Balm of Gilead sold in these kingdoms, does not, I am credibly informed, amount to a tythe of the exportation, and surely where so much benefit has been confess'd, and not one solitary instance made public of its bad effects, the most prejudiced will cease to condemn a medicine merely because it is vended under letters patent.

As I have made it my business in these memoirs, to battle prejudice, that foe to human happiness, as far as my abilities would permit, I thought it a duty to state my opinion upon this subject, because many erroneous ideas have gone forth, and because I am frequently exacerbad almost to frenzy, to behold an indignant African merchant with smile sarcastic, shrug up his shoulders at sight of the Doctor's equipage, the stile of which he had neither taste nor spirit to imitate; with respect to the different modes by which each has made his fortune, the question is simply this, "whether a traffic in *human blood*, or *Balm of Gilead*, be more justifiable in the sight of God, or less injurious to the morals, and the rights of mankind?" The answer is obvious.

At the conclusion of the season, which was extended to eleven weeks, I found myself a gainer of 350*l.* and as the major part of my best performers were engaged by Mr. Aicken for the Liverpool summer season, I agreed to look out for another town, not only to keep together a respectable body of people, but with sanguine hopes that my success would continue. Filled with this idea, I purchased a wardrobe and scenery, and procured leave to build a theatre at Warrington.

One of my performers was an old man of seventy, retained about the theatre merely through compassion. His proper name was Isaac Pearson, but he acquired the familiar appellation of "*the deceased*," from having some years previous lain four days in a trance ; clad in the cerements of death, the grave yawn'd to receive him, and the joiners bore the coffin to his room, at the very moment when, recovered from his death-like sleep, Isaac was leaving it, in search of society, and the comforts of a good fire. His pale emaciated figure was calculated to appal stronger minds than the coffin-bearers possessed, who, filled with terror and alarm, threw down their burden, and in their haste to escape, tumbled

over the mistress of the house, whom the noise had drawn from her shop. Isaac, before he had well recovered his strength, received a bill from the undertaker, couched in the following terms:

*To burying Mr. Isaac Pearson.*

Laying out your corpse	—	0	2	0
Watching your corpse four nights		0	16	0
Digging your grave	—	0	3	6
Tolling your pass	—	0	2	0
Coffin and shroud	— —	2	12	6
Plaister for joiners broken heads, in running away from your corpse,	— — —	0	0	6
<hr/>				
£3 16 6				

“ SIR,

“ I hope you will settle the above immediately, as funeral jobs are always ready money. Shall be glad of your farther commands, and rest

Your humble servant,  
CHRIST. CRAPE.

This bill Pearson evaded, under the plea, that no precedent could be found for a man paying his own funeral expences.

A singular mode of funeral invitation prevails at Whitehaven—the bellman, arrayed in solemn black, with scarf, cock'd hat, and band, parades the town, in every street proclaims the name of the deceased, and bids all who are inclined to attend the burial. Isaac happened to perform at this theatre soon after the above circumstance occurred, and many jokes were passed at his expence, which a man of less irritable habit would have overlooked, and thereby lessened the desire many people have to teaze and torment those who can least bear it. A person of the same name dying at that time, the town-crier gave the usual intelligence, which Isaac, though in bed, could plainly distinguish, from the notice being delivered exactly under his window; it ran thus—" Oh yes! oh yes! this is to give notice, that Isaac Pearson died on Friday last, and you are desired to attend his funeral this afternoon at four o'clock." Though Pearson knew the custom of the town, he had been so often joked and imposed upon by the players, that he felt assured this was a theatrical deception. Full of that idea, he left his pillow, softly opened the window, and seizing a certain utensil, very deliberately poured the contents over the sable suit of the unfortunate

bellman, at the same time vociferating, " its a lie you rascal! I am not dead." This unexpected assault afterwards became the subject of public investigation; but Isaac explaining the circumstance to the satisfaction of the court, he was dismissed, after paying a few shillings to the plaintiff, as a compensation for the damage his clothes had received.

When a man is determined to act imprudently, he is seldom at a loss for an excuse; and as if my evil genius envied my short triumph at Liverpool, the *gig mania* returned with added force, and fifty pounds were expended in a carriage and horse! I cannot take a retrospect of these mad actions, without shrewdly suspecting my conduct to be at times under the influence of mental derangement; for who, in a state of sanity, that had suffered so severely for many years, would not have purchased a little prudence? would not have reflected, that in the decline of life it was necessary to provide for the winter of age? In this circumstance, however, as in every other, the crime brought the punishment along with it.

During the summer and autumn we visited

Wigan, Blackburn, and Bolton, and at Christmas pitched our tent at Shrewsbury. Pizzaro and Blue Beard had never been performed here, and being decently got up, they proved highly attractive; on the first representation of the former, an awkward circumstance occurred, which, though laughable in the onset, had nearly proved serious in its effects. The temple of the sun is introduced in the second act; this grand luminary is represented by a transparent painting strongly illuminated; the scene was very fairly executed, and at its first discovery gained great applause, but unfortunately the lights were placed so near, that the least motion of the scene threatened a conflagration, which really took place during the hymn, and the sun was literally burnt to tinder. On our first arrival at Shrewsbury I had engaged a prompter named Griffith, well known in the theatrical world, and who arrogated a good deal of consequence from having held a subordinate situation in Drury Lane, under Mr. Garrick. He had a singular and laughable custom of masticating his tongue, when deeply engaged, and a prompt book, particularly if the actors were imperfect, never fail'd to set his jaws in motion. This whimsical habit drew from a young man



in the company, who had strong satirical talents, the following impromptu, the morning after Griff had been carried from a nocturnal revel, the effects of which had nearly proved fatal.

Here cold and stiff  
Lies poor old Griff,  
No more his tongue he'll chew;  
For prompter Death  
Has stop'd his breath,  
And given his soul the *cue*.

Anxious for the success of the first representation of Pizarro, Griffith was all attention, and upon the slightest deviation from the original text, his instrument of speech was mouthed and mumbled in a most unmerciful manner; but being called away in the confusion of the fire, he put the prompt-book into the hands of a French teacher, who was frequently in the habit of coming behind the scenes. The play went on, but Griff not immediately returning to his post, the foreigner, with abundant good nature, endeavoured to supply his place. Ataliba, in his scene with the old man, was rather imperfect, and looked towards the prompter for assistance, but in vain; the common term in use on these occasions is, "Give me the word," by which is

understood not merely *one* word, but as many as will convey the sense of the first line. The sentence he wanted begins with “ Ha! Spaniards! and I Ataliba,” &c. drawing as near as possible to the prompt side, he whispered, “ Give me the word,” which the foreigner taking in a literal sense, replied, “ Ha!” not as it is generally pronounced, ha—h! but as short as possible, ha! Again the distressed monarch addressed him, “ Give me the word;” “ Ha! dat is de vord, I did give it you before, ha!” This was pronounced so loud by the irritated Frenchman, who felt himself indignant at not being understood, that the fiddlers in the orchestra caught it, and as these facetious gentry are too fond of a joke to let it pass without observation, the word ha! was bandied about till it reached the pit, and soon multiplied from ha! into ha! ha! ha! by the whole house. The would-be prompter, in a rage, threw down the book, exclaiming, in a loud voice, “ Vat you laugh at! he did vant de vord, and I did give him de vord; ha! vas de vord, but I vill have no more vords here, I am dam if I do.” Griffith now came to his post, and the play proceeded without farther interruption.

If permission could be obtained, I meant to open the theatre at Litchfield; for this purpose I went over, but owing to the high price of grain and other provisions, by which the poor were reduced to great distress, some higher influence than my own I found would be necessary to procure the magistrates assent. I had not the slightest personal knowledge of any individual in the city, but Fame, who had borne testimony to the high intellectual talents and literary attainments, of Mrs. Seward, also loudly proclaimed her private worth, and uncommon suavity of manners; could I interest this lady in my behalf, there would be little doubt of success. For this purpose I presented myself at the palace, (Mrs. Seward's residence) and was received, not with the *hauteur* of conscious superiority—not with that freezing distance that too often marks the conduct of the opulent towards their inferiors in wealth—but with a kind encouraging freedom, which won my heart, and at once stamped her character on my mind.

At the mansion of this estimable female, I spent one of the pleasantest evenings of my life; the associates of such a person were not likely to be of the *common* stamp, a select party

of both sexes, consisting of persons of taste and literature, refined in manners, and with minds well stored with the fruits of deep research, formed the group at this intellectual banquet.

In the course of the evening, our animated hostess read a short poem, the fruit of that day's fancy, with an impressive feeling, harmonious cadence, just punctuation, and emphatic energy, that would have vied even with the Siddons', and I am confident, had she in early life fixed her mind upon the drama, Mrs. Seward would have made a finished actress. But, alas! literature and science have very little to do with the stage. One would naturally suppose, that persons who have it in their power to awaken the passions of others, should themselves possess strong powers of mind, and that, independent of their profession, evident marks of genius would appear; but oh, sad reverse! with very few exceptions, an actor taken from the boards, is like a fish out of water, he can exist in no element but his own.

I left Litchfield more highly gratified by the notice of a person so justly distinguished

in the world of letters, than, without that gratification, I should have been, had my expedition been crowned with success; that it was not, was attributable to the times, which bore hard upon the poor, and no public amusement could be permitted.

The Shrewsbury season closed very profitably, but it was too early to go to Buxton, which theatre I had previously taken, and the few intervening weeks I concluded to pass at the small town of Whitchurch, where, though no profit could be expected, incumbered as I was with a large body of people, yet I conceived it possible to while away the time without any material loss: here again I was wrong in my calculation, with an excellent company, and plays performed in a superior stile to any thing before exhibited in so small a town, I contrived to expend all my Shrewsbury savings, and left the town *minus* 100*l*.

On our journey to Whitchurch, I observed, a villa delightfully situated on a rising ground, the lawn and gardens beautifully sloping towards the road; curiosity impelled me to enquire the owner's name, and my satisfaction

was equal to my surprise, when the postilion replied “ Dr. Hammer !” The sole proprietor of the liniment was superbly settled, whilst I still led a desultory rambling life, without the smallest prospect of ever doing otherwise, though retirement had for years been my most anxious wish.

I ordered the postilion to drive up the next avenue, and enquire if the owner was at home ? The question was scarcely asked, before the Doctor himself appeared, and with much hospitality and kindness importuned us to stay a few days ; this at present was impracticable, however, we remained to dinner. After relating several amusing adventures, he continued, “ I am now, my dear friend, entirely independent, and settled, as you see, *merely for the purpose of retirement, in course*. I have lubricated the *natives* to some purpose, and when I inform you that Jacob Hammer, dubbed M. D. by the college of Aberdeen, is now possessed of 500*l.* per annum, *in course* you will think I have great reason to fancy myself felicitous, *vulgarly called* happy.”

I certainly rejoiced in the Doctor's success, although the means he pursued in the attainment were not altogether justifiable, but he had a generous heart, and I make no doubt has done more good since his accession of fortune, than many that I could name, who possess ten times his income. I now reverted to the pecuniary assistance he had lent my necessity at Manchester; but he positively refused my offer of remuneration, and with much seriousness requested me to desist, if I valued his friendship, and not to mention money transactions, unless it were to give him an opportunity of serving me. "I wish," continued he, "you were settled in this neighbourhood.—I lack society; my next neighbour is an ill-disposed, quarrelsome, litigious being, in short he is an encyclopedia of human imperfection; ignorant, illiterate, and proud, nevertheless a man of fortune, and a magistrate, so please you: here" taking out his pocket-book, "is the copy of a letter from this *custos rotularum*, (which I procured by chance) to the keeper of a jail in this county, with whom he appears to be on very familiar terms.

Dear Jon,

The *barer* of this is the man I told you *off*, I shall be glad to hear that he *shoots* you.—As to that there *Begger*, I dont think there's much to be *lade* to his *charg*, except that he's a vagrant *Porpus*, so you may *wipe* him, and let him go—yours in *hast*, for I have had a *quoril* with *Captin* Dimond, and am going to fight a *jewel*.

The Doctor's wine had a quick circulation, and his conversation a good deal of point, but it was absolutely necessary to leave them both; promising therefore to spend some time with him the first opportunity, we departed *merely for the purpose* of pursuing our journey, and arrived at Whitchurch that night *in course*.

The season at Buxton was, as usual, merely a saving scheme, would I could say as much of Bolton, our next town; war and scarcity had depressed the spirits of the people, the theatre was neglected, and during a three months sojourn, I lost 150/. Accidentally passing through Bury, I encountered a couple of theatrical friends in the persons of Mr. and Mrs. Hunn, the lady, a respectable actress, was formerly Mrs. Cauning, (mother to the present Secretary,) and I am happy to hear has left the toils and turmoils of the stage,



for a snug pension of 500*l*. I sincerely wish government would thus amply provide for all the decayed sons and daughters of Thespis, but alas! few of them are bless'd with a friend at court.

Encouraged by former success, I made an agreement with Mr. Aicken for another winter season at Liverpool, and though dishearten'd by a succession of ill luck, "hope told a flattering tale," and I felt assured that all my losses would be amply re-embursed in that rich, populous, and liberal town. It was necessary however to recruit our forces previous to the attack on a place so well fortified with critical knowledge! and as Mr. Talbot was deservedly admired both as a public character, and a private individual, I thought myself very fortunate in being able to procure him from the Dublin theatre though but for a short period; I know no man of the present day so universally good in the various walks of the drama, with the single exception of Mr. Elliston, and I look to that gentleman with the eye of enthusiasm, I had heard much of Elliston's superiority and expected to find a great actor, but after being an eye witness of his excellence, his panegyrists appear'd lukewarm, nay, even cold,

compared to the heat of my admiration; in short, I did not believe there was such an actor in existence, till the proof appeared plain and palpable; whether he works upon the feelings in "Octavian," or "Hamlet;" charms you with his ease, and elegance in "the Honey Moon;" or delightfully surprises you in the varieties of "The Three and the Deuce," he is equally excellent, and shews a versatility of talent, scarcely surpassed, even by that great master of the passions Garrick himself; and I have been informed, from very good authority, that Mrs. Garrick is peculiarly delighted with Elliston as the only actor who reminds her of the British Roscius.

Our regular muster on opening the theatre was both strong and respectable, consisting of Messrs. M'Cready, Harley, Pullerton, Austin, Emery, Lee, Battye, Sinnet, Patterson, Waylett, Roberts, Wilkinson, Welch, and Spragg.—Mesdames Beaumont, Coats, Burton, Emery, Sinnet, Battye, Patterson, Miss Cornellies and Miss Crowshaw—with Mrs. Stephen Kemble, (to whom I gave 150 guineas for a fortnight) and Mr. Talbot, as auxiliaries. Notwithstanding every exertion

on my part, and the united endeavors of the company, the season was unproductive, and concluded without profit. This however did not deter me from closing with Mr. Aicken's terms for the following winter, particularly as I was inform'd by leading, and respectable people, that some of the London performers engaged for a few nights, would be abundantly attractive, and could not fail of filling the house.

Naturally sanguine, and full of hope, where the least glimmering presented itself, I look'd forward to the next winter as an anchor whereon I might rest with full confidence of success; in the mean time I dissolv'd the company, and concluded an engagement with Mr. Aicken for the summer season; during which, I corresponded with Messrs. Kemble, Pope, Munden, Quick, Bannister and Incedon; Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Billington, and Mrs. Jordan. My offers to each, were more in fact, than the general receipts would justify, but I determined to make a spirited effort, and trust to the gratitude of the town for remuneration; but my attempts to procure this kind of novelty, in a great measure failed; the arrangements of the

major part prevented a visit to Liverpool in the winter, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Pope, whom I engaged for fourteen nights at 10/. per night, and Mr. Quick. To obviate as far as I could the deficiency of first rate actors, I engaged dancers of superior eminence, at an expence unprecedented in this theatre: St. Pierre, and Madame St. Amand, ten pounds per week: Dubois and his family, (whom I was led to believe were all effective people, but proved not worth a shilling, himself excepted) eleven pounds per week; in addition to this heavy expence, I gave Richer, the rope dancer, for a fortnight, an hundred guineas. The regular company this season, were Messrs. Chalmers, Crisp, Bannerman, Hurst, Vandeleur, Knox, Fothergill, Ratcliffe, Leonard, Skerrit, Fowler, and Keily; Mesdames Kennedy, Crisp, Vandeleur, Barry, Ratcliffe, Skerritt, and Miss Brown. In addition to these, I engaged John Woodruffe Clarke, on whom I solely depended as a second and support to Mr. Pope; he was advertised for Iago on the first night, but five day previous to the opening, I received a letter dated Birmingham, intimating, " he was thus far on his road, but detained for want of cash, and depended upon

me sending him five pounds." He was so closely interwoven in all Mr. and Mrs. Pope's plays, that had his request been for double the sum, it would have been sent; however to make short of the story, he acknowledged the receipt of my answer and pledged himself to attend the first rehearsal, but from that day to this, I never heard from John Woodruffe Clarke, whose non-attendance threw our little state into dreadful confusion, and but for the indefatigable exertions of a Mr. Bannerman, who studied the part of Iago in a few hours, and other characters of equal importance, from one play night to the other, we must prematurely have closed the theatre, or properly speaking, never have opened it at all. This young man, with experience would have been a good actor, but death put a period to his career shortly afterwards, by a fatal accident; the wadding of a gun in the pantomime of Captain Cook, lodged in his thigh, and was succeeded by a mortification which closed his existence.

Mr. and Mrs. Pope's excellent acting, Richer's inimitable performance on the rope, and the elegance of my opera dancers, made little impression, my evil star had risen, never to

set again ; at the end of the fortnight, with great difficulty I raised an hundred pounds to fulfil my agreement with Richer, who with much feeling regretted his want of attraction, and generously offered to perform another week. From the general run of ill success which attended the theatre during the whole season, it appeared as if fate meant to crush the spirit of enterprize, nay, the very people who were first to advise this expensive establishment, were the last to encourage it ; frequently the receipts were confined to fourteen, sixteen, and eighteen pounds, out of which, ten were due to Mr. and Mrs. Pope, and independent of them, the nightly expences were never less than forty pounds, yet, deplorable as my situation was rendered by these heavy disbursements, and poor receipts, not a word of pity, not a sentiment of consolation cheered my drooping spirits, every contract was exacted with more than miserly minuteness, and without the smallest regret for my losses. Mr. Quick now joined us, and as he was only to have a clear benefit, the risque was trifling, but all would not do ; every struggle proved useless, and from imprudently following the advice of others, and an ardent desire to render the theatre worthy of public

patronage, I involved myself in misery and debt, which for years bore hard upon me ; on this account, I am sometimes led to excuse the parsimony of managers, who possess more knowledge of the world, and less public spirit than I did. To add to the pecuniary misery which multiplied daily, I was under the necessity of supporting a comic line in the drama, ill according with my unhappy state of mind ; to assume a face of mirth, and cause a laugh in others, whilst my breast was torn with anguish ; to support a character in " A cure for the heart ache," when my own was nearly bursting with grief, were efforts greatly beyond my powers of mind, and had a visible effect upon my health. For ten weeks, in hopes of better times, I struggled against the stream, accumulating nothing but distress ; to add to this, at the beginning of the season, flattered with the apparent certainty of success, I had taken an house, and furnished it on credit ; this, with losses of various kinds, placed me nearly 800*l.* in debt, without any probable means of liquidation ; 300*l.* of this, was due to Mr. Aicken for rent, and though his conduct evinced great liberality, much longer indulgence could scarcely be expected.

As I sat brooding over my unfortunate situation, in the fore ground of which appeared a distinct view of Lancaster Castle, and though admirably situated when seen at a distance, on a near approach, the prospect becomes gloomy and is apt to fill the mind with notions of a *contracted* kind, I was interrupted by a letter from Mr. Astley, junior, with an offer of bringing down St. Clare, the celebrated foreigner, who had made so much noise in London, by an optical deception called Phantasmagoria. As this was the reigning folly of the day, I closed in an instant with his terms, and, like a drowning wretch, caught at any thing to save me from destruction. The evening was finally fixed for the exhibition, and Mr. Quick's engagement to close the night previous, when again the cup was dashed to pieces, ere it reached my lips. Astley, (with disgraceful duplicity as I afterwards found) dispatched a long letter of mutual condolence, "St. Clare had fallen through a trap, and dislocated his collar bone, the engagement must therefore of necessity become void." This was a blow fatal to my peace and probably involving the liberty of the subject; oppressed by hourly applications, under the necessity of promising what now



appear'd impossible ever to perform. I was so envelop'd in misery, that another letter brought by the same post lay long unheeded on the table, but on inspection was to the following purport:

“SIR,

“As I understand you wish to exhibit the *Phantaz* in Liverpool, I can accommodate you with the apparatus, and am acquainted with the secret, both of which shall be yours for sixty guineas. Your attendance in London will be necessary, as the machine cannot be worked without practice.”

From the gloomy caverns of despair, I was conveyed in a moment, by this little talisman, to the pleasure ground of hope, without considering the means whereby I might overcome the many difficulties which impeded my path; but naturally sanguine, where the smallest chance appeared, I sallied forth, knight of the cheerful countenance. The people wondered—the players whispered—the prompter enquired what play must be given out? “A new way to pay old debts,” answered I, with great energy. “I am afraid,” replied he, archly, “that is a play we shall never be able to perform in this company, to the advantage of our credit.” “*Ors, ors,*” replied Quick,

in his usual comic tone, "creditors you mean, my boy." Thus the happy sons of Thespis turn the evils of life into laughter, and are by that means often capable of supporting themselves in afflictions that others would sink under.

The difficulties I had to encounter in this undertaking were manifold, and some of them apparently insurmountable; could I even raise the purchase money, should I be able, without a confederate to work the phantoms, or must I reveal the secret, so dearly purchased, to a third person? After all the trouble and expense, what opinion would the town entertain of its merit, if exhibited by a well-known individual? To conclude, when purchased, practised, and brought down, might it not fail in attraction, and add another hundred pounds to the debt already incurred? The difficulty of an undertaking, if ultimately there was a probability of success, never yet had power to damp my efforts—I boldly began my operations, and, in the course of the day, from one friend or another, borrowed ninety pounds. With this sum I set off for the metropolis, arrived safe at the Swan with Two Necks, and sending for my correspondent, a plain,

modest, lank hair'd person presented himself. During our conversation, I informed him of my disappointment respecting young Astley and St. Clare; he smiled in a kind of way that convinced me there had been some deception practised, and something like the truth darted through my mind: "Perhaps," said I, "you are St. Clare!" "I am, sir," replied he, "the person who, under that name, exhibited the phantasmagoria at Mr. Astley's; as to St. Clare, he is an imaginary being, but a foreign name was indispensibly necessary to the success of our undertaking." "And perhaps breaking your collar-bone down the trap, was likewise an *imaginary* accident, otherwise your cure has been miraculous?" Here followed an explanation, and a scene of deception and meanness was exposed, which, though a venial trespass among the motley group of merry Andrews, mountebanks, tumblers, riders, and rope-dancers, will be held in that contempt such duplicity deserves by the respectable part of the community.

As time was precious, I repaired to the man's house, deposited sixty guineas, and was initiated into the *mysteries* of the *magic lantern*! The important secret was nothing

more, except the slight improvement of a transparent medium placed between the audience and the apparatus, on which the figures were reflected. But though I was in possession of the theory, the practical part was attended with much labour of body, and anxiety of mind; and for several hours each day I practised, with unremitting assiduity, this novel employment, and at length was pronounced fully competent to the undertaking. My education thus completed, and the apparatus carefully packed, I left town, and arrived at Liverpool, after an absence of only eight days.

The name of St. Clare had made a great noise in the London prints, and, authorized by Astley's agreement, I had announced his appearance in Liverpool; was it likely then that the public, who are in general partial to foreign names, foreign novelty, and foreign nonsense, would be attracted by my efforts, although the same performance, exhibited with the same skill, and attended with the same effects? The well known story of the pig imitation was a sufficient lesson, and I concluded it would be impossible to exhibit the phantasmagoria with effect and

profit, without a St. Clare; to obtain the assistance of a foreigner would be no very difficult matter, but how could I reconcile the deception with those sentiments of sincerity, which, through every stage of misfortune I had hitherto maintained? Weighing the question with all the candour in my power, the matter rested here, Would it be more honourable, and evince greater integrity, to give up this probable, and only chance of liquidating the just demands of honest creditors, or by an act of pardonable duplicity, afford the curious a gratification, and my pecuniary embarrassments a relief? The scale powerfully preponderated in favor of the deception, and I determined to carry it on with all imaginable secrecy. For this purpose, I visited the French prison, and was fortunate enough to encounter a man whose discharge had been made out that day; and though but a rough sailor clad in the coarsest habiliments, when metamorphosed by a handsome suit of black, his hair dressed with a bag and *solitaire*, he might have passed for one of the *noblesse*. The very little English he was master of, rendered him still more valuable; on that account, I became his interpreter, and after handing him forward, previous to the exhi-

bition, interrupted his attempt at apology (which I had previously taught him) by observing, that as the ingenious foreigner was not sufficiently master of our language to express himself to the satisfaction of the audience, I would, with their permission, become his substitute. Having said this, St. Clare bowed, and left me to address the company on the subject of ghosts, and the serious mischief frequently caused by servants terrifying children by ridiculous stories of supernatural appearances. In short, the exordium was tolerably appropriate, and well received.

Every thing answered my most sanguine expectations, and shadows effected what substances had long attempted in vain; that spirit of enterprize which had nearly made me the inmate of a prison, for once rewarded my exertions, and at the end of a fortnight, the phantasmagoria realized three hundred pounds! by which I was enabled to liquidate, in a small degree, my different obligations.

The theatre closed for the benefit of *St. Clare*, to 120*l.* the actors dispersed, and I found myself in a large well-furnished house,

without any visible means of livelihood, and nearly 500*l.* in debt!

Although some few years have elapsed since the final close of my managerial career, yet, as “ Othello’s occupation’s gone,” and the subsequent period too monotonous to afford the least interest, I close my eventful history at that era. Should life be spared, and matter of moment again occur, should any freak of Fortune raise me to my former level, or adverse fate sink me below what I have yet experienced, the public (if they feel any interest for so insignificant an individual) may perhaps have their curiosity gratified, when the being who now addresses them shall be laid low, and *The Itinerant* be “ as though he had never been.”

Doubtless, every work of imagination, whether drama or romance, ought to rise in interest as it draws to a conclusion; but an adherence to truth will deprive these memoirs of that great requisite. It is but a melancholy reflection, that after having encountered innumerable difficulties, rehearsed through the morning of life WHO WANTS A GUINEA? obliged in the evening to raise a smile from

FOLLIES OF A DAY at the MIDNIGHT HOUR, and endeavouring in vain to draw consolation from CHEAP LIVING, THE POOR GENTLEMAN has fallen a victim to the COMEDY OF ERRORS; and though EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT, it is but a negative consolation that the NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOUR is hastening towards THE ROAD TO RUIN. THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE contains no PRIZE, every effort has proved MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, and every attempt at MANAGEMENT, ALL IN THE WRONG. Thus, in the decline of life, with a miserable retrospect of the *past*, a painful certainty of the *present*, and an hopeless perspective in *future*,

THE  
ITINERANT BECOMES STATIONARY.

FINIS.









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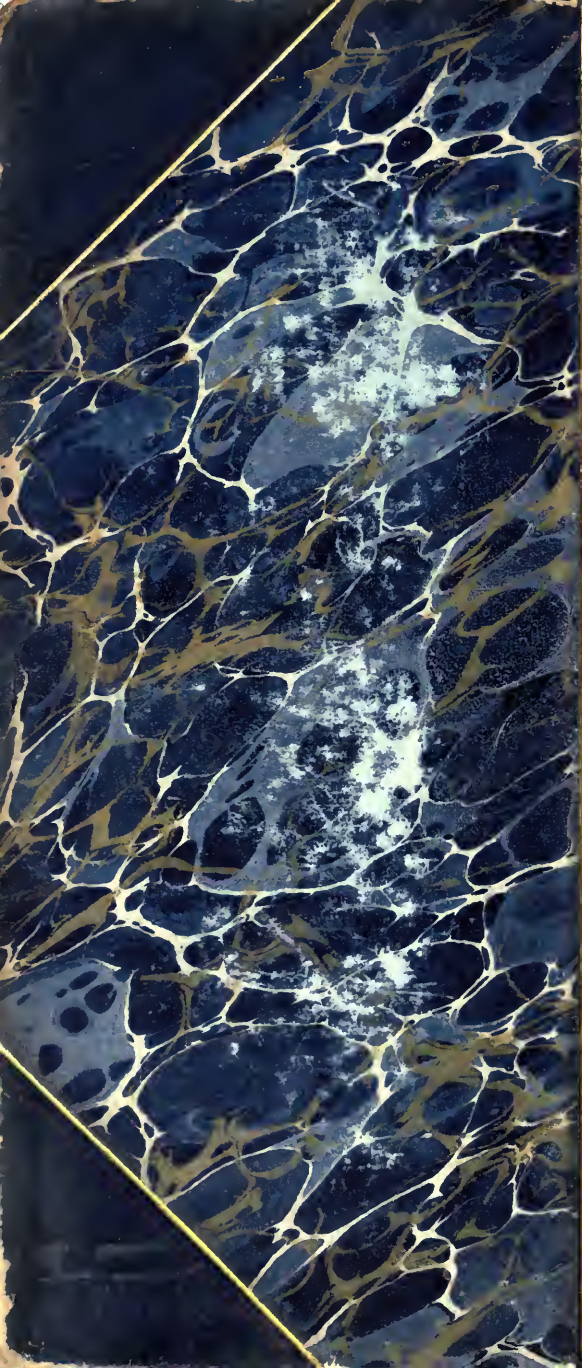
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